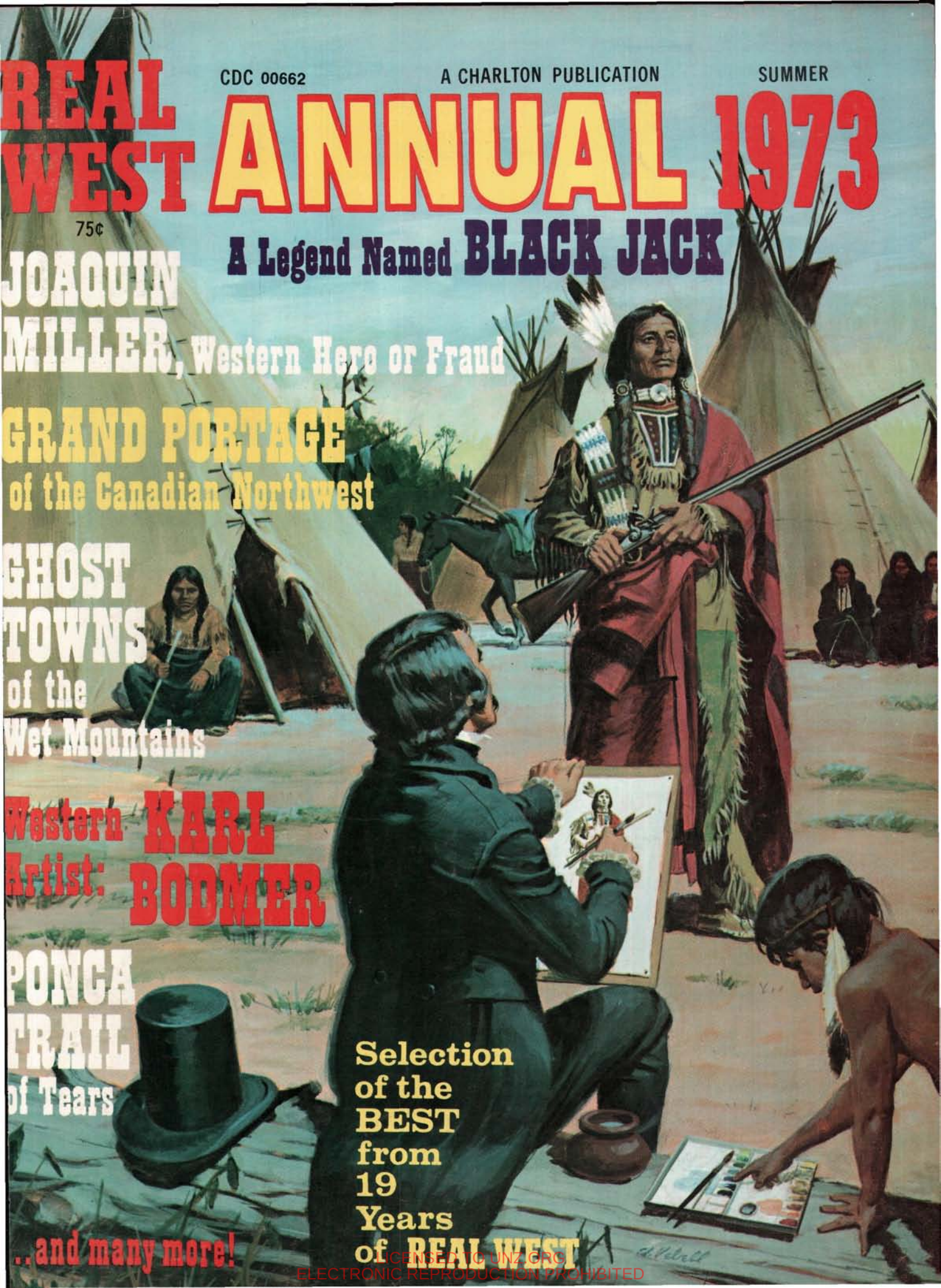

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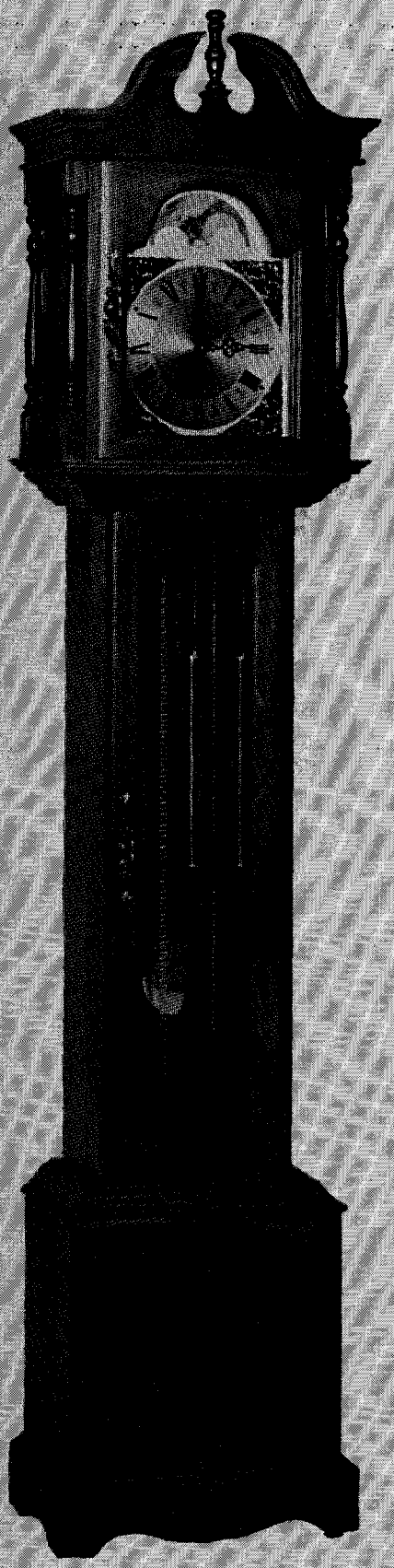

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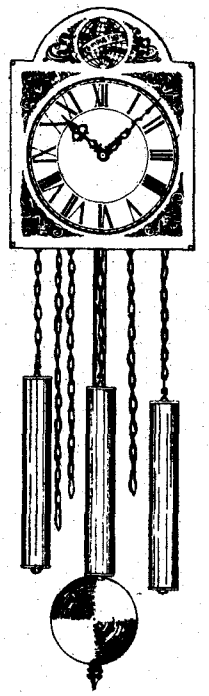

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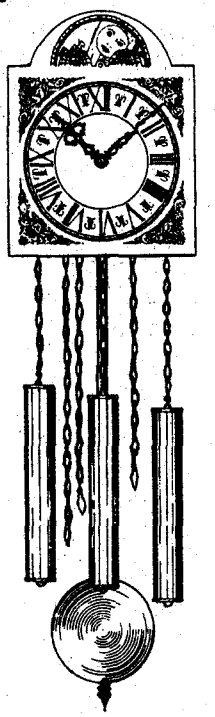

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SUMMER 1973

REAL WEST ANNUAL

By The Editors Of Real West

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REAL WEST ANNUAL, Summer, 1973. issue, is the 12th edition of the monthly publication REAL WEST. Published by Charlton Publications, Inc., Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. 06418.

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Printed in the U.S.A. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, Inc., 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

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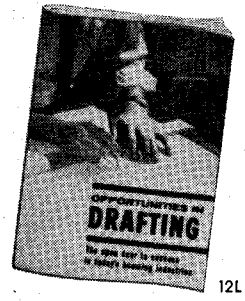

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INTRODUCTION

The land is still there — the prairies, the deserts, the mountains — the chinook still blows the tumbleweeds on their haphazard journey to nowhere, and in some places, under a bright hunting moon, one can sometimes hear coyotes unmelodiously serenading — not as numerous now, these descendants of those who dogged the wagon trains. Their elder brothers, the great wolves, still glide like grey ghosts through the underbrush, wondering, perhaps, with an inherited memory, what happened to the great herds of graceful toothsome antelope and the earth-blackening myriads of buffalo, not realizing that they themselves are decreasing. Nature's stake in the West persists, changed, of course, and subdued, and lessened somewhat, but still there. Worn into the ground, carved by millions and millions of hooves, the old buffalo trails lead to nowhere, and here and there, if one is looking, are the ruts cut by the wagons a hundred years ago, still to be seen, saying "We came this way!"

The dusty streets of Western towns, flanked by wooden buildings, boasting of wooden sidewalks echoing to the tread of heavy leather boots on the feet of men who also wore Colt revolvers, are gone. Asphalt and macadam have replaced the rutty streets which knew the stamp of horses and gunmen and Indians and mountain men.

The Indians are still here — much changed, wearing white man's clothes, speaking good English. The tomahawk is buried, rusting in some out of the way place with the broken lance and the coup stick and the feathered head dress. Oh, sometimes, for the tourists, they dress up and perform a dance, but it is not the same. And sometimes, bestirred to anger by the memories of broken treaties the young ones, the new ones, in memory of their ancestors, rise up and futilely occupy the buildings of the Great White Father and cause a momentary stir and make speeches about their historic wrongs. Does anyone listen? Sitting Bull is gone; Crazy Horse is gone; the buffalo and the antelope are gone.

Perhaps phantom herds graze noiselessly at night on the buffalo grass which is still there. Perhaps, late at night in these modern paved towns ghostly gunmen still stalk the silent streets. Perhaps far out on the midnight prairies bands of feathered painted Indians race silently to the foe. Perhaps.

Come with us, then, on a journey of nostalgia. Recapture, for a few hours, the romance of the early West. Here, in these pages, the West will live again for you, with all the sweat and blood and smells, with all the adventure, with all the brutality and heroism of the misty past. Come with us to another land, another time long gone forever.

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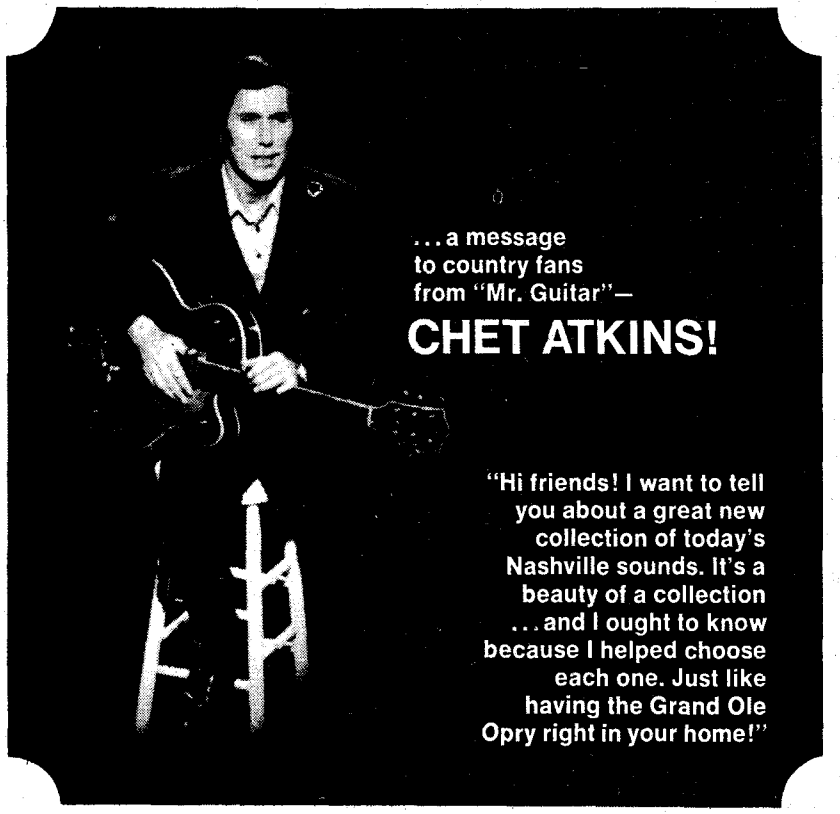
30 GREAT STARS—46 ALL-TIME COUNTRY HITS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Connie Smith ..... I Never Once Stopped Loving You
Floyd Cramer ..... For The Good Times
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George Hamilton IV ..... She's A Little Bit Country
Dottie West ..... Forever Yours
Hank Locklin ..... Bless Her Heart, I Love Her
Jim Reeves ..... I Won't Come In While He's There
Porter Wagoner & Dolly Parton ... Holding On To Nothin'
Waylon Jennings ..... Only Daddy That'll Walk The Line
Chet Atkins ..... The Last Thing On My Mind
Dottie West ..... Country Girl
John Hartford ..... Gentle On My Mind
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Charley Pride ..... Does My Ring Hurt Your Finger
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Norma Jean ..... Truck Driving Woman
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Bobby Bare ..... Find Out What's Happening
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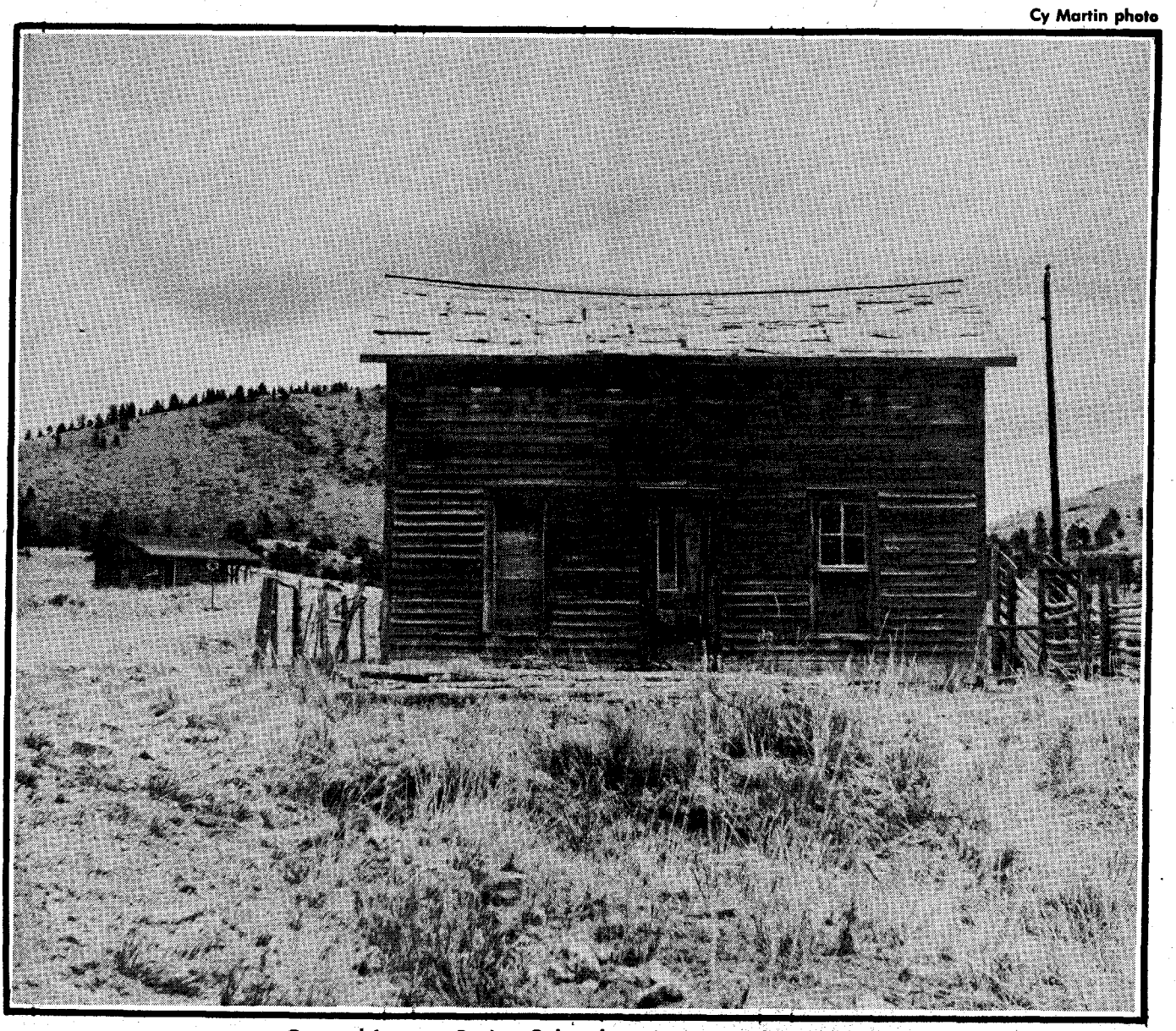
by Cy Martin

GHOST TOWNS

They say that the Spanish Conquistadores buried their Aztec treasures somewhere in the area. There are sleepy little crossroad towns like Silver Cliff, Westcliffe, and Querida in Colorado where incredibly rich cities died only a few short years after they were born.

Cy Martin photo



General Srore at Rosita, Colorado as it appeared in 1966.

In the fertile cow country between the Wet Mountains and the forbidding Sangre de Cristo range are several of the most interesting ghost towns of the Colorado Rockies—Westcliffe. Silver Cliff, Querida, and Rosita. Legend claims the early Spanish soldiers filled a cave in Colorado full of their Aztec treasure. Several mountain areas in Colorado claim the cave, but to this day it has not been discovered.

It is known the Spanish spent some time in the Sangre de Cristo range, and a couple of finds suggest that fabled cave may be in the Wet Mountain Valley. Captain Horn reported in 1869 that he found a skeleton in Spanish armor, and a Spanish cross was found thirteen miles from Westcliffe in the early 1930's, and a few diehards continue the search.

But it was not the lost Spanish gold which brought Carl Wulsten and his German friends to the valley. In 1869 Wulsten came to Colorado from Chicago to choose a site

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of the Wet Mountains

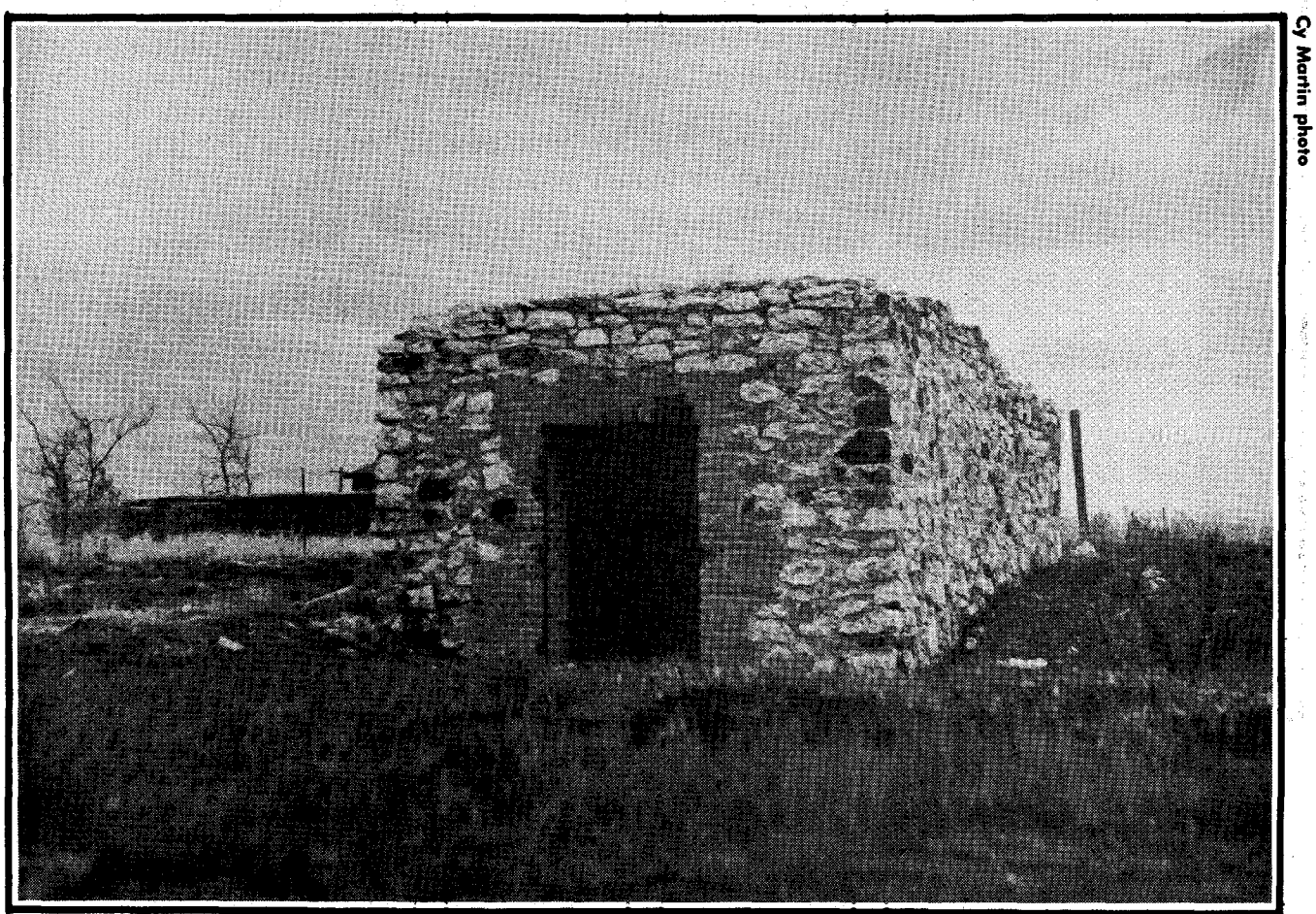
for an agricultural and industrial colony. In February 1870, three hundred Germans led by Wulsten left Chicago for their new home, traveling by rail and ox teams and arriving five weeks later in the valley of the Wet Mountains.

They laid out the townsite of Colfax and developed their ranches, but by the end of the summer the colony was in trouble. Funds were mismanaged and an early frost ruined their crops. Denver sent them provisions but not nearly enough, and the disgusted colonists began to leave. In December a barrel of powder exploded in the general store, demolishing it and leaving the people without any supplies. Again food was sent in and the colony managed to survive until spring. Then each man struck out for himself and in no time Colfax was forgotten.

When this railroad went into a new area, it often built its terminal a short distance away from the center of business activity. Usually this was entirely practical and the selected site was better suited for the railroad. But all too often, the railroad cut short the construction for no other reason than to increase the land value and start a new city of its own.

Westcliffe was first known as Clifton but it was renamed by Dr. W. A. Bell for his birthplace, Westcliffe-on - the - sea in England. Bell came to the valley with General Palmer in 1870 when the latter was searching for a southern route for the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. He became so fond of the country that he took up a large tract of land and started ranching. The city was incorporated in 1897 and is now the county seat. Yet, it is not really very large or booming and even the railroad is gone. The Rio Grande stopped there to increase the land value, but it is no secret that Dr. W. A. Bell influenced the decision.

The county seat of Custer County moved several times. It was first at Ula, the oldest town in the valley. But Ula, with only three mines and population of 100, was forgotten as Rosita grew, and the county seat was transferred. In 1881 Silver Cliff was the largest town. With an election it won the prize from Rosita, only to rapidly lose it to Westcliffe. Rosita never reconciled itself to the loss, and whenever the bell in the new courthouse rang, the people of Rosita said, "Stole, stole," and the clock said. "Take me back, take me back."



Cy Martin photo

Old vault left standing by itself in Silver Cliff, Colorado. Silver Cliff was a flourishing city during the 1870's and 80's. The silver crash of 1893 ended its days of glory. About 50 persons live there now.

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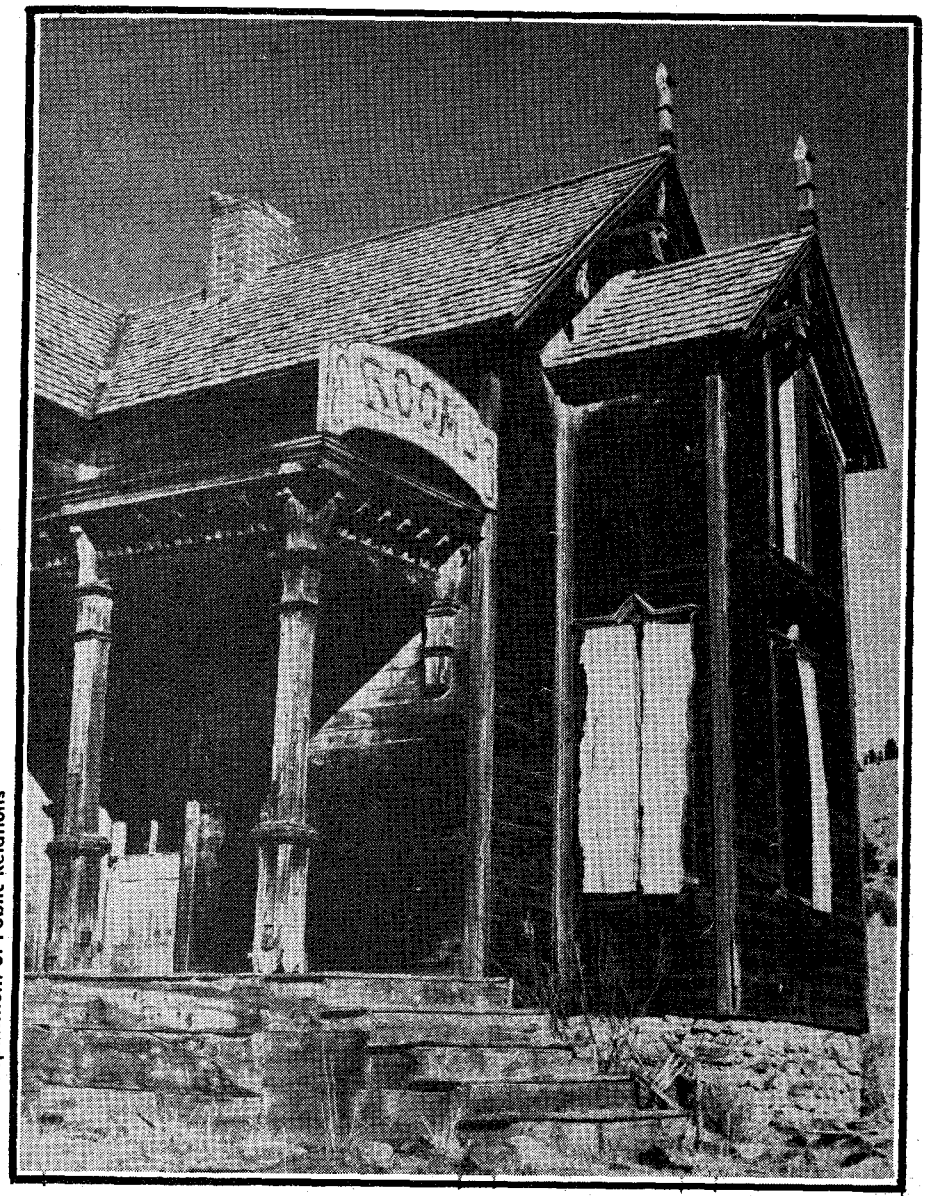

Colorado Department of Public Relations

Old rooming house at Rosita, Colorado as it appeared in the early 1960's. Rosita was a large town in the 1870's boasting a population of 2000 persons.

Neutral territory a quarter of a mile wide always separated Westcliffe (300 persons) and Silver Cliff perched on a hill due east. Practically, they should merge—Westcliffe is willing. But the people of Silver Cliff cling to their corporate identity with a fervor impervious to economic decline.

"Silver Cliff, the infant of September 1878: the mushroom of 1879 and the giant of 1880, that jumped from nothing to third rank in the list of Colorado cities, in population and in wealth, is a monument to the progress of 'Young America,'" wrote Crofutt in his *Gripsack Guide* in 1881. The town took its name from the argentiferous cliff thirty feet high whose blackstained face attracted many a passing prospector.

The silver crash of 1893 finished Silver Cliff, as it did all other silver camps, and the population dropped—576 in 1900; 250 in 1910, until now about 50 persons live in the once famous city. Its ten miles of streets are hard to find; a few can be located by their rows of fire plugs, but most of the town returned to the sagebrush.

In 1880 an enthusiastic editor wrote:

> The National Capitol will doubtless remain at Washington for sometime, but look out Denver, the State Capital is coming to Silver Cliff. Two years from now the Governor's inaugural address will be delivered to the solons convened at Silver Cliff.
>
> Silver Cliff is a bustling, energetic progressive little municipality. If its past is a criterion of its future it is destined to take a permanent rank among the magic cities of the Centennial State, among whom it is even now making itself felt, pushing its claim to recognition to the front.

During the years between 1879 and 1893 the town had its day—and what a day it was! R. J. Edwards of Rosita made the first strike in 1877. He noticed the curious grey rock and finally, out of curiosity, ripped off a piece of the cliff and had it assayed. The silver content encouraged further development and brought hundreds of prospectors from Rosita and Bassickville (Querida). Silver was still not as attractive as gold, and the gold content was low. Before long most of the miners left, leaving the cliff to Edwards.

Something about the cliff continued to intrigue him, and he started digging. A few feet under the hard wall of the cliff Edwards found silver in tin-foil-like layers, assaying up to 740 ounces of silver to the ton.

He and a few friends named the claim the Racine Boy in honor of Edwards, who came from that Wisconsin city, and the boom was on. Claims were staked all over the cliff and over all the surrounding ground. People swarmed in, prices went up, a few were successful in locating good mines, but many were disappointed.

Almost pure horn silver was found no deeper than the grass roots, and the frenzied miners worked every inch of their claims with such thoroughness that before long all the surface silver was gone and the diggings were considered exhausted. But richer lodes were uncovered in small pockets a few feet under the surface, and in the first year, the area produced over two million in silver.

For the next couple of years "Cliff" was the most exciting place to live west of the Mississippi. It was one of the wildest of the wild mining towns in the West. Saloons and gambling houses filled the business scene and the only women in the city for the first few months were ladies of relaxed opinions. Shootings and street fights were common and attracted only passing attention. Mine jumping was a frequent pastime, and new strikes were reported every day.

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than makeshift shelters with one long bar. Louis Slavich opened a saloon in 1880 and in ten weeks cleared $2000 over a rough pine plank. He washed glasses but once a day, setting them out clean in the morning and allowing them to remain on the counter. Customers drank from the handiest glass.

The *Silver Cliff Miner* of January 7, 1880 gives a glowing account under the heading: "An Historical Descriptive Epitomo."

> No town in the country with the exception of Leadville has grown with such astonishing speed as the gushing, energetic little city of Silver Cliff ... 29 fire plugs have been placed throughout the city and mains laid. At present water carts haul the water from the springs a few miles away and deliver it through town—40 cents a barrel being asked.
> business houses, saloons of course lead, there being 25; groceries follow with 20; blacksmiths, 10; drygoods, 8; clothing, 7; meat markets, 6; bakeries, 6; barber shops, 5; hairdressers, 4; harness, 4; and some 30 other places.

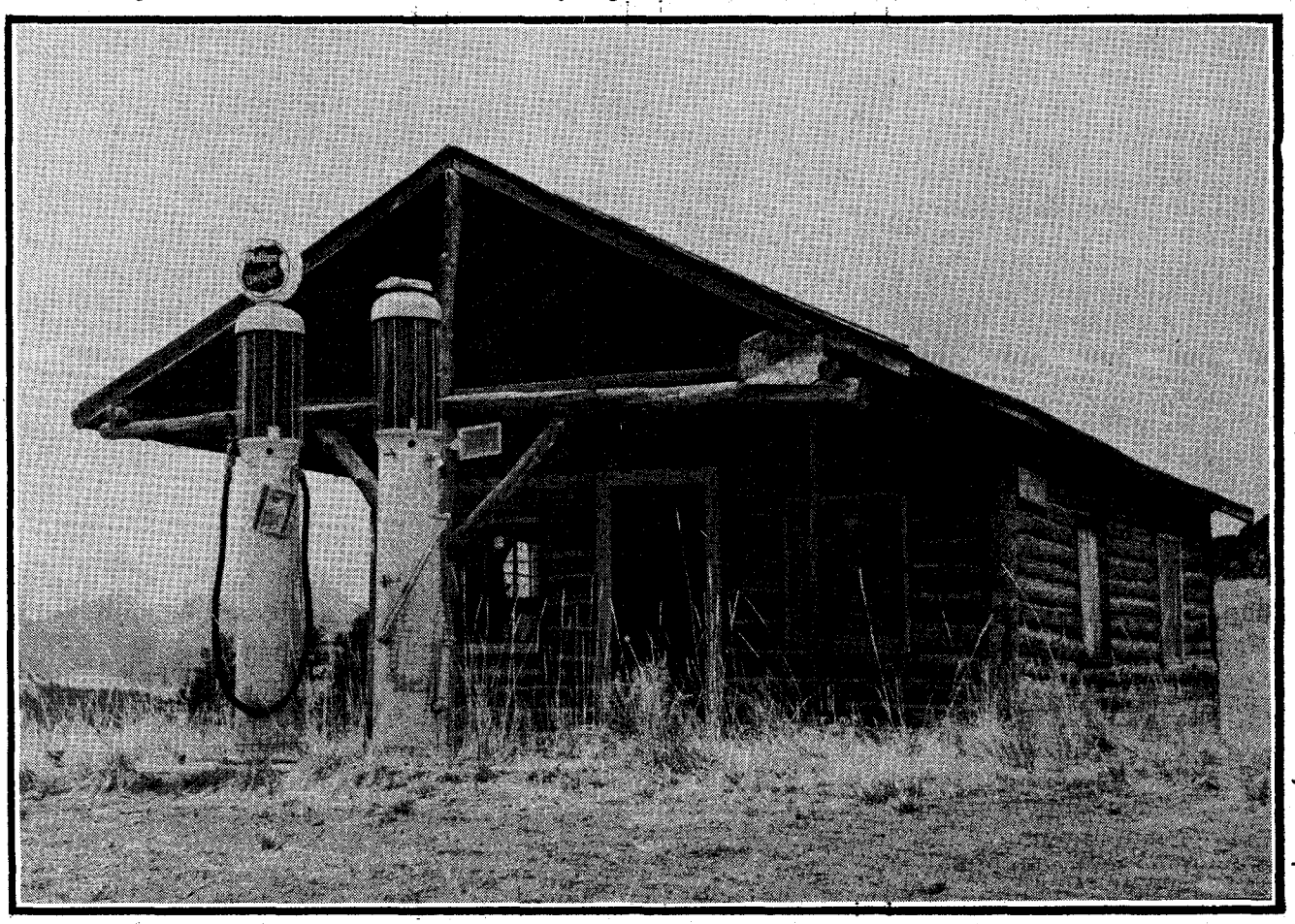
Shortly after the itinerant preachers began making the rounds at Silver Cliff and the miners began sending for their wives and children, the city went legitimate. Churches and schools were built. And one of the best equipped and most efficient volunteer fire departments in the state was formed. The fire department was the pride of Silver Cliff, for in those days there was a yearly competition between fire departments. Silver Cliff hosted the competition in 1882 and won it easily.

With the aid of the new railroad town of Westcliffe, Silver Cliff won the county seat from Rosita. But the loser refused to give up the designation. So, a group of "Cliff" vigilantes invaded one night and stole all the county records. Despite its fine fire department, Silver Cliff was nearly wiped off the map in the fire of 1880. The city was rebuilt, but it was threatened again two years later when a fire broke out in a congested business area. Through the heroic efforts on the part of the fire department, the fire was brought under control after destroying one business block.

The city began to fade and was only a shadow in 1893 when the silver panic pounded the nails in its coffin. Silver Cliff has managed to survive as a sleepy little town. A few miles east are the few remains of another ghost. Very little of this town is left but the ruins, foundations and machinery of the tremendous mine buildings along either side of the dirt road leading to Querida.

There are many stories about the finding of the fabulous Bassick mine in 1877. All agree on one thing, it was an accident. E. C. Bassick, a former sailor, worked at the Centennial Mining Company on nearby Tyndal Mountain. He crossed the site on the way back and forth to work every day. John True discovered some placer ore here a few years before but did not develop the claim.

Some say Bassick remembered hearing stories about True who sunk his hole at about the site of the future mine, and wanted to try and find it again. Others say that one night Bassick went home over the hill instead of around it and found the site by accident. The third version states that in going over the hill he got some sand in his shoe and sat



Cy Martin photo

Gasoline station of the 1930's at Rosita, Colorado. Sign on the right of the building tells the customer to "please sound horn for service".

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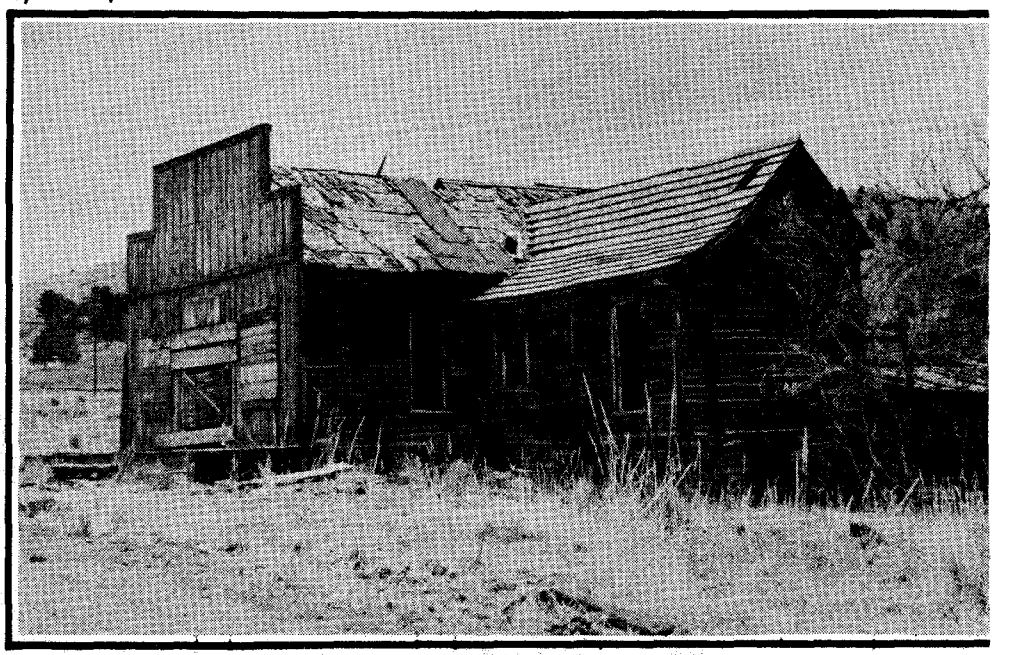
down to take it out. He jumped suddenly for he was sitting on an ant hill. Starting on again, he decided to demolish the ant hill with his pick. A few inches from the surface he struck silver ore. He tried another angle and struck more ore. Take any version you like, it was an accident. Bassick had one rock assayed just for the hell of it and found it was worth $30. This was more than he made in one week, so he gave up his regular job. His first carload of ore netted him $10,000. Bassick dug out more than a half-million in gold and silver before selling out.

The new company was only interested in promoting the mine. This company was a "get rich quick" outfit, and the property became involved in almost interminable litigation. The mine was shut down by court order in 1884, after which it lay idle for seven years. During this period it filled with water. It was far from worked out, for even at a depth of 1400 feet, the ore body showed no evidence of giving out. Some of the ore was in pockets, the best of which ran $50,000 to the ton. In 1882, the ore was so rich it was shipped to Westcliffe with guards carrying sawed-off shotguns.

The Bassick mine and other claims were worked spasmodically from 1885 until 1903 when the Melrose Gold Mining Company took over. The mine was worked off and on until 1915.

Cy Martin photo



Abandoned store was used in a number of silent cowboy movies filmed in Rosita, Colorado during the 1920's

The city which sprang up was first named Bassickville, then Bassick City. Some say the city was founded by David Livingston, newphew of Dr. Livingston of "I presume ... " fame, and was responsible for the name Querida. Querida is Spanish for "darling" or "beloved."

Livingston selected the name because he dearly loved the site. The peak year was 1882 when more than 1,000 lived there, and the city boasted a three-story hotel, a sawmill, and a big concentration mill. When the mine closed down in 1884, 400 miners were out of work. The city underwent minor flutters through the 90's and early 1900's, but for the most part Querida was dead.

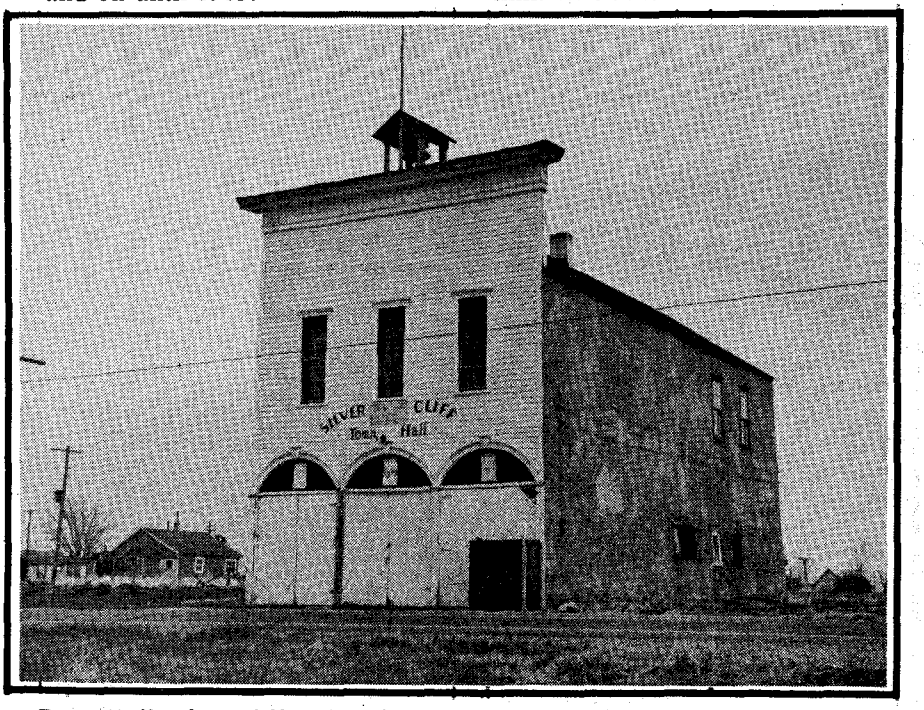
And its death was the final blow to nearby Rosita. Rosita is silent and empty today, its romantic past is only a memory. Its buildings have fallen into ruin. Much has already turned to dust. Yet, Rosita was the Queen City in Colorado's early royal family.

Daniel Baker picked up some bright galena outcroppings while he was herding cattle back in 1870. He dug up some likely specimens and put them on the window ledge of his cabin. Dick Irwin passed through the valley in June 1870 and picked up some float. That December, when the snow was a foot deep, he and Jasper Brown came back and got Baker. For two weeks the three men camped at the spring, prospecting and locating several silver lodes. The ore did not assay very big, and they left.

Other prospectors came nosing around, tapping the rocks and picking up float; then in 1872 the Hardscrabble Mining District was organized. Rosita started in April 1873 and all summer the town grew, but the first winter was poor. No ore was shipped and no mines were sold. The best strikes were not made until 1874—the Pocahontas and Humboldt.

There are two versions of how the city was named Rosita (Spanish for

Cy Martin photo



Town Hall, Silver Cliff, Colorado. It was built in 1879 as the Fireman's Hall. It is now the only municipal structure remaining and presently houses the Custer County Museum.

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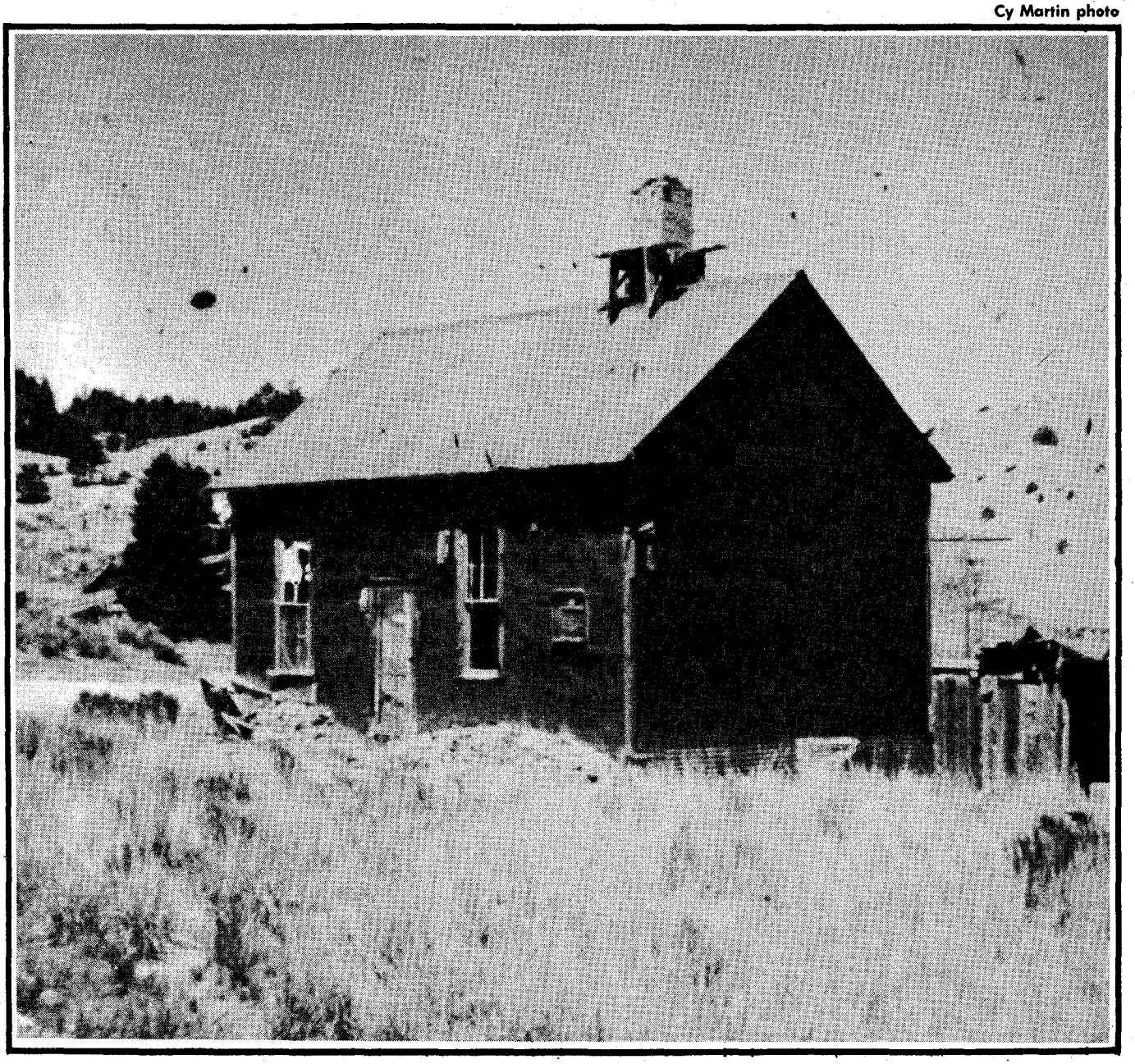

Remains of the schoolhouse is still standing at Querida, Colorado

Little Rose). One story says Irwin named the site Rosita for the many wild roses growing in profusion. Another story tells of a Frenchman who drifted to the spot after the death of his Spanish sweetheart and named the camp in her memory.

Rosita hit its peak during the late 1870's, with 2000 persons. In addition to several hotels, saloons, processing mills and other businesses, one of the largest breweries in the state was located there. A large cheese factory produced about 250 pounds of cheese a day—that is until the cattle got to eating too much wild garlic. With their milk contaminated, the cheese was rank.

(continued on page 64)

Cy Martin photo

The grave site marker of "Commodore" Stephen Decatur's (Bross) grave in the cemetery at Rosita, Colorado.

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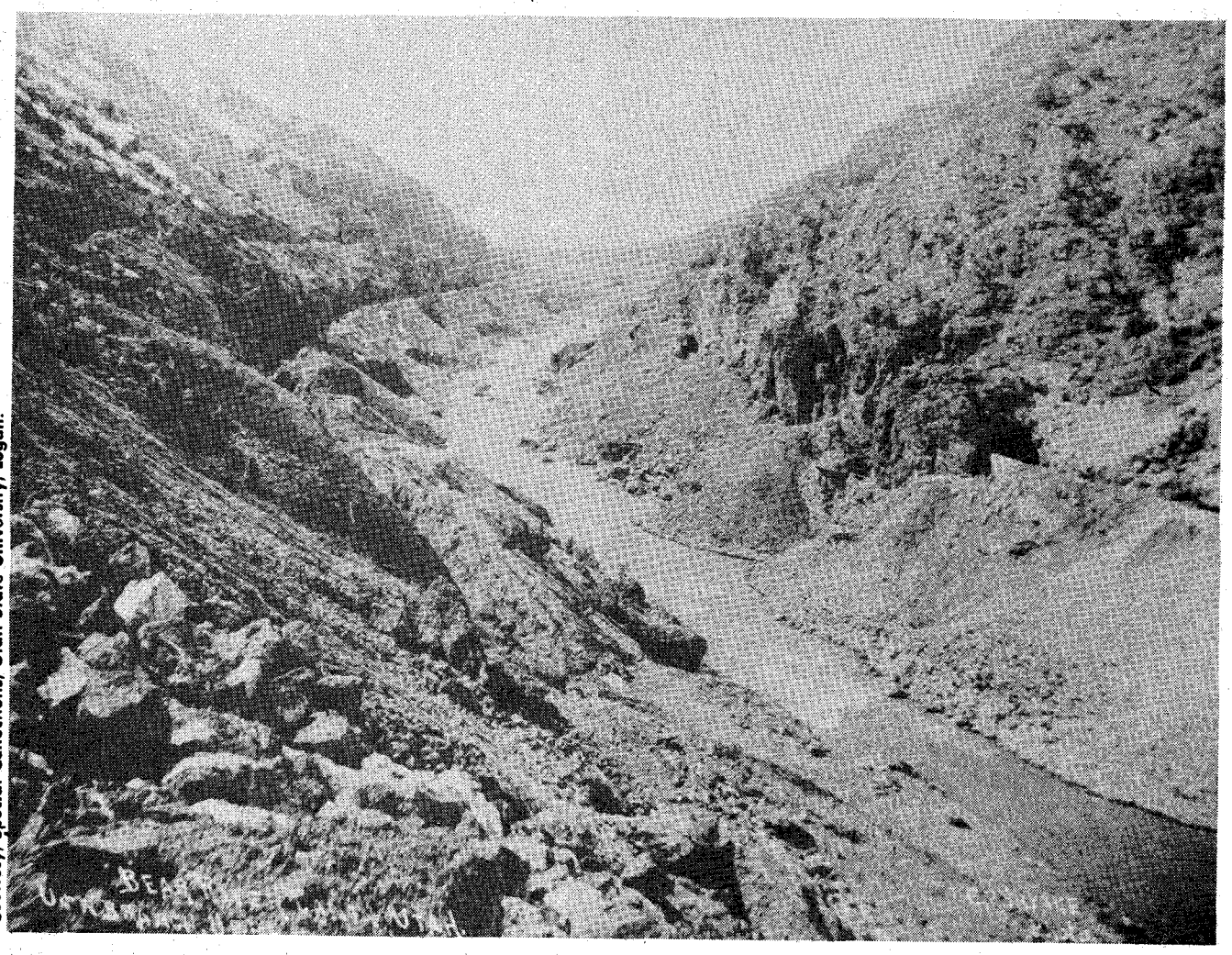
A Legend Named BLACK JACK

By
A.J. Simmonds

When Jack Nelson was twenty, he drove a wagon north into the Montana goldfields and he took to the wild life up there like a duck to water. He stole cattle, horses, gold, and anything else he found handy. For nearly fifty years he played tag with the law, in and out of jails.



Courtesy, Special Collections, Utah State University, Logan.

Bear River Canyon near Newton, Utah. The base of Mollie's Nipple, where Jack reputedly hid his loot is on the right.

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Saturday, May 30, 1885, was dull in Logan, Utah Territory, and twenty-four year old John E. Carlisle, editor of the *Utah Journal,* Logan's only newspaper, was hard put to find copy for the day's issue. Young Carlisle was new to the job. He'd become editor only a month before, and he was filled with all the frustrated ardor of a new editor without a story.

There was only one story that week which had much interest in Logan and Cache Valley, and Editor Carlisle made the most of it. Jack Nelson had been arrested again for horse theft.

John W. Nelson was Cache Valley's most infamous native son, and anything about him had an interest. He led the kind of free life the settled farmers looked at with disapproving envy and small boys saw as the ultimate in manhood. Rumors hung around his name like a portent cloud, changing him from ruffian to Robin Hood — and in the process changing his name to one remembered today by old-timers in northern Utah: Black Jack.

For an outlaw, Jack had an unusual past. Born in Scotland in 1846 to John and Catherine Nelson, he emigrated to New Orleans and then to St. Louis with his family in 1851. Two years later the Nelsons, father, mother, and five children, crossed the plains to Utah. In 1859 they were among Logan's first settlers.

Pioneering marked Jack both mentally and physically. The hard work made him tough, and the fear of Indian attacks in those early years of settlement made him wary. Indian problems in Cache Valley continued until 1863 when the army mauled the fight out of the Shoshoni and Bannock tribes at the Battle of Bear River.

At the same time pressure from the Indians decreased, the gold mines of southern Montana were reaching boom proportions. To the farmers around Logan, the Montana strikes were heaven-sent. Wagon trains full of foodstuffs headed north from Utah to the mines of Virginia City, Helena, and Bannack City, Montana. Among those who went in 1865, driving weapons with produce from their father's farm, were the Nelson boys: Ed, Will, and Jack.

Jack was never the same again.

In 1865 southern Montana was virtually one vast gold camp. Flour, dirt cheap at the mills around Logan, brought $25 a barrel during the freighting season. In winter, when supplies from Utah were stopped by deep snows, the price could soar to $100, with eggs bringing a dollar apiece. There was more money on the bars in Virginia City than all of Logan.

There was more of everything. Sheriff Plummer and his "deputies," who had terrorized the mining region, had been hanged by the vigilantes only eighteen months before. But life was still fast. In 1865 a gang held up the Ben Holliday stage on the Montana road through Idaho, murdered the passengers, and got away with $15,000 in gold.

That one trip was enough to convince William Nelson that freighting was more profitable than farming. For the next fifteen years he hauled Utah groceries to Montana miners. Ed married and settled near Logan to help his father. When the season of 1866 opened, Jack also went out on the Montana road. But not to haul eggs.

Twenty years old in 1866, Jack had always been a loner. Small and stocky, he stood about 5 feet 6. In another place he might have become anything but what he did. But the frontier loosened the tight rules of custom which had governed his father's youth in Scotland. Men were imposing new forms upon the land; and until those new patterns hardened into a civilization, there was room for maneuver.

Men like Henry Plummer saw that room, and so did Jack Nelson.

Author's photo collection

A.C. Simmonds who bought Black Jack's ranch in 1897 and to whom Jack told his story in 1906.

Horses and cattle were in great demand in Montana. Back in Utah herds were plentiful. Jack put the two situations together, added a dash of his own originality, and rustled a herd of cattle. Caught by Sheriff Crockett of Logan before he got out of the Territory, Jack was sentenced in March 1866 to six years in the penitentiary in Salt Lake City. If luck was ever with a man, it was with Jack. The prison was overcrowded and to make room, on October 13, 1866, after barely six months behind bars, Governor Durkee pardoned him.

The experience taught Jack a lesson. Next time he wouldn't get caught. And for the next six years he was in the very profitable business of rustling horses and cattle in Utah and selling them in Montana.

Sometime during those years he picked up the name Black Jack and a none-too-bright flunky named Sam Colyer. It flattered Jack's ego to have a taller man to order about, even if Sam's mental gifts were not of the highest order. Besides, Sam was handy on the thousand mile round trips between Montana and Utah.

On one of those forays into Utah, Jack made the mistake of stealing a set of harnesses in Brigham City.

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Author's photo collection

Remains of Jack's saloon in Newton, Utah.

After calling Jack "an incorrigible thief," the *Deseret News,* Utah's leading paper, reported the incident: "On Friday morning Sheriff Alvin Crockett, and his deputy, Philander Cranney, went to the residence of Nelson and found him snug in bed. They made known the cause of their visit, and not only arrested their man but recovered the stolen property. Nelson, in the custody of the Sheriff, was taken to Brigham City, and placed in safe keeping until an investigation could be had, and it is very likely he will be committed for trial."

He wasn't.

In 1873 Jack decided to have a look at western Idaho and Oregon. It was a profitable trip. He stopped over at Boise long enough to see that the city was a major center for money movement in the Pacific Northwest. Gold from the Boise Basin and silver from the Owyhee mines, and merchant's currency from as far away as Walla Walla poured into Boise to be carried south to Winnemuca, Nevada, or Kelton, Utah, the nearest stops on the Central Pacific Railroad.

Resourceful as always, Jack had an idea.

On the morning of July 24, 1873, the Rev. R. M. Gwinn, Methodist-Episcopal minister in the Idaho capital since the preceding November, and two other passengers boarded the Northwestern Stage Company's coach at the front door of Boise's Overland House. The Rev. Mr. Gwinn was on his way to Salt Lake City for district conference. Also on board were the driver, three sacks of mail, and the Wells Fargo treasure box.

The next morning, just three miles south of the Snake River ford, near the present town of Buhl, Idaho, Black Jack Nelson and Sam Colyer, armed with shotguns, ordered the stage to halt.

After taking the box and the mail sacks, Jack waved the coach on.

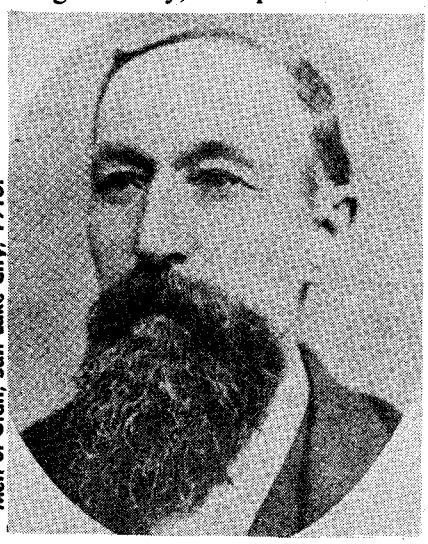
News of the holdup broke in Boise on July 29. The *Tri-Weekly Statesman* acidly reported: "Rev. R. M. Gwinn of this city was aboard, but the passengers were not molested or asked to hand over. Probably this latter little civility was due to Elder Gwinn; he was on his way to conference, and the agents didn't want to have the name of robbing a preacher."

It is more likely that Jack just didn't want to take the time.

In the box and the mail sacks, Jack found close to $20,000. He gave Sam two gold bars, and the two parted company. Sam would be a good decoy.

Wells Fargo posted a reward of $2,500 for each of them, and two weeks later, a prospector brought Sam to Boise and delivered him to U.S. Marshal Joe Pinkham. Sam confessed everything and named the spot where he'd hidden the gold bars. That November he pleaded guilty to robbery and was sentenced to five years in the Territorial

From Esshorn, Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah, Salt Lake City, 1913.



Sheriff Alvin Crockett who arrested Jack for his first cattle rustling in 1866.

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Penitentiary at Boise.

Meanwhile, avoiding main roads, Jack picked his way back through the City of Rocks. By September, waiting for snow to close the passes, he was holed up in Big Cave in Western Canyon, a pass leading into Cache Valley from the west.

One day he found he had company. A hunting party of Shoshoni braves from Fort Hall camped farther down the canyon. All evening long, alone or in groups, they rode up to Jack's cave. One in particular hung around, sharing Jack's meal and looking at his camp.

Jack supposed they might be looking for whiskey, but with $20,000 in gold and greenbacks, it would pay to be careful. Near sundown, all the Indians but one rode down the canyon into the valley. Jack waited and watched. His unwelcome companion suddenly jumped on Jack's slow pack horse which tethered near the camp. Grabbing his Navy Colt from his bed roll, Jack took aim at the back of his head.

Just one shot, but amid the high canyon walls, the noise re-echoed like an artillery barrage. Moving as fast as he could, Jack ran to the body, carried it back up the hill to the camp, and dropped it in a brush-covered ravine near the mouth of Big Cave.

A couple of hours later, the rest of the band returned. All night they walked around the cave and the canyon floor. Jack kept his hand on his gun and watched. The next morning they left. In 1906 when he told his story, he recalled, "They knowed I'd kilt 'im; and if'n they'd found 'im, they'd akilt me back."

When snow fell, Jack left the cave and rode south over the grassy western part of Cache Valley called the Big Range. At the base of Molly's Nipple, a suggestively named mountain near Newton, Utah, he buried the money.

For years it was to be his bank; though for now he didn't touch it.

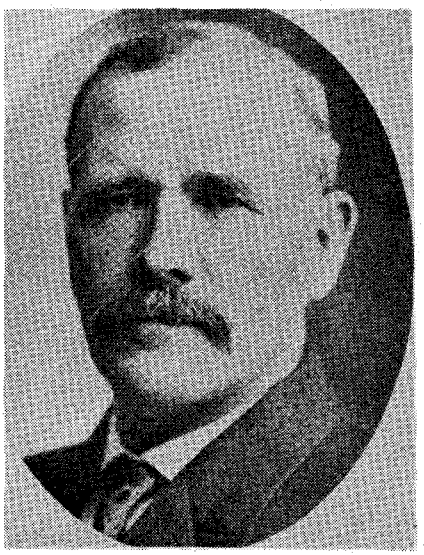
He spent the winter of 1873-1874 back in Logan at his father's house on the corner of First South and Chestnut. He may well have taken his Colt across the street to the home of neighbor John Ash, the city's only gunsmith. He probably visited with his brothers Ed and Will who lived on the same street.

Certain it is that he grunted a hello to his father's next door neighbor, A.M. Simmonds, a thirty year old Englishman. He probably did more, for Simmonds was wary of Black Jack for the rest of Nelson's life. During that winter, northern Utah's worst, he probably saw Andrew C. Simmonds' year old son. Their paths would cross again.

By May Jack's wanderlust and fear of trailing lawmen made him move out. In the fall of 1875 he rode into Elko, Nevada, and then south to the White Mountain mines around Ely — taking with him a team of Elko horses. Unfortunately for Jack the Sheriff had a circular about the stage robbery and a telegram about the horses.

For the next nine years Black Jack was in the penitentiary at Carson City, a guest of the United States for mail robbery and of Nevada for horse theft.

From Esshorn, Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah, Salt Lake City, 1913.



Sheriff Rob Crookston, county sheriff from 1881 to 1909 who regularly arrested Jack on various warrants in the 1890's.

In late 1884, Jack was released and came back to Logan. He dug up some of the loot at Molly's Nipple and spent lavishly all winter. He had a lot of lost time to make up for. When spring broke he mounted a horse and rode into the southern part of the Territory.

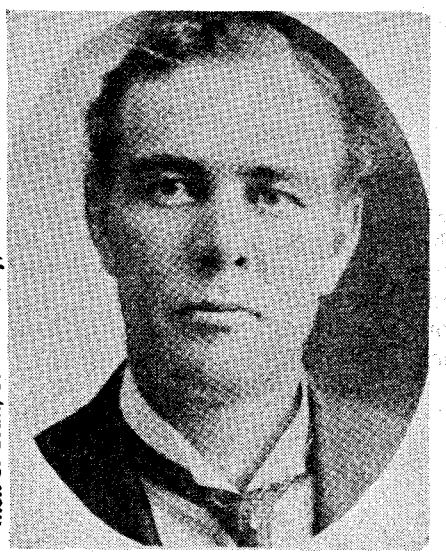
Southern Utah had changed dramatically since Jack was jailed in 1875. The mountains hid various vast riches which were being trapped in wild mining camps like Silver Reef, Beaver, and Frisco. Bullion was being shipped out and payrolls shipped in; but for a man alone, a man who preferred to be alone, and a man who had just served nine years in prison, horses seemed a surer way to wealth than holdups.

He rode into Frisco, Utah, in mid-May 1884. The next day he was gone and so were two bay horses belonging to rancher John Hanofor. Deputy W.T. Stanley trailed Jack and the horses north into Cache Valley and then lost track of him. However, on a circuit of the Big Range, he saw the two horses in a pasture near Benson, Utah.

Not having authority to make arrests in Cache County, Stanley asked a man directions to the sheriff's office in Logan. The man who directed him was Black Jack Nelson. As soon as Stanley was out of sight, Black Jack moved the horses across Bear River and north to the herd ground his father was buying on the Big Range.

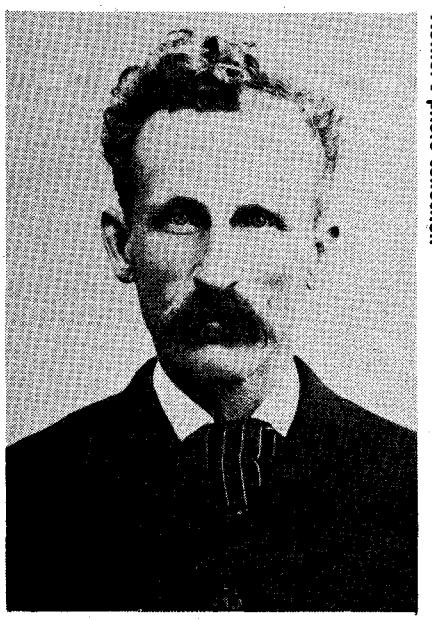
At 11:00 p.m. Stanley and Cache

From Esshorn, Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah, Salt Lake City, 1913.



George Q. Rich, Jack's attorney who fired him.

Author's photo collection



A.M. Simmonds who first met Jack in Logan in 1874 and was afraid of him for the rest of his life.

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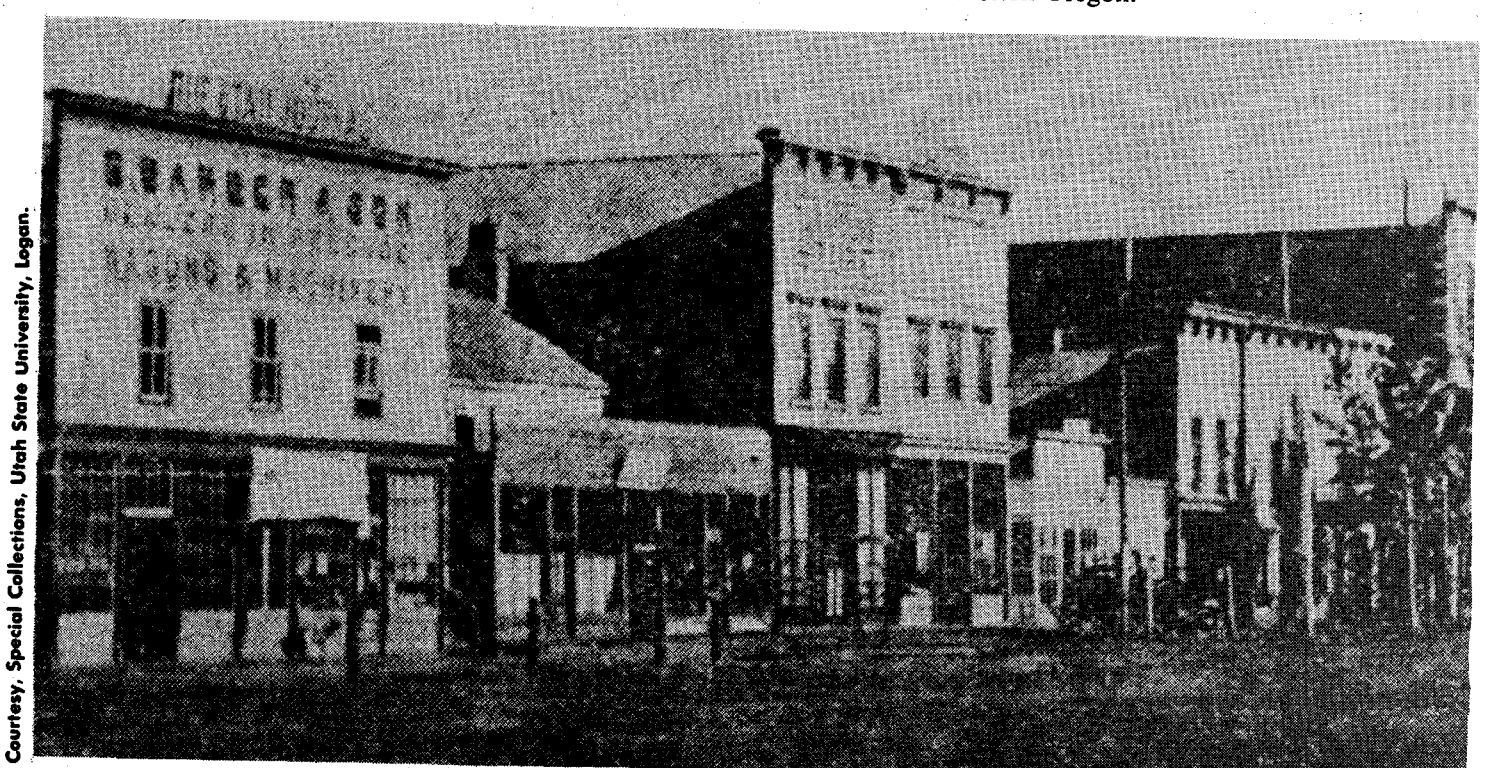
Sheriff Crookston were back in Benson pounding on the cabin door. They arrested Nelson, but though they searched until three in the morning, they couldn't find the two missing bays. The next day Stanley loaded his prisoner on the afternoon train, and editor Carlisle sat down to write his article. In it he gave a description of the man who put equal effort into avoiding sheriffs and photographers:

"Nelson looks to be about five feet six inches in height, of rather heavy build, with dark hair, and dark red, or brown moustache. He resembles a typical cowboy or horse thief, and is, taken altogether, a rather hard looking specimen of the human race. His only aim in life seems to be to rob or steal. He, when in jail seems to be perfectly contented, and as our worthy Sheriff jocosely remarked, 'Now he is penned he is as happy as a lark."

Editor Carlisle and Sheriff Crookston didn't seem to have realized that Jack's happiness may have stemmed from the fact that without those horses Stanley didn't have much of a case. They realized it later, however, for on August 19, 1885, Carlisle noted sourly "The notorious Jack Nelson is under arrest at Dillon, Montana."

When he was not in jail, Jack spent the late 1880's plying his favorite trade of raiding the ranches in Utah, laying over on his father's land on Cache Valley's Big Range, and then trailing the stolen animals north to Montana, to the new mining towns on Idaho's Salmon River, or to the farms and ranches in eastern Oregon.

Edward Fitzgerald's painting of the Battle of Bear River in the U.S. Post Office at Preston, Idaho. Until this battle the Cache settlers (Jack included) lived in constant danger of Indian attack.



Courtesy, Special Collections, Utah State University, Logan.

Main Street, Logan, Utah Territory, 1885.

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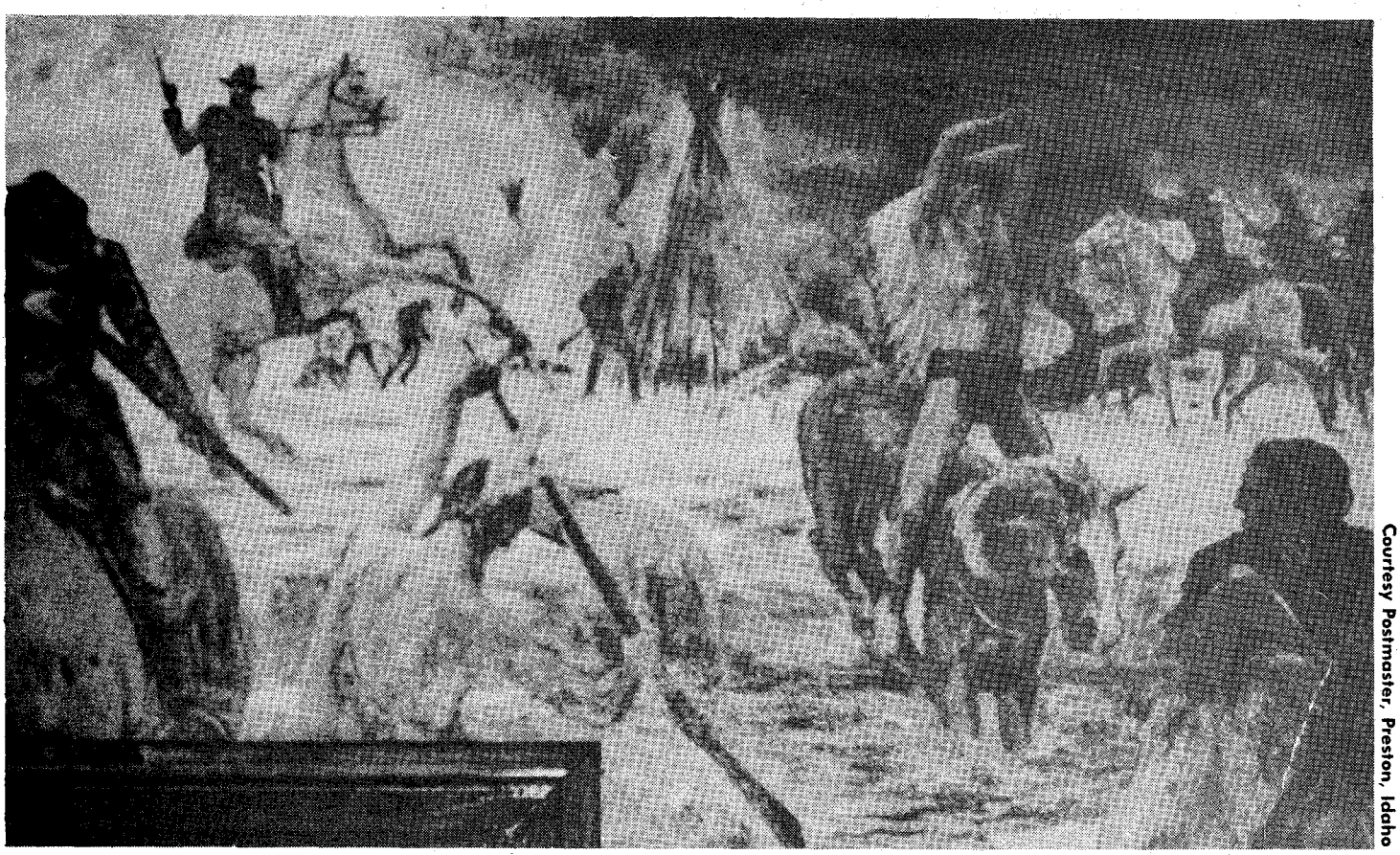
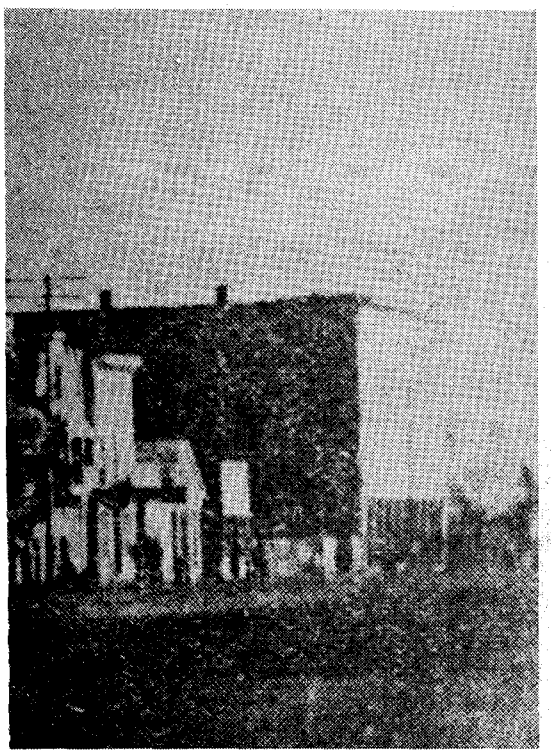


Courtesy Postmaster, Preston, Idaho

In the strange way that life sometimes turns around, while Jack was laying over in his father's log line shack on the Big Range, he discovered that the owner of the ranch to the north was A.M. Simmonds, his father's old neighbor from Logan. A.C. Simmonds, a one year old in 1873, was by 1887 a teenager. During the days while Jack was getting his herds ready to move north, the two got acquainted.



By 1890, when he was 46 years old, Black Jack moved back to Cache Valley. It was the year the Oregon Shortline Railroad was built across the Big Range and north to Pocatello. Camp towns were established for the workers, and there was enough easy money in their pockets for even Black Jack. There were also family considerations. His father was old and sick. Jack helped his mother buy the Big Range from his father — it gave the old man some ready cash, and it hid the stigma that the cash had probably originally come from a Wells Fargo treasure box. After her husband's death in 1894, Catherine Nelson transferred the Big Range property to Jack.

When he came back to Cache Valley, he was determined to leave the outlaw trail for a respectable trade. Since he intended to become a saloon-keeper, there were those who mentioned the word respectable. But they didn't question it to his face. He opened his saloon in Newton, but between pouring drinks and fleecing his customers at cards, the call of the trail was too strong.

In the early 1890's the Big Range he had known was undergoing a great change. The old range was being transformed into grain and hay ranches. In the fall of the year granaries bulged with wheat and alfalfa seed. It was a little less glamorous than rustling a horse, but if one stole enough wheat, the returns were just as good.

Though he spent part of his time working in brother Will's new store in Pocatello, Idaho, for the next fifteen years, with a light wagon in fall and a sleigh in winter, Jack made occasional nighttime tours of the Big Range ranches.

This is the part of his career that people in Cache Valley most remember; and dozens of stories are told how Jack left Newton with an empty wagon, drove north the ten miles to Weston, Idaho, and sold a full load of wheat at Weston mill, left Weston with an empty wagon, drove southeast the seven miles to Trenton, Utah, and sold another load at Trenton mill.

Wheat was only part of it. One night in the winter of 1900, A.M. Simmonds noticed his horses were out of the barn where he stabled them. He sent his youngest son to investigate. The boy found a sleigh-

(continued on page 62)

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THOMAS STARR KING,

By William Wingfield

This boyish looking Unitarian minister was the deciding factor in keeping California from going over to the Confederacy during the Civil War. His golden voice destroyed the arguments of the pro-slavers and kept the great state on the side of the Union.

Courtesy First Unitarian Church of San Francisco

Thomas Starr King, one of California's most noted heroes. He left the security of a Boston pastorate and became leader of San Francisco's Unitarian Church in 1860. He was a staunch unionist and is credited by many as saving California for the union by his oratory.

The Preacher Who Saved California's Soul

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When he first walked to the pulpit of the San Francisco Unitarian Church, the eyes of the congregation turned on the frail, delicate little man.

Many asked, "Could this slender, youthful young man with his beardless, boyish face be the celebrated preacher, Thomas Starr King?"

King laughed in reply, "Though I weigh only 120 pounds, when I am mad, I weigh a ton."

To be "mad" was going to be King's stock in trade during his years in California from 1860 to 1864. President Abraham Lincoln firmly believed that it was the Rev. Thomas Starr King alone who kept California from seceding from the Union during the dark early days of the Civil War.

King's reputation had led the San Francisco church to rather wistfully ask him to become its minister. During his 11 years as minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston, he had increased its congregation to five times its original size and gotten it out of bankruptcy.

After hearing one of King's sermons, Ralph Waldo Emerson, considered the wisest man in America of his time, commented, "That is preaching!"

As a lecturer on scholarly subjects, King had traveled as far west as St. Louis.

Both Chicago and Brooklyn churches had sought him as their minister, but the popular Boston pastor rejected them, feeling that San Francisco out in the raw west offered the greatest challenge.

He was right. At that moment, California was heading into a crisis. The showdown between the free and slave states was at hand. The governor and most members of the California Legislature were sympathetic to the Confederacy. The only effective voice in California against slavery, Sen. David C. Broderick, was killed in a duel only the year before.

Leadership of the forces of the Union was a vacuum that was only to be filled by Thomas Starr King.

The initial sense of disappointment by San Franciscans at his slender and boyish appearance quickly gave way to wonder and then to delight as his rich, golden voice poured forth.

Those present the first day recalled that sermon decades later. They said he literally had the audience in his hands. Not only was his reputation as an orator and preacher established that very first Sunday in San Francisco, but it soon spread statewide. Many worshippers even came from places as far away as Stockton and Sacramento.

Less than a month after King arrived in San Francisco, The Republican National Convention met in Chicago and nominated Abraham Lincoln as its candidate for President.

In the ensuing election, Lincoln carried California by a mere 711 votes, receiving only 28 per cent of the votes cast. The only reason Lincoln carried California was because the Democratic Party was split in two, with Sen. Stephen A. Douglas and Vice President John Cabell Breckinridge each claiming to be the Democratic nominee.

Following Lincoln's election, one by one, the stars in the American flag began to blink out. Even before Lincoln was inaugurated, the Southern states began dropping out of the Union. The crucial question was if California would join them, delivering its immense gold resources into Jefferson Davis's hands.

A majority of citizens of Los Angeles were known to have favored California seceding and joining the Confederacy. Indeed, on the Fourth of July in 1861, it was the Confederate Flag rather than the American Flag that flew over the Plaza in Los Angeles.

Used with the permission of the Architect of the U.S. Capitol

Thomas Starr King's statue stands in the U. S. Capitol as one of California's two greatest heroes. The other is Father Junipero Serra, the great Catholic missionary.

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King wrote a friend in Boston about touring the Sacramento Valley — "You see in glaring capitals 'Texas Saloon,' 'Mississippi Shoe Shop,' 'Alabama Emporium.' Very rarely do you see any Northern state thus signalized."

Congress was so convinced of a secessionist plot in California that it required easterners to secure passports before they could go to California. To justify Congress's fears, a secret paramilitary secessionist organization called the Knights Of The Golden Circle had a minimum of 16,000 members.

In February 1861, when Lincoln still had not yet been inaugurated, King fired his opening salvo toward saving California for the Union.

On Washington's Birthday, 1861, he spoke for 2½ hours to an auditorium holding over 1,000 people on how people should remember George Washington by preserving the Union that Washington created.

Afterwards, King recalled, "Mrs. (John C.) Fremont was out and told me she hadn't been so stirred in years. A son of old Vanderbilt, a lieutenant in the army, stayed to be introduced and tell me his joy. I pitched into Secession, Concession and Calhoun, right and left, and made the Southerners applaud.

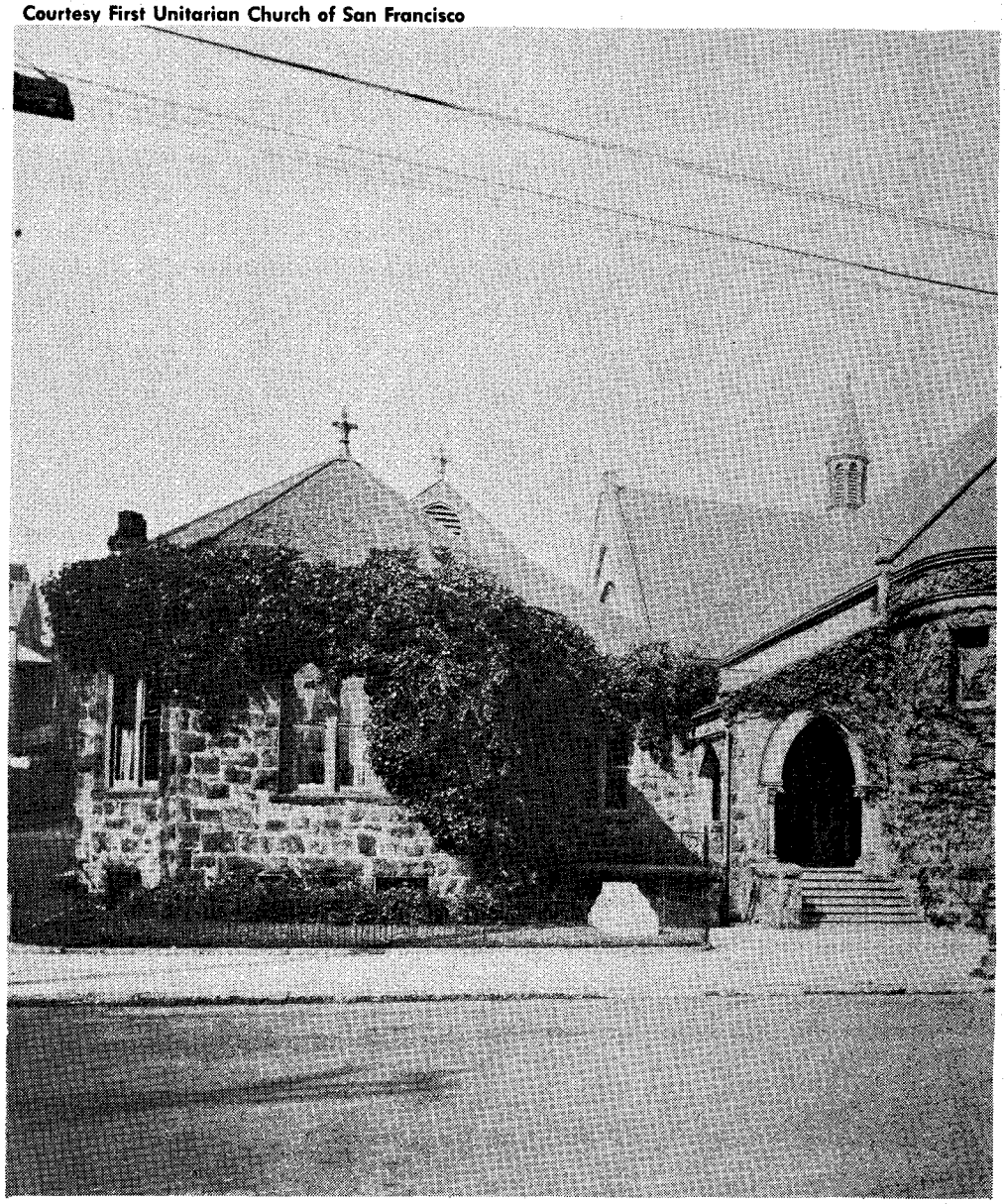
"I pledged California to a Northern Republic and to a 'flag that should have no treacherous threads of cotton in its warp,' and the audience came down in thunder. At the close it was announced that I would repeat it the next night, and they gave me three rounds of cheers."

On March 10, he spoke to the Masons on "Washington and the Union." King was a Mason himself, and the Masons were especially moved and delighted since George Washington is the Masons' chief hero.

His most powerful talk was "Webster and the Union." Sen. Daniel Webster had been his hero in Massachusetts, and he had conducted the memorial service at his church on Webster's death. His talk emphasized Webster's most moving phrase — "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable!" King insisted that Webster's call was more meaningful than when it was made.

King cried out, "Rebellion sins against the Mississippi; it sins against the coast line; it sins against the ballot box; it sins against oaths of allegiance; it sins against public

Courtesy First Unitarian Church of San Francisco



The First Unitarian Church of San Francisco at the corner of Franklin and Starr King Streets. Thomas Starr King's tomb is at the center near the stairs. In the 1960's the state legislature designated the church and tomb to be a historical monument.

and benificent peace; and it sins, worse of all, against the cornerstone of American progress and history and hope — the worth of the laborer and the rights of man. It strikes for barbarism against civilization!"

He thundered against Jefferson Davis, "He is a representative to my soul and conscience of a force of evil. His cause is a pollution and a horror. His banner is a black flag. I could pray for him as one man, a brother man, in his private affectional and spiritual relations with heaven. But as president of the seceding states, head of the brigand forces, organic representative of the powers of destruction within our country — pray for him? As soon as for Anti-Christ! Never!"

Speaking up and down the state, he visited the rough and rugged mining camps, and said he never knew the exhilaration of public speaking until he faced a front row of men armed with Bowie knives and revolvers.

His friend Edward Everett Hale, who made a similar contribution to saving the Union through his moving story, "The Man Without A Country," declared, "Starr King was an orator no one could silence and no one could answer."

When he delivered his sermons at church, his pulpit was covered with the American Flag, and he compared the Rebels with the Fallen Angels and with Judas. He ended all of his sermons, "God bless the President of the United States and all who serve with him the cause of a common country."

His culmination came at a mass.

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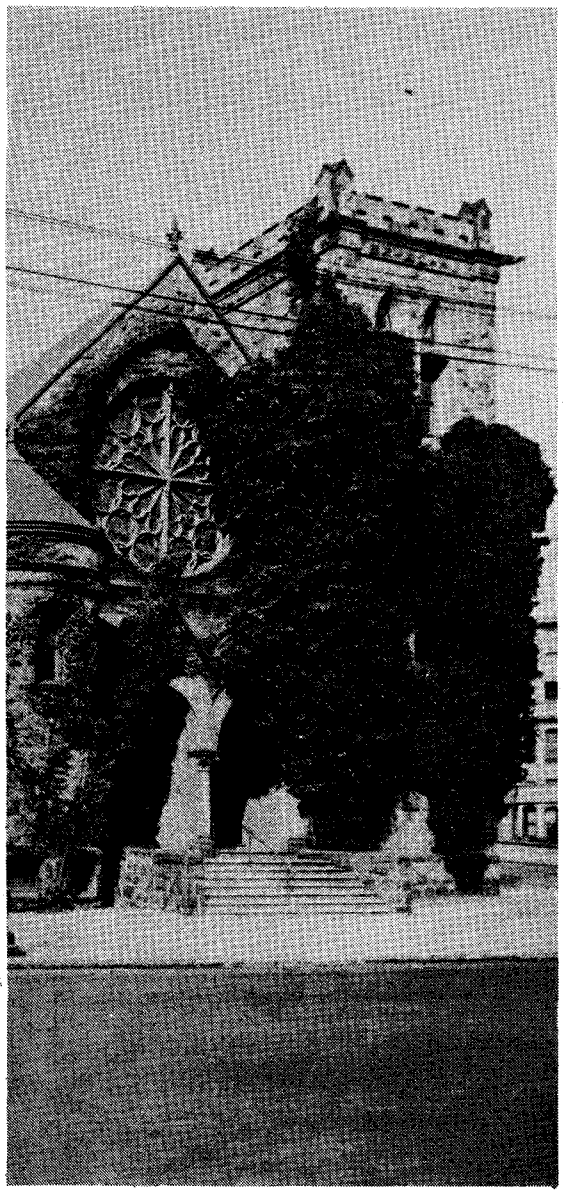

rally in San Francisco where 40,000 people turned out.

His appeals were so effective that a group of Americans living in Victoria, British Columbia, sent him $1,000 to carry on his work toward preserving the Union.

By now, his effectiveness was not lost on his enemies. They realized that he was beginning to turn the tide against them.

For example, in Sonora, one of the mining towns, the newspaper editor called King "a fair representative of the rabid, fanatical, Godless school of Boston political preachers. Their cry is now nigger, nigger, blood, blood!"

At a prayer meeting, a man got up in the midst of prayers and said that God had just summoned him to kill Thomas Starr King. Nothing daunted, King shrugged it off and said the man was only a harmless lunatic who probably really meant him no harm.

During the 1861 state elections, he threw himself into the gubernatorial campaign of his parishioner, Leland Stanford, the Republican nominee. Frequently Mrs. John C. Fremont and the budding author Bret Harte accompanied him and Stanford on speaking tours.

The result was an overwhelming election for Stanford, and a sigh of relief for King.

"The state is safe from Southern tampering," King wrote.

"What a privilege it is to be an American!" he exulted. "What a year to live in! Worth all other times ever known in our history or any other!"

The battle to save California for the Union won at last, King now turned to the needs and concerns of the soldiers themselves.

The Union Army had been thrown together so hastily in the time of crisis that it was ill provisioned and medical care didn't exist. There were few trained doctors or nurses or medical attendants. Much of the food was rotting because war profiteers saw an excellent opportunity to get rich by dumping spoiled food off onto the Army. There were not even sheets or blankets. Disease took a greater toll of soldiers' lives than Confederate bullets.

To remedy this tragedy, the Rev. H. W. Bellows of New York organized the U. S. Sanitary Commission, the forerunner of the American National Red Cross. Starr King immediately pitched in to help.

Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, secretary and historian of the Sanitary Commission, later recorded, "Starr King was the Sanitary Commission in California."

In fact, he came near being the whole Sanitary Commission. Out of $4.8 million raised by the Commission in the entire United States during the war, $1.25 million was raised by King in California. King's contribution was over one-fourth of that raised in the entire country.

The $1,000 sent to him by the Americans in Victoria to help in his fight to save the Union was turned over to the Sanitary Commission. After he wrote the people in Vancouver to thank them and tell them what he had done, they turned around and sent him another $300 to be used for the Sanitary Commission.

King used their bank draft as an example and inducement for individuals and civic groups in San Francisco to chip in and do likewise. He was able to parlay the $300 into another $1,000.

On Jan. 10, 1864, San Francisco gave the fund $200,000.

His efforts were even more impressive because during those years, California was hit by a series of natural disasters. One of the worst floods in California history hit and converted the whole Sacramento - San Joaquin Valley into a vast lake as big as Lake Ontario. The following year, an immense drought wiped out the Valley's wheat crops.

As well as working for the Sanitary Commission, King now found himself raising funds for flood and drought relief. As a Mason, he was also active in fund raising for the Masonic Relief Board.

In addition, he found time to work for the rights and betterment of the Negroes and Chinese in San Francisco when these two were very despised minority groups.

Edward Everett Hale observed, "We know that here is a heart as large as the world, so that you can not make it understand that it should hold back from any service to be rendered to any human being."

Because of his success at patriotic and charitable services, a strong movement arose to run him for the U. S. Senate. However, King steadfastly refused to even be considered for the honor. He said he feared it might lead him into political compromises and impair his ability and liberty to speak forthrightly on subjects he felt strongly about.

He said, "I would swim to Australia before taking a political post."

What relaxation he had came from exploring the mountains. At the time, except for the mining districts, the mountains were largely unexplored.

He was one of the first 100 persons to visit Lake Tahoe, and said the blueness of the lake and the greenness of the pines surrounding it seemed to him in harmony with the deepest religion of The Bible.

Yosemite Valley and Yosemite's big trees were a special delight to him. He wrote the *Boston Transcript* that each time he saw one that amazed him by its size and height, he saw another beyond it that was even larger. The trees, he said, made him think what it would have been like if the Bunker Hill Monument had grown from a single seed of granite.

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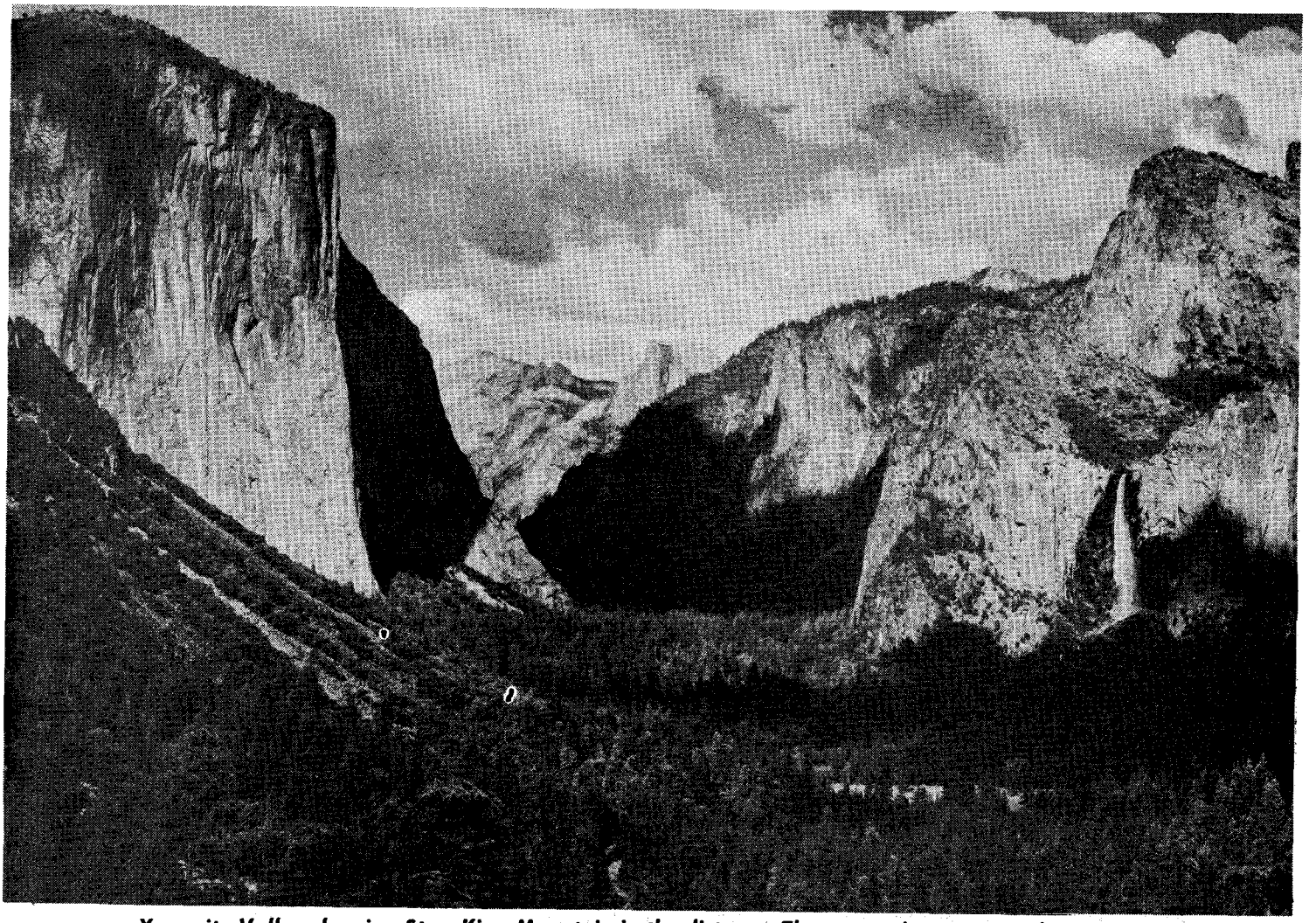

Yosemite Valley showing Starr King Mountain in the distance. The mountain was named in King's honor. Another mountain in New Hampshire also bears his name.

On entering Yosemite Valley, he exclaimed, "The Ninth Symphony (Beethoven's) is the Yosemite of music! Great is granite and the Yosemite is its prophet!"

He climbed above Nevada Falls and Vernal Falls, and was attracted by one magnificent dome or turret of granite that towered over the valley. It rose 13,600 feet. Today, it is named Mt. Starr King.

In letters to the *Transcript* about mining towns, he gave colorful descriptions that might have done credit to his friend, protege and parishioner, Bret Harte. He depicted both the color and the dreariness of the cabins, saloons, billiard halls, stage coaches, and the miners at work.

Back in New England, he had enjoyed climbing and exploring the White Hills of New Hampshire. He wrote a book about them, *The White Hills — Their Legend, Landscape and Poetry,* which, when published in 1859, was far more popular than Henry David Thoreau's now classic *Walden.*

King hoped to write a similar book some day about the Sierras.

Throughout his many endeavors, his church still had first call. When he arrived in 1860, the church had a $30,000 debt. By Christmas, he had done such a good job of paying off the debt that the church members gave him a set of silver in appreciation.

Indeed, he had become such a successful minister in such a short time that the existing Unitarian church soon was much too small for its fast growing congregation.

He set about in October, 1862, to raise $80,000 toward construction of a new church. As one of the means, he gave lectures on the contemporary New England poets. He asked each of them to send a new poem to be read at the conclusion of the talk.

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The cornerstone of the church was laid on Dec. 3, 1862.

John Greenleaf Whittier sent a special poem for the dedication services on Jan. 10, 1864.

King, himself, donated the organ.

When the new church was dedicated, King estimated that the income of his church was $25,000 per year, contrasted to $30,000 per year that Henry Ward Beecher raised in his famous Brooklyn church, and Beecher's church was twice as large as King's. King said that based on membership, his church was the number one church financially in America.

Any one of his labors would have been enough for one man, much less the outstanding success of all of them combined.

With a new and prosperous church, the Sanitary Commission on a solid and functioning basis, and Union victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg sealing the doom of the South, he had every reason to sit back and relax.

He was now also financially secure personally. Still another of his parishioners, William C. Ralston, the great financier of the Comstock Lode, had given him solid advice on investments in Nevada silver mines.

He was due a sabbatical. He could now look forward to rest, travel, and writing his book on the Sierras.

Yet, as his congregation had deduced on the very first day, his health was never good. Only devotion to what he considered God's will and "being mad" kept him going as long as they did. Now the Herculean labors began to take their toll.

All along, there were indications he was driving himself too hard for his weak little body.

Indeed, in 1861, he collapsed after speaking to the thunderous applause of 3,000 persons at a major Republican rally with Leland Stanford.

When Bret Harte found him almost passed out on a sofa in the dressing room while the applause continued, Harte asked, "What a triumph! How did you manage to get through the long last sentence?"

King feebly responded, "I hardly know. I seemed quite unconscious of my surroundings. My imagination beheld the scenes, my mind worked out the sentences moments before I uttered them."

Frequently his friends urged him to ease up.

Yet, now that he had the chance and every right to take it easy, disaster struck.

On Feb. 28, 1864, he was hit by diphtheria soon complicated by pneumonia. For two days, he clung tenuously to life.

Then a second attack of pneumonia struck.

A doctor was summoned. The doctor told him that he now had only a half hour to live.

King glanced at the calendar.

"Today is the fourth of March," he sighed. "Sad news will go over the wires today."

Next, he dictated his will.

Then he turned to his wife, "Do not weep for me. I know it is all right. I wish I could make you feel so. I wish I could describe my feelings. It is strange. I see all the privileges and greatness of the future. It already looks grand, beautiful. Tell them that I went lovingly, trustfully, peacefully."

One by one across San Francisco the American flags dropped to half mast. The city hall and all the state and federal offices immediately closed. Soon the foreign consulates and foreign ships in San Francisco harbor joined in dropping their flags to half mast.

The State Legislature in Sacramento adjourned for three days in mourning after passing a resolution that "he had been a tower of strength to the cause of his country."

A military honor guard was posted at his casket. His body lay wrapped in the American flag in front of the altar of his church.

Mrs. Fremont placed violets on his chest.

As King lay in state, some 20,000 people came to pay tribute. Many broke into tears as they passed the coffin. Some kissed the flag that was his shroud.

In the bay at Fort Alcatraz, in Union Square in downtown San Francisco, and at other federal military installations, the cannons boomed in memorial tribute.

Bret Harte composed the eulogy, "Relieving Guard."

"A Star? There's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but above the thicket
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

Such a mammoth outpouring of emotion and sorrow was not equalled on a national level until 99 years later with the murder of President John F. Kennedy.

Services were conducted by the Masons, with ministers of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches joining in the rites.

His body was buried in the front lawn of the church he had just completed building.

It still lies in a crypt in front of the church today at the corner of Franklin and Starr King streets. In the early 1960's, the state designated Starr King's church and tomb to be a historical monument.

In 1913, the State Legislature voted Starr King and the great Catholic missionary Father Junipero Serra to be the state's two greatest heroes. It appropriated $10,000 to erect a bust in King's memory in the U.S. Capitol to stand with those of George Washington and Robert E. Lee for Virginia.

The statue was unveiled on March 1, 1931, by King's grandson, U.S. Navy Lt. Cmdr. Thomas Starr King.

In addition to the giant granite mountain in yosemite National Park, one of the great trees that he admired in Yosemite is also named for him. There is another mountain in the White Hills of New Hampshire also named Mt. Starr King.

California has many public schools and Masonic Lodges bearing his name. In Long Beach, there is even a Starr King Presbyterian Church.

The Unitarians have named their major seminary the Starr King School of Theology.

However, like his compatriot and admirer, Abraham Lincoln, his greatest monument is the dream he labored for, "One nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

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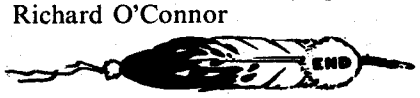

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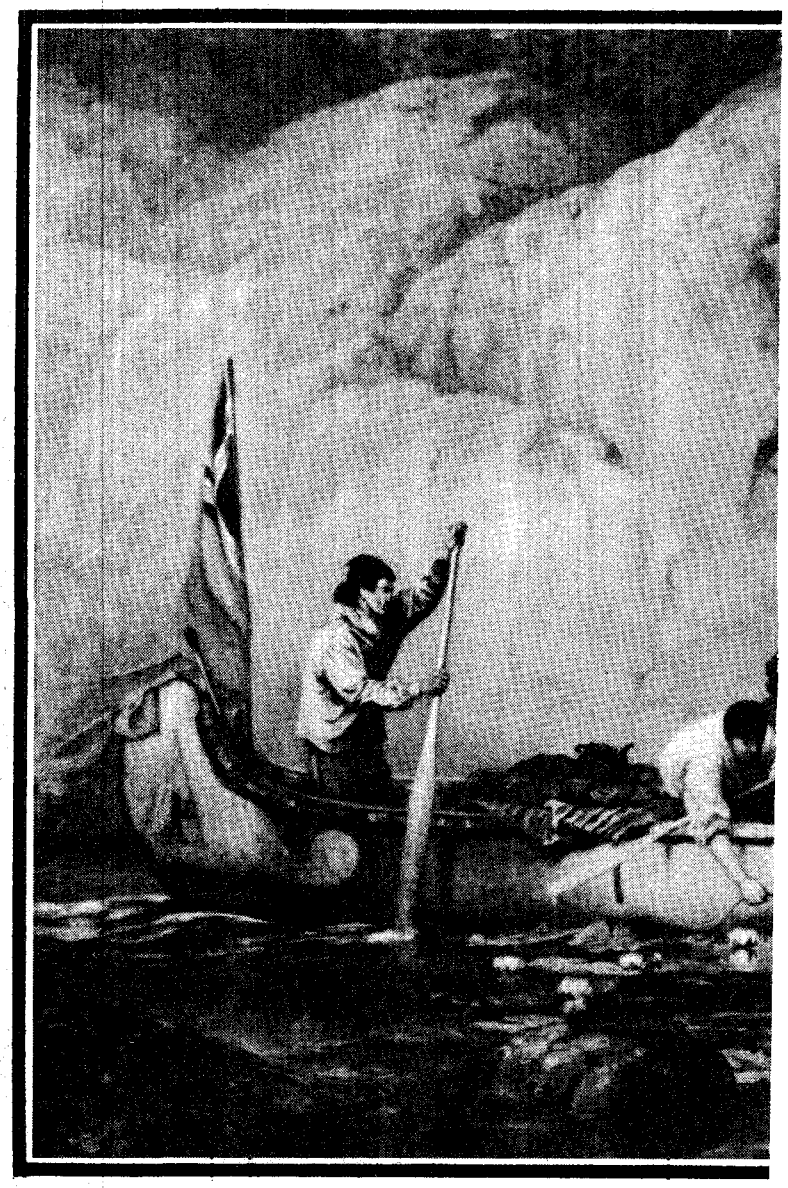
GRAND PORTAGE Of The

The VOYAGEURS paddled their 40 foot canoes westward from Montreal a thousand miles across the Great Lakes to rendezvous with the trappers and Indians here at Le Grand Portage, "the great carrying place."



During the 18th and early 19th centuries, spirited French-Canadian *voyageurs* — the dependable, durable laborers of the Canadian fur trade — paddled and portaged thousands of tons of trade goods and furs over the 3,000 - mile waterway extending from Montreal to Fort Chipewyan on the shores of Lake Athabaska in northwestern Canada.

Following this winding chain of wilderness lakes and rivers across half a continent was an enormously difficult task, even for the *voyageur*. These sturdy, stocky men of the trade, traveling in brigades of fragile birchbark canoes, encountered a multitude of hardships and obstacles along the water routes into the West and Northwest: treacherous rapids, sheer waterfalls, hazardous portages, threatening storms, rough water on the big lakes, mischievous black flies, and hordes of mosquitoes. But of all the demands on the *voyageur*, the portages — those wilderness paths, ranging from a few yards to a dozen miles in length, that bypassed falls, rapids, and boulder-strewn shallows — were the most common and often the most difficult.

There were 120 portages along the highway of the *voyageurs,* each requiring hours of toil to cross with goods and canoes. From this labor grew an intimate relationship between *voyageur* and portage. Each carrying place was recognized and often named for its outstanding characteristic. The celebrated *Portage la Loche* was remembered for its beauty. The dreaded *Portage des Allumettes* and *Portage of Talon* were respected for their treachery. Others were noted for their length. For the voyageur, each had a personality.

The Grand Portage, or the "great carrying place," thought neither the longest, the most difficult nor the most spectacular of the portages, was a vital link in the trade from Montreal. This 9-mile trail, extending from the north shore of Lake Superior to the navigable waters of the Pigeon River, represented the end of travel on the

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CANADIAN NORTHWEST

by Raymond Schuessler

Canoe manned by voyageurs. The large canoes, 36 to 40 feet long were designed to travel on the great lakes. Each spring they left Montreal and through a series of rivers reached Lake Huron and thence into Lake Superior to Grand Portage.

The Public Archives of Canada

Great Lakes and the beginning of the interior river and lake route.

Here was the point on the waterway where the 36 to 40-foot Montreal canoes, well suited for travel on the big lakes, were replaced by the smaller, less burdensome north canoes designed for use on inland lakes and rivers. It was here that crews traveling from Montreal, the so-called "pork-eaters," concluded their interior journey and transferred the chores of paddling and portaging to winterers from far-flung outposts to the north. Here, too, a season's supply of trade goods from Montreal's warehouses and Lachine's depots, including guns, powder, balls, kettles, axes, beads, cloth, tobacco and rum, was exchanged for furs of beaver, ermine, marten, and mink, gathered at dozens of remote posts. And at Grand Portage the ambitious North West Company, along with competing organizations, established posts to serve as headquarters for their inland trade.

The fur trade in North America began during the mid-16th century as simple bartering between Frenchmen and the Indian tribes along the Atlantic Coast and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As the trade flourished and as the fur-bearing animals of the rich coastal areas were depleted by over-trapping, traders were forced to move inland in search of new supplies of the pelts valued by Europe's fashionable classes. For the trader, travel into the fur-bearing country was difficult. In an uncharted wilderness they could only move over natural waterways.

After Charles II granted some Englishmen exclusive rights to use of Hudson Bay in 1670, several forts of trading posts were founded on the shores of this inland sea, mank of them as deep in the continent as the western shore of Lake Superior. From these interior depots, supplied directly from European markets by ocean-going vessels, the Hudson's Bay Company carried on a lucrative trade with the Indians of that region.

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The Public Archives of Canada

Voyageurs on Lake Superior, the last leg of their journey from Montreal loaded with trade goods to exchange at Grand Portage for furs.

Meanwhile, the traders of French Canada sought out and developed a water route that led from the depleted fur grounds along the St. Lawrence River to the rich, fur-bearing areas that lay beyond the upper Great Lakes.

From Montreal the French found that they could best reach the fur country by paddling light birchbark canoes up the Ottawa River, through Lake Nipissing, down the French River to Georgian Bay and North Channel on Lake Huron, and thence over the Sault Ste. Marie to Lake Superior. After paddling and portaging a thousand miles — labor unnecessary for the Husdon's Bay Company — they arrived at the western shores of Lake Superior. From here three rivers — the St. Louis, the Kaministiquia, and the Pigeon — provided access to the chain of streams and lakes leading into the heart of the continent.

Of the three routes, the Pigeon River grew to prominence. It was over this route, which led over Grand Portage and through the present international boundary waters to Lac la Croix and then to Rainy Lake, that the French, and later British and Canadian traders, most frequently passed from the waters of Lake Superior to the fur country.

Along every major stream and lake the fur trader established posts. To these depots, supplied with cloth and hardware from England, beads from Italy, brandy from France and rum from the West Indies, came Indians of many tribes to trade their season's catch of furs.

Each spring, when streams and lakes were free from ice, furs gathered during the winter were pressed, packed, and loaded into brigades of canoes destined for Grand Portage. As furs were moving down from the north, trade goods from warehouses at Montreal and Lachine were being packed into "pieces" of 90 pounds each and loaded into Montreal canoes, destined for the "great carrying place." After weeks of paddling and portaging, the brigades converged on Grand Portage (trappers from the more remote posts rendezvoused with traders at Rainy Lake), and for 2 weeks there took place the annual exchange of goods and furs. After the season's trading and accounting, the men from Montreal returned eastward and those from the north country wended their way back to wilderness outposts.

This then, was the fur trade, the epic adventure whose chief result was the laying of the foundations of the Canadian Nation. How did it come about that the beaver should draw to the hinterlands of the continent the hardy *voyageur* and the enterprising trader? To explore this history is to unfold the story of Grand Portage.

The first white man to cross Grand Portage trod a narrow wilderness path well worn by centuries of Indian use. The "great carrying place," like the other portages, was first traveled by prehistoric Indians seeking the easiest path around waterway obstacles.

Pierre Esprit Radisson and Sieur des Groseilliers explored the north shore of Lake Superior in 1660,

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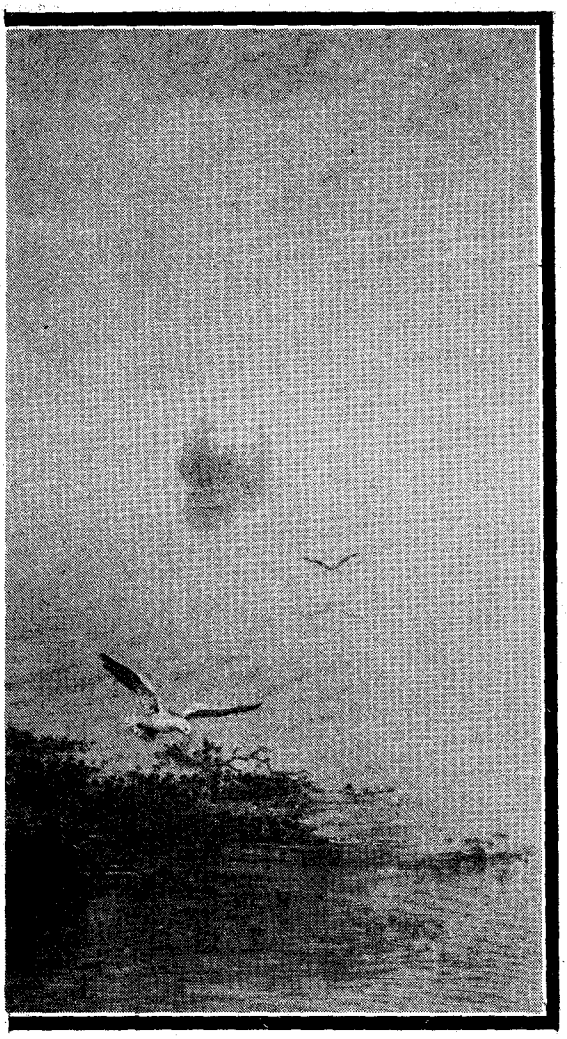

Sieur Du Luth coasted along the same shore in 1679, and Jacques De Noyon reached the upper end of the lake in 1688. But the first white man to leave a record of using the portage was Sieur de la Verendrye.

In the autumn of 1731 La Verendrye and a weary crew, using a rough map sketched on birchbark by a native guide, Auchagah, coasted into the small bay at the eastern end of Grand Portage. Traveling over the portage, La Verendrye journeyed far inland to Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, and Lake Winnipeg, establishing trading posts along the way. From the Lake Winnipeg area the party traveled up the Assiniboine River drainage and crossed the height of land southward to the Missouri River and the Mandan Indian village on its banks. From there they made several vain attempts to find a route to the long-sought "western sea." For nearly a decade the La Verendrye party used the "great carrying place" as a stepping stone to the interior in their search for this elusive body of water.

From the time of La Verendrye until the French and Indian War (1754 - 63), French traders constantly pushed farther and farther into the Canadian Northwest, nearly all passing through Grand Portage.

During this period a post was probably established here, and trade goods were landed from large lake canoes and prepared for portage to the Pigeon River. With the outbreak of the French and Indian War, trade on Lake Superior was all but abandoned, and the Indians had to journey to Hudson's Bay Company posts far to the north or get along without European goods.

When French forces were defeated at Quebec in 1759 and Montreal in 1760, control of Canada passed into the hands of England. The weapons of conflict had scarcely cooled when independent English, Scottish, and Canadian traders, hoping to compete with the Hudson's Bay Company, occupied trade centers along the St. Lawrence River and began using earlier French waterways leading into the interior.

In November, 1761 a British garrison took possession of Fort Michilimackinac on the south shore of the strait between Lakes Michigan and Huron. Traders soon descended on this post, prepared to take up the commerce on the upper Great Lakes that had been abandoned by the French. In the spring of 1762 the first British and Canadian traders, traveling across Lake Superior under military escort, arrived at Grand Portage.

In the 1770's the volume of trade crossing Grand Portage increased sharply. In 1774 goods from 60 canoes were carried over the portage, and 4 years later trade amounted for the year to 40,000 pounds of goods. The chief characteristic of this trade was that it was conducted by a multitude of individuals and small partnerships, each trying to undercut the other. The illustrious Alexander Henry commented on this ruinous competition when he visited the portage in 1775 and found the traders "in a state of extreme reciprocal hostility, each pursuing his interests in such a manner as might most injure his neighbor."

The economic hazards of this rivalry became so apparent that the more far sighted individuals and partnerships began merging into protective "joint stock" companies. It was from such a venture that the North West Company emerged.

The labor of the French - Canadian *voyageur*, the Indian contributions of corn, pemmican, and birchbark canoe, and the organizing and administrative ability of such men as Benjamin and Joseph Frobisher, Simon McTavish, and James and John McGill were united during the 1770's to form the nucleus of the North West Company. This energetic organization, with headquarters in Montreal, was soon recognized as a major competitor in the fur trade of the Northwest. The next half century saw the company grow to dominate all trade in Canada beyond the reaches of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The ambition, ingenuity, and foresight of the so-called "Nor'-Westers" led to a great extension of the fur trade. At the time of its union with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, the company's trade extended from the St. Lawrence drainage in the east to the Arctic Ocean in the north and the Pacific Ocean in the west. This network comprised numerous wilderness outposts at strategic points along the waterway system of the Canadian Northwest. The expansion and operation of the company was, in fact, a major factor in forging Canadian claims to the Northwest.

Year after year men of the company journeyed farther into the continents's interior in search of untapped supplies of furs, often accomplishing giant feats of exploration. In 1778 Peter Pond, a Connecticut Yankee in the company's service, initiated trade in the Athabaska and Great Slave Lake areas. Alexander Mackenzie, one of many Scotsmen in the organization, reached the Arctic Ocean in 1789 and the Pacific in 1793, 12 years before Lewis and Clark crossed the continent. The gifted geographer, David Thompson, joined the company in 1797. His map of the "Northwest Territory of the Province of Canada," based on travels by himself and his fellow traders, stands as a tribute to the exploratory achievements of the "Nor'-Westers."

By 1778 the North West Company's trading post, located on the shores of the small bay at the eastern end of the "great carrying place," was in operation. This post, which took its name from the portage, served as the company's inland headquarters, and it was here that the "Nor' Westers" held their summer rendezvous.

Grand Portage was a busy place during the rendezvous months of

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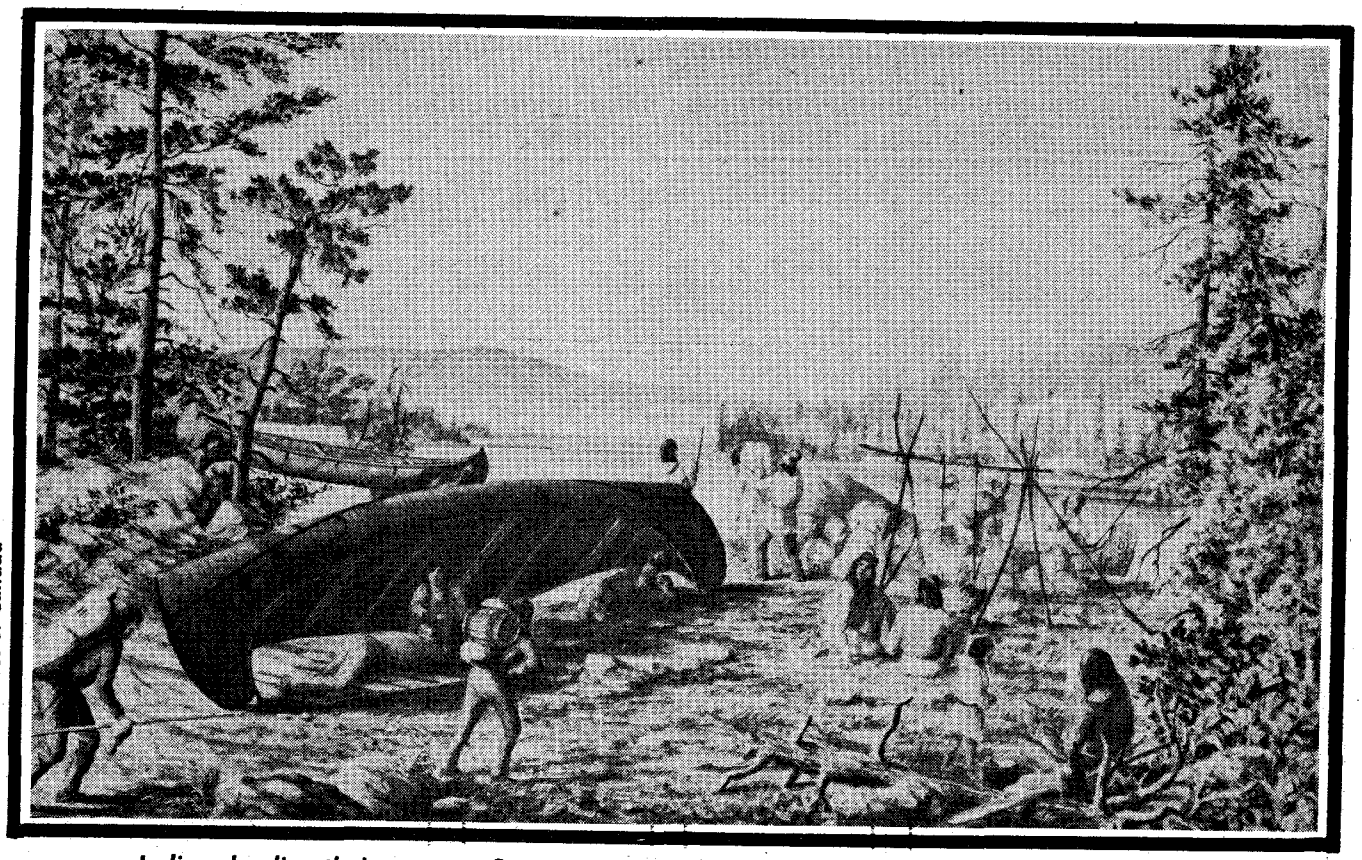

The Public Archives of Canada

Indians loading their canoes at Portage in 1873. The Grand Portage was 9 miles long extending from the shore of Lake Superior to the navigable waters of the Pigeon River. It was used by fur traders from the late 1600's until the early 1800's.

July and August. Here brigades from Montreal, carrying goods for the forth-coming season's trade, met and exchanged cargoes with fur-laden canoes from the company's wilderness outposts to the north and west. Here, too, was held the annual meeting of the company. The Great Hall, the post's main building, was the scene of daily wrangling between company partners over privileges of partnership and next season's policy. And here employees of the company — sometimes numbering a thousand or more — received and largely spent their year's wages.

Of all those in the North West Company's employ — agents, *bourgeois,* winterers, interpreters, guides, and *voyageurs* — it was the *voyageurs* who were the yeomen of the service. Their feats of paddling and portaging heavy loads over great distances at swift speeds were of heroic dimensions. They appeared molded for life on the canoe routes of the north woods. One writer described them in 1826 as "short, thick set, and active and never tire."

At the peak of the trade there were over a thousand voyageurs in the company's service, nearly half engaged in the annual transportation of goods from Montreal to Grand Portage. These faithful laborers carried two 90-pound packs over the portage to Fort Charlotte, the North West Company's post on the Pigeon River, up slopes, over rock ledges, through knee-deep mud in the rainy season.

But this life was not entirely one of monotony and hardship. A certain freedom and zest marked those men of the north, decked in moccasins, deerskin leggings, short shirt, sash, and red woolen cap. After long hours of paddling, often 18 hours at a stretch, or after a hard portage, the *voyageur* was quick to recover with a "pipe" — from which the pause took its name — and a song, a dance, and a measure of rum.

The North West Company was unable to maintain a complete monopoly over the trade that passed through Grand Portage. Rivals sprang up from time to time, usually to flourish a few years and then merge with the "Nor' Westers." The most aggressive competitor, the XY Company, operated neighboring posts at Grand Portage and Fort Charlotte from 1797 to 1804.

By 1800 the Boom years of Grand Portage were near an end. In that year a United States tax collector visited the North West Company's post and gave notice that the United States would, the next year, levy duties on all merchandise and furs passing over the portage.

The "Nor' Westers," like many others, were uncertain whether the portage lay on United States or Canadian soil. Because they thought that the collector had a good case in the Jay Treaty of 1794 and that his warning should be taken seriously, they immediately made plans to move their post to the mouth of Kaministiquia River on Canadian soil, about 30 miles northeast, and to reopen that long abandoned and more difficult route to the west. By 1803 the new post — first named Fort Kaministiquia and later called Fort William in honor of the company's chief superintendent, William McGillivray — was near completion, and the North West Company bade a final farewell.

With the removal of the company and the departure of the XY Company the following year, a silence fell over Grand Portage. The voices of *voyageurs* no longer pierced the wilderness; the rhythm of footsteps over the "great carrying place" had ceased.

During the next decade a few enterprising individuals with American licenses operated at Grand Portage, but they were

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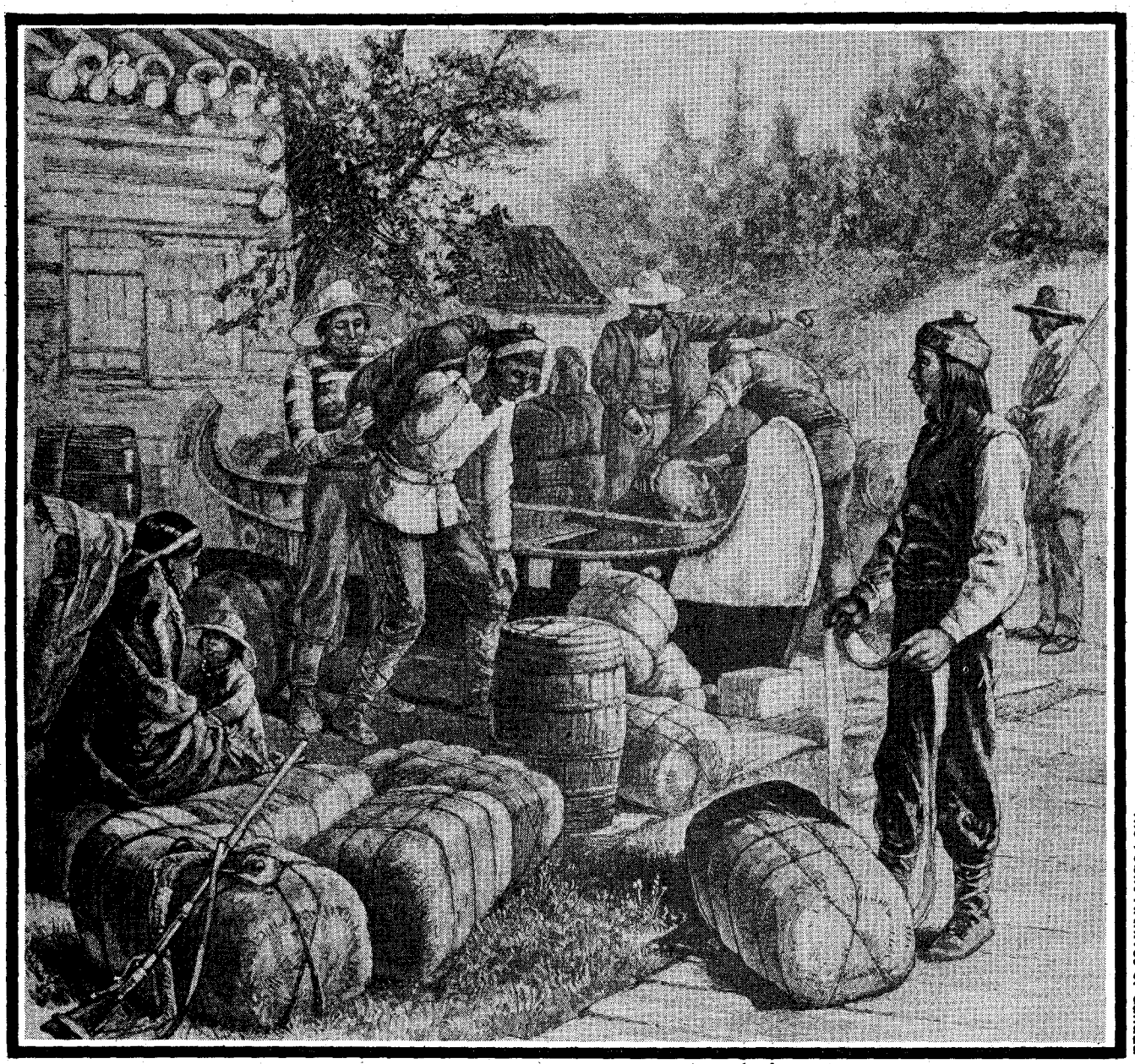
unable to revive the portage's greatness. In the late 1830's John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company established a small fishing post on the shores of Grand Portage Bay. This post, a link in Astor's Great Lakes fishing venture, prospered until the mid 1840's, when it was abandoned.

The lakes and rivers forming the boundary between present Minnesota and the Canadian Province of Ontario were carefully explored and mapped in 1822 by the surveyors of a joint American and British commission provided for in the Treaty of Ghent. The object of the survey was to provide a base upon which a boundary line acceptable to both Great Britain and the United States could be drawn.

When the commissioners held their final meeting in 1827, the envoy of Great Britain offered to accept the Pigeon River as the boundary if the line were drawn through the portages, including Grand Portage. When this was rejected, he offered to accept the river as the boundary if the portages could be freely used by both countries. This was also turned down by the United States. Yet when the boundary controversy was finally settled by the Webster - Ashburton Treaty in 1842, it was on these terms. This treaty is still in force.

Today the portage, which bisects the reservation of the Grand Portage Band of the Minnesota Chippewa Tribe, is no longer traversed by those who once made the woods ring with their oaths and songs. Much of the charm of the area is in the centuries - old trail, with its lichen-covered rocks, its reindeer moss, and its hidden springs with their black waters. Unspoiled by change, the Grand Portage wilderness is still much as it was during the fur-trade era.

A weathering, hewn-timber building on serene Grand Portage Bay, with stockade and blockhouses, has been reconstructed on the excavated site of the once great depot of the North West Company.



The Public Archives of Canada

The Hudson's Bay Company employees rendezvoused at Grand Portage during the summer months when the voyageurs from Montreal and the "winterers" from the interior traded guns, powder, kettles, axes, beads, cloth, tobacco and rum for furs.

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Northern Natural Gas Company Collection, Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska

An Assiniboine Indian, Fort Union, 1833.

No modern scholar can hope to understand the history and the glory of the West without studying the work of the early artists who captured the spirit of the Far West. Karl Bodmer's original sketches of the Prince Maximilian Expedition to the Upper Missouri are an invaluable record of frontier life.

By
Raymond Schuessler

Today's historian must depend for his knowledge of the look of the Old West on the paintings and sketches of the artists who rode on the early frontier. Fortunately they were many and able; during the decades after 1832 when George Catlin succumbed to his lifelong compulsion to picture the civilization of the Indians, there was scarcely a scenic wonder or a native village that was not captured on canvas.

No modern scholar or Real West buff can hope to understand the unspoiled natural wonders of the untamed West without studying the work of the early artists who captured the spirit of the far western frontier in picture which told more than any printed word.

No artist of the early West has been of more value to the historian than Karl Bodmer, whose few published works have long been recognized as classics of Indian culture. Over 400 original sketches from his 1832-34-journey with Prince Maximilian are now available to every student of Western America.

The story of the Western Plains Indians has never been more dramatically told than through the literary and pictorial record of the Prince Maximilian Expedition to the upper Missouri River. It was the first major expedition to go up the river following the historic Lewis and Clark trek in 1804-06, and from it emerged the Prince's famous documentary and Bodmer's drawings.

Bodmer's collection is a record of the Indians, the plains, and the mountains before the great influx of settler and gold seekers modified the land and the people. Of more value yet these paintings and sketches were made thirty years before the development of the camera, and no record would have remained if it were not for artists such as he.

Western Artist:

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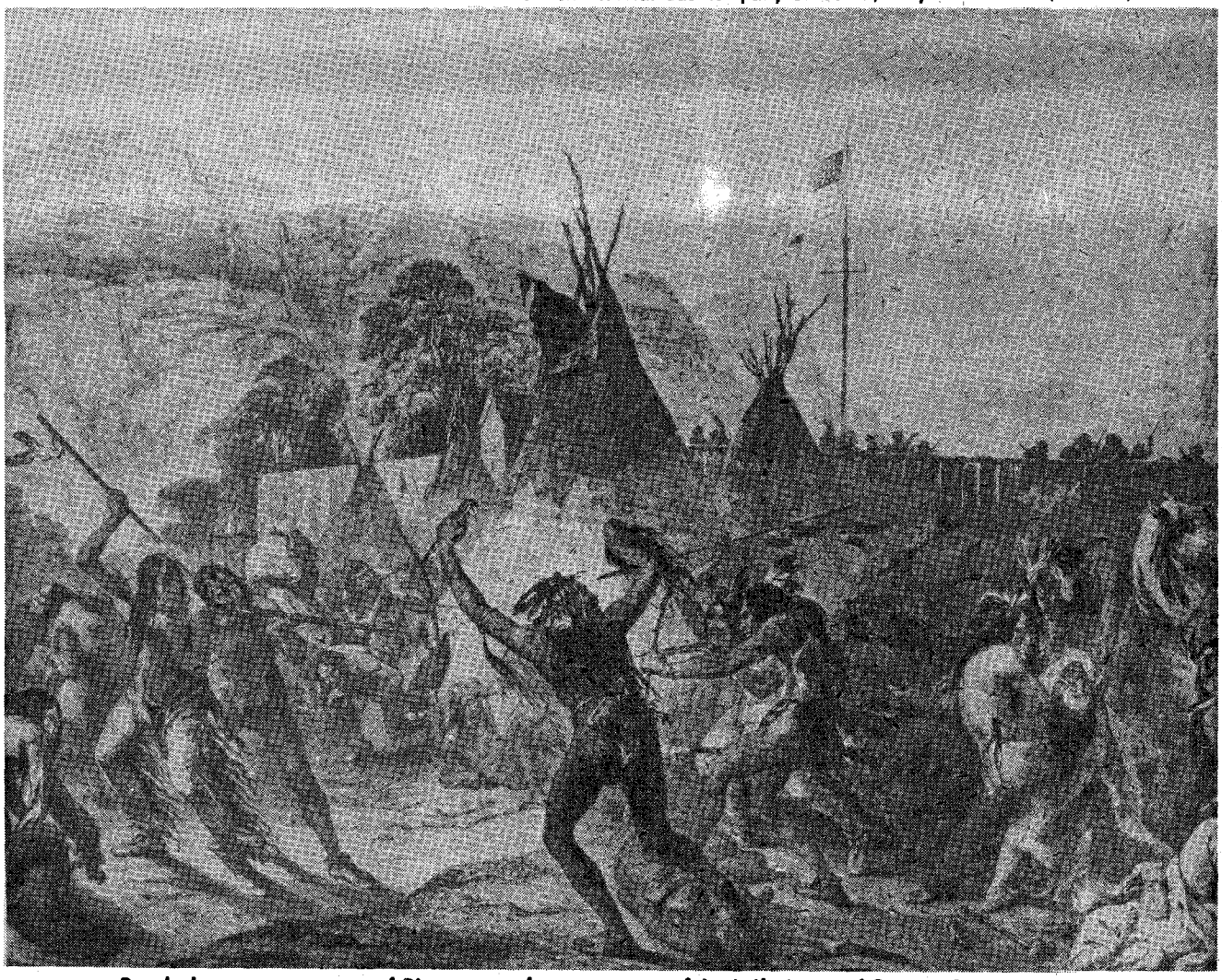
Northern Natural Gas Company Collection, Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska



Battle between a camp of Piegans and a war party of Assiniboine and Cree at Fort McKenzie, 1833.

Maximilian's two-volume travel book was accompanied by an atlas of paintings by the official of the expedition, Karl Bodmer. Together, they made a tremendous impact, and still rank as one of the greatest accounts of the West in the early Nineteenth Century and of the Indians while they still were relatively free from the influence of the white civilization.

For the nearly 100 years the original documents and paintings were lost from scholarly view. Their rediscovery in the 1950's, which was marked with excitement by historians, ethnologists and artists, coincided with a reawakened interest in the Early West.

After his death, Prince Maximilian's journals and American papers disappeared in the family archives at Neuwied, Germany to lie neglected for more than a hundred years—until the 1960's. Since there was nothing in the great collection that concerned Germany or anything German, Prince Frederick Wilhelm, the present hereditary Prince of Wied, was granted permission to send the whole collection back to America where it rightly belonged. In 1962 it was acquired by the Northern Natural Gas Company and assigned to the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha, Nebraska.

The expedition started when the 50-year-old scientist arrived in Boston on the fourth of July, 1832, accompanied by the 23-year-old artist, Karl Bodmer. Enroute west the Prince wrote down his detailed observations of aspects of life in America while the young artist recorded the American scene in pencil and water-colors.

It was a far cry from the Moselle to the wilds of the Upper Missouri. Whether Karl Bodmer ever had youthful dreams of painting wild Indians in far-off America is not known. But it was lucky for history that he did so.

Prince Maximilian of Wied went to St. Louis to learn which of the two routes to the West would be more advantageous for his American expedition.

KARL BODMER

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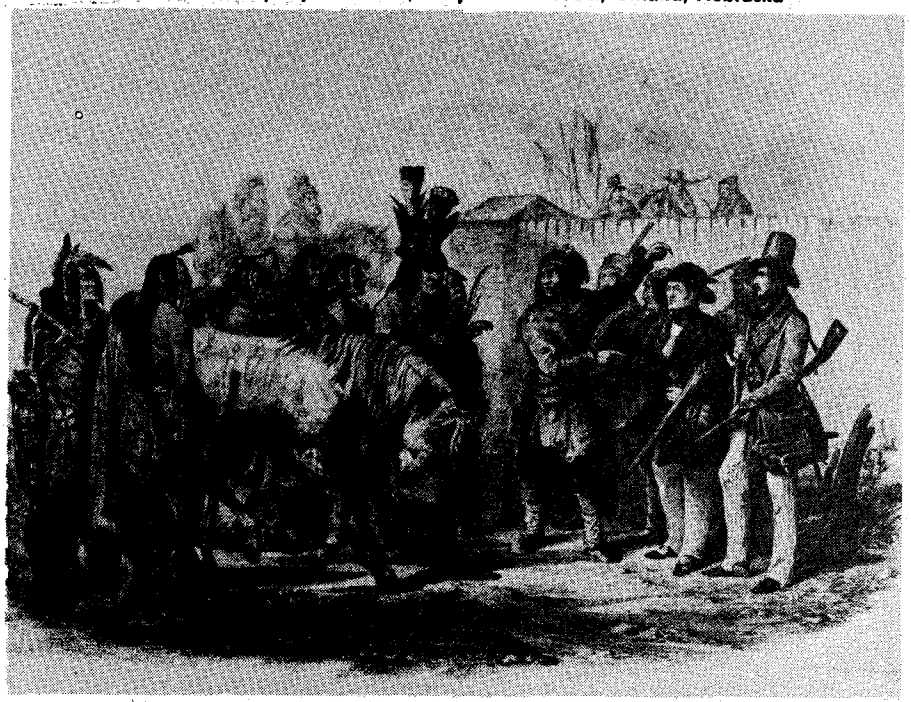
Northern Natural Gas Company Collection, Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska



The travelers meeting with Minatarre Indians near Fort Clark, 1833.

Instead of the overland trail to Santa Fe, Maximilian was persuaded by experienced St. Louis traders to follow Lewis and Clark's Missouri River route. By doing this, they assured him, meetings with the friendly tribes of the Upper Missouri could be more easily arranged to his advantage.

The three men set out on April 10, 1833, on the American Fur Company's steamboat *Yellowstone*. The remaining passengers included Kenneth McKenzie, the company's prinicpal trader on the Upper Missouri, and Major Dougherty and Sanford, Indian agents for the Upper Missouri tribes.

On the way upstream, the expedition stopped at Fort Pierre, Fort Clark, Fort Union, and Fort Lookout, where the prince recorded his observations while Bodmer painted. At Fort Union, the head of steamboat navigation on the Missouri at the time, Maximilian provided himself with a keelboat and crew and pushed 500 miles farther on to Fort McKenzie where he spent a month in the country of the Blackfoot tribes, gathering a great variety of Indian specimens and taking notes.

Bodmer drew and painted everything from men, women, and mountains to scenes of intertribal warfare, done on the spot with battles in action.

The little party wintered at Fort Clark, and Bodmer devoted the five months, fortunately, to recording the daily lives and ceremonies of the Mandan.

His pictorial record of the daily life and winter ceremonies of the Mandan is remarkable for its variety as well as its quality. This was fortunate, for Karl Bodmer was the last artist to picture this most remarkable Indian tribe of the Upper Missouri before it was almost wiped out by the white man's smallpox in 1837. Never did the Mandan regain their position of cultural prominence among the tribes of the region.

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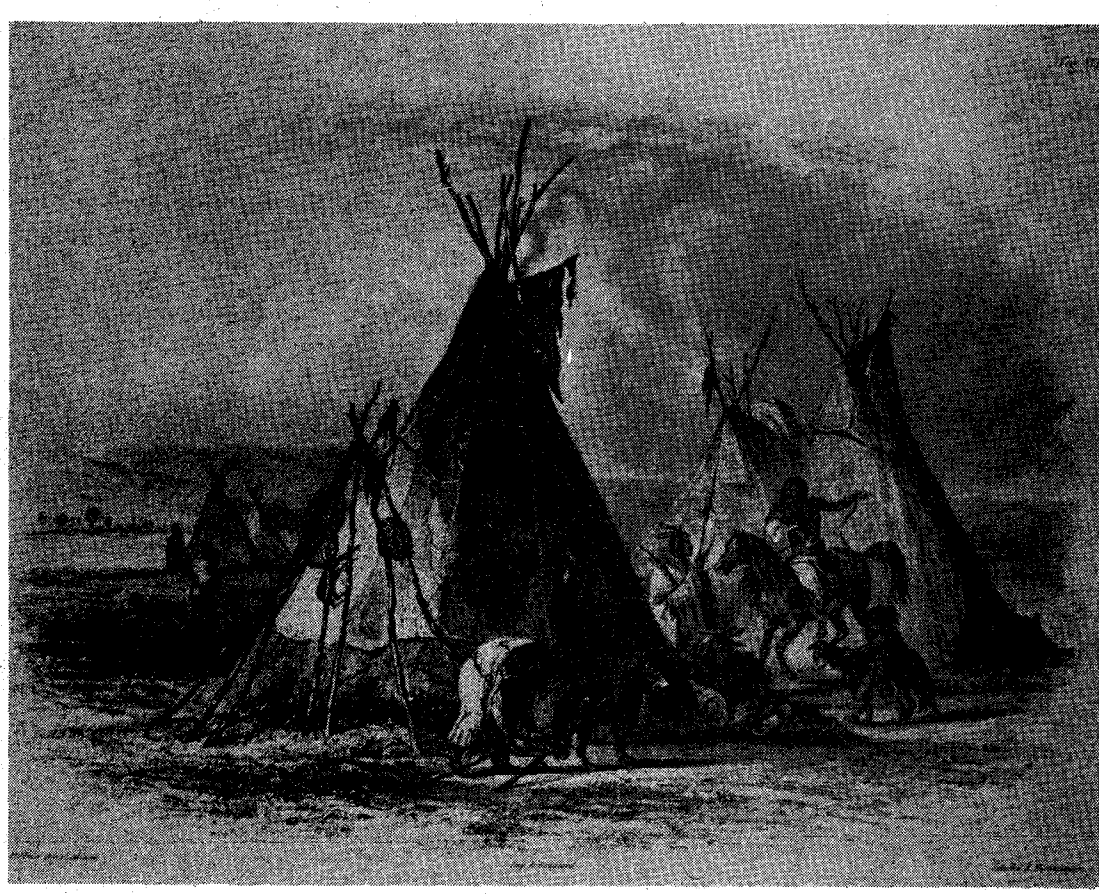

Northern Natural Gas Company Collection, Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska

A Skin lodge of an Assiniboine Chief.

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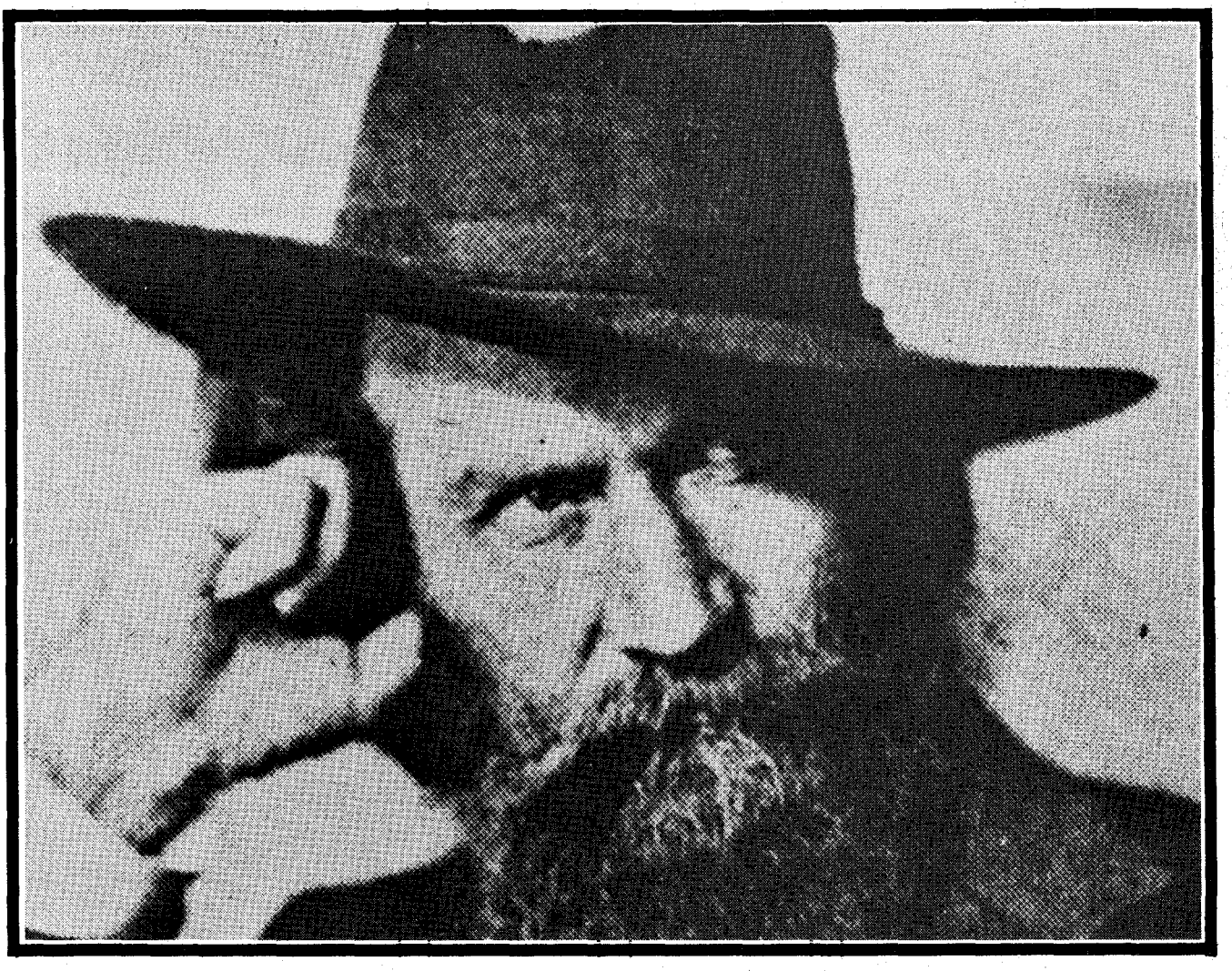
Ignored for years in this country, Joaquin Miller took his unpublished poetry to London where he paid to have them published. Suddenly, he was an overnight sensation but opinion is still sharply divided on his work.



Joaquin Miller in his most familiar pose. This is the picture of Miller that is probably familiar to the millions of Americans who read his poetry in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

JOAQUIN MILLER, Western Hero Or Fraud

By Paul Nolan

When Joaquin Miller, once internationally known as "The Poet of the Sierras," wrote about the West, he often pictured white Americans involved in acts of such wanton brutality that even the present-day horror stories of My Lai seem almost pale in comparison. For example, in one of his "stories," his purportedly autobiographical *My Own Story* (1890), Miller told about the massacre of an Indian village by some wild miners.

"The whites," Miller wrote, "Yelling, howling, screaming were now among the lodges, shooting down at arm's length man, woman, or child. Some (Indians) attempted

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the river, I should say, for I afterward saw streams of blood upon the ice, but not one escaped; nor was a hand raised in defense. It was all done in a little time. Instantly as the shots and shouts began, we rushed into camp, and, when we reached the spot, only now and then a shot was heard within a lodge, dispatching a wounded man or woman.

"The few surviving children — for nearly all had been starved to death — had taken refuge under skins and under lodges overthrown, hidden away as little kittens will hide just old enough to spit and hiss, and hide when they first see the face of man. These were now dragged forth and shot ... The babies did not scream. Not a wail, not a sound. The murdered men and women in the few minutes that the breath took leave, did not even groan.

"As he came up a man named 'Shon' — at least, that was all the name I knew for him — held up a baby by the leg, a naked bony little thing, which he had dragged from under a lodge — held it up with one hand, and with the other blew its head to pieces with his pistol."

If Miller had reported nothing but the truth, many white Americans — even in an era that proclaimed "the only good Indian is a dead one" — would have been offended by his calling attention to American crimes. At the same time, if Miller had been telling part of the truth, many people, both Americans and Europeans, would have made him a hero for having the courage to expose such evil. Whether he was a "muck-raking liar or an indignant "moralist" depended, in part, on one's attitude toward the conquest of the Indians. Even without such a controversy, however, Miller's own personal behavior, his sensational methods of writing, and some serious questions about his honesty would have made "The Poet of the Sierra" the center of a storm.

Soon after the publication of three of his collections of Western poems — *Specimens* (1868), *Joaquin et al* (1869), and *Pacific Poems* (1871), books that created so little attention that he had to pay for their printing himself — Miller's honesty came under attack. Bayard Taylor, a popular American poet-scholar, wrote to General F. Beale: "Thank you heartily for writing, as well as sending me your scarification of that vulgar fraud, Joaquin Miller! ... The fellow really knows nothing about the life he undertakes to describe ..." By the time of Miller's death in 1905, however, newspapers across the country were calling him "the last of America's great poets." The San Francisco *Call,* for example, ranked his poem, *Columbus,* with Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address* as being the two "greatest treasures" of American Literature. Even twenty years after his death, Miller's poem, *Columbus*—with its still-remembered refrain, "Sail on! Sail on! sail on! and on!—was still being taught to elementary school children all over America.

Miller, in many ways, really created the popular idea of the "romantic Western hero" for the English literary world. By combining his experiences growing up in the West with the English romantic literary tradition that he got from his reading, Miller created a wild, Western poet that has since become the basis for many of the types of Western hero that still fill the screen and page.

He was, in his poetry and autobiographies, at various times, the "child of nature," the "simple kind Western youth," the "wild, young outlaw," the "revolutionist for justice," "the silent man of courage," and "the wise, old natural philosopher." If Hollywood ever tried to make a movie covering all of Miller's poses, it would require the combined acting services of John Wayne, Paul Newman, Gabby Hayes, and Walter Brennan—and maybe even a little of the young Shirley Temple—to play the "real" Joaquin Miller, as he saw himself.

Courtesy, California State Library

Joaquin Miller in London. Cartoonist James Swinnerton pictures Joaquin at a Bohemian dinner with Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and Gladstone. The cartoon appeared in the San Francisco Bulletin, December 13, 1916.

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Courtesy, California State Library

Joaquin Miller after his success in London. Reproduced from a painting by James Everett Stuart.

Taylor's complaint that Miller "knows nothing about the life he undertakes to describe" was a long way from the truth. Miller may have exaggerated on occasion and lied on principle, but from his birth in Liberty, Indiana, in 1837, until his departure for England in 1871, he had a front seat in watching the "winning of the West." Even Franklin Walker, one of his critics who complained that Miller in his accounts " ... contradicts himself, misplacing events, shifting allegiances, admitting in one line that he was humbugging and continuing the game in the next," also concluded that Miller had "a more intimate contact with the frontier than did any of his fellow writers," including Bret Harte and Mark Twain.

Miller was often called a fraud, not because he did not know the facts, but because he "rearranged" them to suit his own ideas of what a Western hero should be. His mother named him Cincinnatus Hiner Miller; his father, a man who turned to schoolteaching after failing as a farmer, called him Nat; but Miller called himself Joaquin in an attempt to capitalize on the fame of the California bandit, Joaquin Murietta. In truth, Miller in his early years was closer to being like Sidney, the sissified half-brother of Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer, than he was to the "wild son of the frontier." But as a young man, his real-life adventures were even wilder than his fictional accounts.

Sometime in the 1840's when Miller was about eight, his father swapped his Indiana land for a wagonload of clocks and started West. Eleven years later, the Millers arrived in Oregon, making the trip one of the slowest in Western history. Even Joaquin, however, admitted that it was pretty dull. His father carried a Bible, but no gun. The family worried about the fever, but not the Indians. And the only serious mishap came when the wagonload of clocks ran off a cliff.

In 1852, when the Millers reached Oregon, the family returned to farming, homesteading a farm near the upper reaches of the Williamette — a place that was to be home to the Millers until 1881. Young "Nat," as he was then called, was a frail child who found farm work beyond his strength. And it was a lonely life. "I never had been a boy like other boys," he wrote later, "never had a ball, marble, top or toy of any sort." What adventures he had, he found in books — especially in the wild romantic poetry of the English poet, Byron. From these, he wrote, "I now began to be inflamed with a love of action, adventure, glory, and great deeds."

In 1854, at the age of seventeen, Joaquin ran away from home — with the Horatio Alger dream of making his fortune so that he could return and pay his father's debts. In the Far West of the 1880's, fortunes were to be had for the digging, for the lucky. Joaquin not only had no luck, but he had neither the experience nor the physical hardiness to be a successful gold miner. He was, he later admitted, "a frail, sen-

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PONCA MARCH OF TEARS

By Samuel Stanley

In 1825, the Ponca Tribe had been given fertile land upon which to live and these industrious people had prospered but the Indian Commission kept taking land from the original grant until in 1868, the U.S. Government illegally ceded the land to the enemies of this quiet people.

National Anthropological Archives, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection, Smithsonian Institution.

Standing Bear in 1877. He was chief of the Ponca Tribe at the time of their transfer to Indian Territory.

The three white men approaching must have something on their minds, Standing Bear thought. One was the Agent, James Lawrence; the others were strangers. The Chief watched them curiously from the door of his frame house, built by him and his sons with their own hands.

Perhaps these white men offered aid. What with droughts and a plague of locusts, the past year had been disastrous for their crops, and the Ponca tribe had been hard put to regain their prosperous living. But the land, their home from time immemorial, was rich and fertile and the Poncas were good farmers. They had faith in their cherished land.

Agent Lawrence, speaking in Ponca, introduced the

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National Anthropological Archives, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection, Smithsonian Institution.

Ponca burial site at the Ponca reservation in Nebraska.

others. "This is Inspector Kemble of the Indian Bureau, and this is Reverend Hinman," he announced. "Orders are for your tribe to move to Indian Territory. Be prepared right away."

Standing Bear stared back in silence, his strong features set in puzzled unbelief.

"We do not wish to go," he answered finally. "When a man owns anything he does not let it go till he has received payment. And the Great White Father gave us this homeland."

The talk or harangue continued. Certainly, however, the Chief had stated the fact: in treaties dating back to 1825 the rights of the Poncas to live where they were, in Dakota Territory, had been affirmed, and protection guaranteed them. Pressure from invading whites, though, kept mounting and in a Treaty of 1858 the Poncas were persuaded to withdraw to a comparatively small strip between the mouth of the Niobrara River and Ponca Creek.

For their pledge of good behavior, annuities were to be granted for a period of 30 years, along with a sum of $20,000 to be spent in building houses and establishing schools. Finally, their title to the remaining strip was absolute. But in 1865 another 30,000 acres was taken away in return for rights to their old burying grounds plus a parcel of cornfields. Then in 1868 the remaining 96,000 were summarily handed over to their enemies, the Sioux, for no visible excuse except the appeasement of this warlike tribe. Protection from these Sioux was promised but never provided. To the Poncas, however,this was still their rightful home and by later agreement with the Sioux they remained and continued their lives.

In the face of these reverses the tribe of some 700 people had worked hard and had thrived. In the nine years following the Treaty of '58 they built 236 loghouses, cultivated 300 acres of croplands and erected a flour and a sawmill. They owned cattle and horses as well as wagons and the latest farming machinery, including a reaper. And faithful to their word, they had troubled no one and had kept the peace.

Standing Bear's protest heated up. Why should they leave—they were happy here and had done no wrong, he insisted. Finally, Kemble offered a concession: if eight chiefs would accompany him to Indian Territory they would be given their choice of a new home. All expenses would be paid. Also, the government would reimburse them for the loss of the old one. Lastly, if the new land failed to please (though that was unlikely) they could take their complaint to President Hayes in Washington. Following a consultation, Standing Bear and the other chiefs agreed. (Rev. Hinman, it seems, had come along only as an observer.)

It was winter when the party arrived on Indian Territory, that year of 1877. The prospect was bleak. It would have seemed still bleaker had the Indians known that already Congress had appropriated $25,000 for their removal with their consent. If he knew, Kemble kept such knowledge to himself. He showed the chiefs three tracts of land from which they were to choose one.

"We do not like any of this country," the chiefs said through an interpreter. "There is no water and the soil is rocky. We could not grow our crops."

Kemble was insistent. "You will have to choose, and right away."

"Suppose we refuse? You said we could go to Washington and tell the White Father why. We would want to do that."

Their stubbornness was riling the Inspector.

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National Anthropological Archives, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection, Smithsonian

Ponca Indians performing a Sun Dance at the Ponca Reservation in Oklahoma Territory, 1894. Although Standing Bear won the right to return to Dakota in a court battle, a majority of the tribe stayed and prospered in Oklahoma.

"Forget about Washington!" he fairly shouted. "You are not going there. This will be your new land, like it or not!"

He spun round and strode off angrily. He never came back.

Left to themselves, the chiefs pondered their situation. They had no friends here, no money and nowhere to go. Kemble had promised them expenses, but where was he? Despairingly they waited a couple of days, then set out for Dakota, 500 miles north, on foot.

Along the way they slept in haystacks, begged food, and shivered in bitter cold. Two months later, almost barefoot, they reached the Otoe Agency in Nebraska and were allowed refuge by a sympathetic Agent. Here they rested for the last stretch of the journey. The Otoes gave each man a pony.

Once home, they found things in turmoil, Inspector Kemble, returning from Indian Territory, had lost no time in carrying out his orders, consent or none. Already ten families had been loaded into wagons for the trip south. The rest, including Standing Bear, chose to resist and most fled to the nearby woods. But Standing Bear and his brother were quickly seized and clapped in jail at Ft. Randall on the Missouri River for ten days. Meanwhile, other chiefs sent a telegram to President Hayes. There was no reply.

Upon his release from jail, Standing Bear joined a council of Ponca men. Head chief White Bear spoke. He was a tall man with heavily-lined features.

"My people, we, your chiefs, have worked hard to save you," he began. "We have resisted until we are worn out. We leave it to you. If you say we fight and die on our lands, so be it."

No one replied. It was just as well, for leaving the council they found their families surrounded with troops. One by one, all were forced into wagons: their plows, mowers, hayforks everything too heavy to carry—left behind to be locked in a warehouse.

The reason for the move to Indian Territory, they were told, was for "protection from the Sioux." But the two tribes already were living in peace. Furthermore the neighboring Onahas, who spoke the same language, had offered any necessary asylum. But the Poncas had no chance to accept.

So the cheerless procession of wagons set forth that spring of 1877, on its own "trail of tears". Agent Howard (Lawrence's successor) with an escort of 25 troopers accompanied the march. The going was rough, food ran short, and many Poncas died of exhaustion. Four families tried to escape but were quickly brought back.

Twenty-two days later the journey ended at a spot near Baxter Springs, on the Quapaw Reservation in Indian Territory. Wearily, the unhappy travelers unloaded from the wagons. This, they were told, would be their new home. But here there were no houses, no fertile meadows, no sign of welcome. Six old shanties, devoid of furnishings, together with tents they carried would be the tribe's only shelter.

Scratching a living from this rocky soil would tax their resources. They had no farm implements: all had been left behind. But the Poncas were an industrious, enterprising people and somehow they would find a way. They weren't willing to depend on government rations alone. As things turned out they couldn't have anyway because

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rations were always short.

For all their resourcefulness and courage, the living got harder and harder. At last Standing Bear, feeling that any change must be for the better, led the way to a less arid tract along the Arkansas River. He had asked no permission, but officials looked the other way. The new home, though, was still a far cry from the greenness and comfort of Dakota. After sticking it out for a year and a half the chief decided he'd had enough. Of the 25 yoke of oxen the tribe had brought with them, not one survived. The horse herd which had numbered 700 was reduced to 100 head. And 158 people had died from hardship and illness.

It was time to act. One day, with 30 desperate followers, Standing Bear slipped away on the trail back home. Some rode in wagons, some on horseback and the rest on foot. Along the way they bought food until their money ran out, after which they depended on begging. But they never stole nor molested any settlers. Three months later the exhausted band reached the Omaha Agency, two years almost to the day after leaving their old home.

The Omahas, traditional friends, welcomed their kinsmen. Shortly afterwards, though, they got a different welcome: troops from nearby Ft. Omaha came to arrest them. The charge was "leaving a reservation (Indian Territory) without a pass." The band was locked up in the fort's prison to await the inevitable order for their return.

In vain, Standing Bear and the rest protested such treatment. They had sought only to come back home — the land in Indian Territory, with its hostile climate and arid soil, was no place to live. No jobs were to be had and no one had helped them find a comfortable livelihood.

Just when the outlook seemed bleakest, though, when each turn of fate invited greater woe, a new development offered them some hope. The plight of Standing Bear and his band had come to the attention of Thomas Tibbles, fiery crusading editor of the Omaha Herald.

Tibbles, long a supporter of red man's causes, was quick to take up the cudgels. He pursuaded two like-minded Omaha lawyers, Messrs. Poppleton and Webster, to argue the case of the imprisoned Poncas in court. The plea would be 'habeas corpus,' and Gen. George Crook, Commander of the Department of the Platte, would be named defendant, i.e., the man responsible for their incarceration. The prisoners would be suing for their release.

They couldn't have picked a more willing defendant. Crook sympathized thoroughly with his prisoners and described his arrest of them as a "disagreeable duty". The fact was, he had acted solely on orders from Washington.

Meanwhile, Tibbles busied himself in the area of public relations. With his help, a group of interested citizens, known as the Omaha Committee, was formed to publicize the case and raise funds for the support of the almost destitute band. The pages of the Omaha Herald began bristling with appeals for cancellation of the order to send them back.

The trial began in April, 1879, in U.S. District Court at Lincoln, Nebraska. Judge Dundy presided. Seated next to their attorneys were Standing Bear with two other Ponca headmen, all in ceremonial dress. Across from them sat the defendant, Brigadier General

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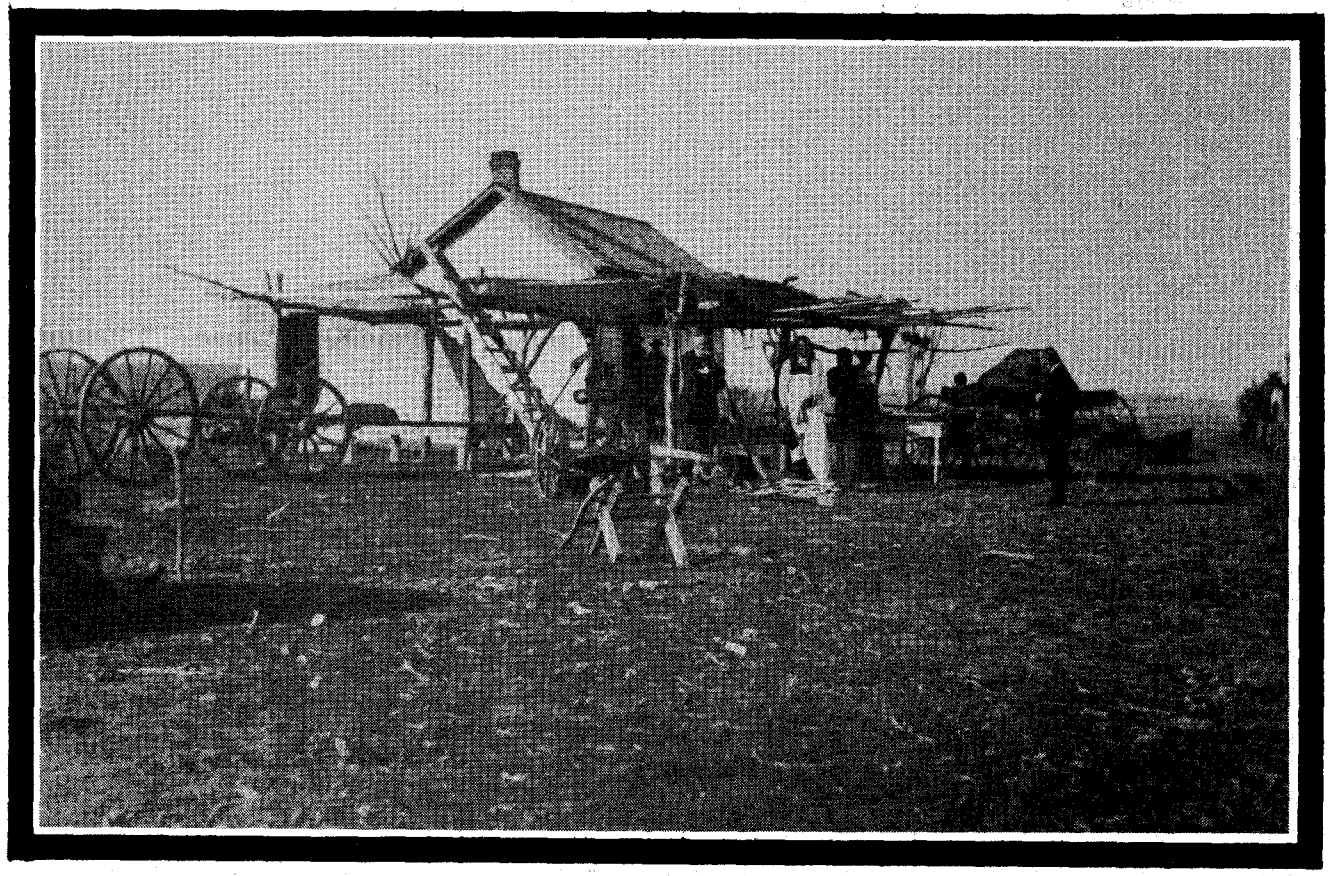

Standing Bear in front of his home with his wife and child and white visitors. This was before the Government order to move the Ponca Tribe to Indian Territory.

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LOOKEE, LOOKEE, NO TOUCHEE

By John H. Harrison

Photos courtesy of the author

Like any proper Chinese woman, Ah Toy walked with her head modestly bowed.

Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves in 1863, but slavery continued for many, many years after ... a vicious slavery imposed on women, the white slavery trade traded in girls anywhere from twelve to nineteen years old. It was a living hell; mercifully, they seldom survived more than four or five years.

Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, was supposed to have freed the slaves.

It didn't.

Within at least one state in the Union slavery continued unabated for another forty-seven years. Not until 1910 was its ugly head finally crushed, and there is reasonable belief that it lingered on well beyond that.

Not the "black" slavery of the South; but a different slavery; one far more vicious; far more degrading than Southern slavery ever thought of being. A slavery of women, no; of girls! Girls in their teens from twelve to nineteen; Chinese girls imported from their native China to California by the thousands; there to be placed on the auction block and sold to the highest bidder; sold for one purpose only, the oldest trade in the world, prostitution.

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Upper class Chinese slave girl wearing pantaloons and a "Chengosams". Ah Toy designed her own chengosams, full length, neck to ankle; provocatively split from bottom hem to waistline.

Discounting the few that were bought as wives and concubines, or even mistresses of white masters, the vast majority of them went into the "bagnios" that had mushroomed from one end of the state to the other; border to border, north, south, east, and west. The core of the loathsome business was San Francisco's Chinatown, a squalid clutter of shanties fronting an equally squalid system of narrow streets and alleys adjacent to Portsmouth Square; most of them north of California Street and east of Grant and west of Kearny; Fish Alley; Bartlett Alley; Mah Fong; Stout's and Spofford Alleys, to name a few of them.

Here, beginning in the early 1850's the "pey-par-days" or "sing-song girls", as they were called, were first brought from the embarcadero and herded into an immense under-ground cavern between Clay and Dupont Streets, known facetiously as "The Queens' Room". For a time thereafter, pending Auction Day, they were under the constant care and supervision of calloused old crones called "Queen Mothers" who had been through the mill and whose duty it was to impart to the neophytes all the nuances of the trade the latter were about to embrace.

Such things as U.S. coinage; how to recognize it and to evaluate it; how to tell counterfeit from the real thing; and what minimum to accept in exchange for the service rendered. They were taught ways to please men; ways to inveigle them into their future 8 by 10 cubbyholes in which they would ply their trade for so long as they were physically able to do so, tenure which rarely extended beyond four to five years.

By then disease, malnutrition, or just a plain no-will-to-live would have caught up with them and it would be time for a one way trip to the "hospital". This was actually a death chamber wherein the "patient" had either the choice of taking her own life with the stiletto provided for the purpose or of having the chore done for her by a so-called "doctor": not with the stiletto but with a short length of silk cord which invariably hung at his belt, his badge of office.

At the completion of this preliminary and very necessary schooling came "Auction Day", the day the sing-song girl was put on the block for sale to the highest bidder. It was held openly in Portsmouth Square and, be assured, was well attended.

Women were relatively scarce in California even as late as the 1870's and just to look at an assemblage of them was in itself a worthwhile attraction. That they were Chinese women, very young Chinese women, rouged and rice-powdered, added zest to the offering; that they were displayed stark naked put a final climactic frosting on the cake. Though most came to stare and possibly satisfy a certain occidental curiosity concerning the Oriental female anatomy, a few actually came to buy, to acquire ownership.

These latter would, with few exceptions, be Chinese. There would be Wong Ah Gum, always with an eye for new faces for his Dupont Street "house"; Yat Sing, all the way down from Yreka at the north end of the State; Hing Yo from Los Angeles near the opposite end; Yep Shung from Rough And Ready in the high Sierras; Lim You from Mariposa and many, many others. Price depended on supply and demand. In the early "Fifties" it was cheap, a few hundred dollars, but by the late "Seventies" it had climbed into the thousands, two to four thousand not being unusual.

Of course, to evade American law, there had to be a "contract", as phony a document as any ever dreamed up by a scheming lawyer.

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National Anthropological Archives, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection, Smithsonian Institution.

Ah Toy came to America aboard a China Clipper similar to the one above.

In the first place, the girl herself, party of the first part, couldn't read it. She couldn't write her own name and had to "sign" it with the imprint of her left thumb. In the second place, no American judge or jury could read it either. It was written in Chinese and usually interpreted to suit the needs of the occasion. In the third place, it was sheer chicanery from first word to last. No sooner did the "party of the first part" get the money "in hand" as the Agreement promised than she was obliged to pass it on *IN FULL* to the seller, retaining not a single cent for herself.

Finally, the four years of indenture which it purportedly demanded of the girl in exchange for the money received in hand was so much hogwash. Actually, with rare exceptions, the indenture was for a lifetime. So many days or months of "penalties" would be added for this or that, real or simply claimed infraction of its terms and conditions, that, by the time its original four years had expired, twice as many more had been added to them. The only escape was death.

How did all this come about? How did such a heinous traffic in human lives ever become a part of the American picture?

It's quite a story; a story that can be laid at the feet of one woman, herself an Oriental.

Her name was Ah Toy. She arrived in San Francisco from Hong Kong aboard a China Clipper in the summer of 1851. Her husband had died at sea along with one hundred and seventy-nine others of ship's fever and scurvy. After his body had been dumped over the side into the blue Pacific, she made certain satisfactory arrangements with the ship's captain which greatly improved her circumstances.

So greatly that upon arrival at the embarcadero she not only had the jingle of gold in her "pocky-pocky", she was also clothed in the finest of silks the captain could purloin out of the hold. Added to that was a wealth of natural beauty, a shrewd mind and an observing eye. There was a touch of European blood in Ah Toy, residue of an ancestral tryst with a Spanish sea rover. From it she derived certain assets pleasing to both races.

She was tall, a half head taller than most of her "sisters". She had nice, long straight legs and a well proportioned torso to go with them. Her face was not quite so round and roly-poly as that of a full blood; her eyes not quite so slanted. Nor had she been subjected in childhood to the torture of bound feet. Hers were full size, even a trifle splayed from long hours in the muck of the rice fields.

As she walked south on Kearny Street toward Clay, a strange phenomenon took place. With each step she gathered a train of followers so that, by the time she reached Portsmouth Square, it was a block long; a motley throng of all races, all sizes and practically all ages and having but one thing in common — they were all male, not a woman among them.

Now Ah Toy was no fool. Though she kept her head modestly bowed as any "worthless female" should, she was fully aware of that gaping and growing crowd. Quick, surreptitious glances at their faces told her all she wanted to know. These men were woman hungry, sex-starved, craving even the sight of one.

And no wonder! Of the twenty thousand Chinese then in California only sixteen were women. The disparity among the whites was almost as bad. True, a few "fallen angels" had begun to infest the mining camps and there was at least one brothel in San Francisco. However, the State's ratio of male to female was an astounding one hundred to one.

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By the time Ah Toy reached Portsmouth Square, looking like some oriental queen with an all-male entourage, she had reached a decision. At least she had it simmering on the front burner of her mind, and the more it simmered, the more appetizing it looked. Boiled down to its essence, it was this: Those men, scores of them by now, ogling her so hungrily "for free" might conceivably be willing to pay for the privilege, but strictly on a "look-see — no touchee" basis wherein they might gaze to their heart's content but could not fondle the merchandise.

There was reason for the restriction. Ah Toy was no "pey-par-day". She was not a sing-song girl; not a prostitute; not a whore. No denying she had willingly been the en-passage mistress of the China Clipper's Captain but prior to that she had known but one man, her husband to whom her services had been so satisfactory that he had never thought of sharing them. She was justly proud of that fact and had no intention of changing it to accommodate any new venture of self-sustainment.

Consequently, when she opened her "Viewing Parlor", she made it virtually impossible, barring wrecking the premises, for even the most over-zealous of paying customers to get within fifteen feet of her person. A wall kept them that far away: a stout wall with a dozen "viewing ports in it, round holes much like portholes on a ship, so small in diameter, approximately six inches, that even an extremely skinny and determined Chinaman couldn't worm through it.

The wall divided her building into two rooms; one, the reception parlor into which the customers entered from Dupont Street, paid their fee, and took up a "look-see" position at one of the portholes.

Upon entering, they were met by an obsequious Oriental who bowed to them from behind a short-legged table upon which was a set of gold-weighing scales. It was his duty to see that there were no free loaders, to collect from each patron an ounce of gold and to direct the payer thereof to a vacant port. Finally, when the show was over, to clear the parlor as quickly as possible to make room for the next audience.

Ah Toy was in the second room, the one on the far, safe side of the wall. At the "full house" signal from her lackey in the "Viewing Parlor

19th century street scene in old China.

(two thunderous bangs on a brass gong), she parted a black silk curtain and came on stage, small four-by-eight foot dais raised a foot above the floor. Upon this platform she would pirouette five times, then do a little march in very slow motion, once in each direction, end to end. And that's all there was to her "show", curtain to curtain. It had lasted less than five minutes; it had cost each patron roughly fifteen dollars to see it; and, during the whole of it, she had been *FULLY CLOTHED*. Fully clothed in a one-piece "cheongsams" of her own design, a beautifully dragon embroidered, shimmering silk, Chinese kimona that extended from neck to ankle. It did, however, grant two concessions to man's erotic curiosity: One, it was split up both sides, bottom hem to hip; two, beneath it was nothing at all except Ah Toy.

Each pirouette, each stride of that slow march gave those lust-bulged eyes staring through the ports a provocative glimpse of a shapely,

(continued on page 68)

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Courtesy Univ. of Texas El Paso Archives

The scene of the John Hale, George Campbell, Gus Krimpkau killings. The shooting took place near where the buggy is parked under the cottonwood trees (on right, third telephone pole down). San Antonio Street intersects on left about half way down.

FOUR DEAD In TEN SECONDS

By Leon C. Metz

El Paso, Texas, has a long and interesting history of bloodshed, Armies, such as the Conquistadores, Doniphan's farm boys, and Pershing's Punitive Expedition, have marched and counter-marched back and forth through its historic mountain gateways. John Wesley Hardin was caught rolling dice when he should have been drawing his gun, and he sprawled here in death, as did John Selman, Bass Outlaw, and Mannen Clements. Less than fifty miles away Pat Garrett stopped a bullet with the back of his head. Gunfights and killings were almost as common as the dry, hot climate.

And yet, one such spectacular bloodbath stands out like a misshapen bullet above all the others. On April 4, 1881, City Marshal Dallas Stoudenmire involved himself in a wild shootout which ended with four men dead in slightly more than as many seconds.

Some of the early cowboys called the town "Hell Paso". It was a small community then, full of brothels and saloons, with barely 500 souls conducting business in one fashion or the other along the one main thoroughfare, El Paso Street. Standing beside the road like withered and wiry soldiers were several cottonwoods. Behind these trees were the long row of whitewashed, one-story, adobe buildings. A mule car provided the only public transportation between El Paso and its Mexican counterpart, Paso del Norte (Juarez), a half-mile away and across the river.

The Rio Grande in those days lived up to its Spanish title of Big River. It meandered in and out of the mountain passes, alternately flooding and drying out. Along its banks were immense thickets almost a mile wide in places and extending for long distances downstream and north into New Mexico. Mexicans referred to these dense, jungle-like areas as *Bosque*. It was a perfect place to hide stolen cattle or to commit murder.

On July 3, 1880, the town of El Paso incorporated for a second time and immediately began looking around for a law officer. First it nominated John B. Tays for City Marshal, his qualifications being that he had been the only Texas Ranger captain in history to surrender his forces. That sorry episode came during the famous El Paso Salt War in 1877. Tays lasted only a few months and was dismissed for failing to clean up a pile of trash that he had instructed to be dumped into one of the city's numerous road chuckholes.

After Tays came A. I. Stevens, a wagon and carriage maker by trade. In addition to being the marshal, he was assigned to the usual chores of street maintenance with

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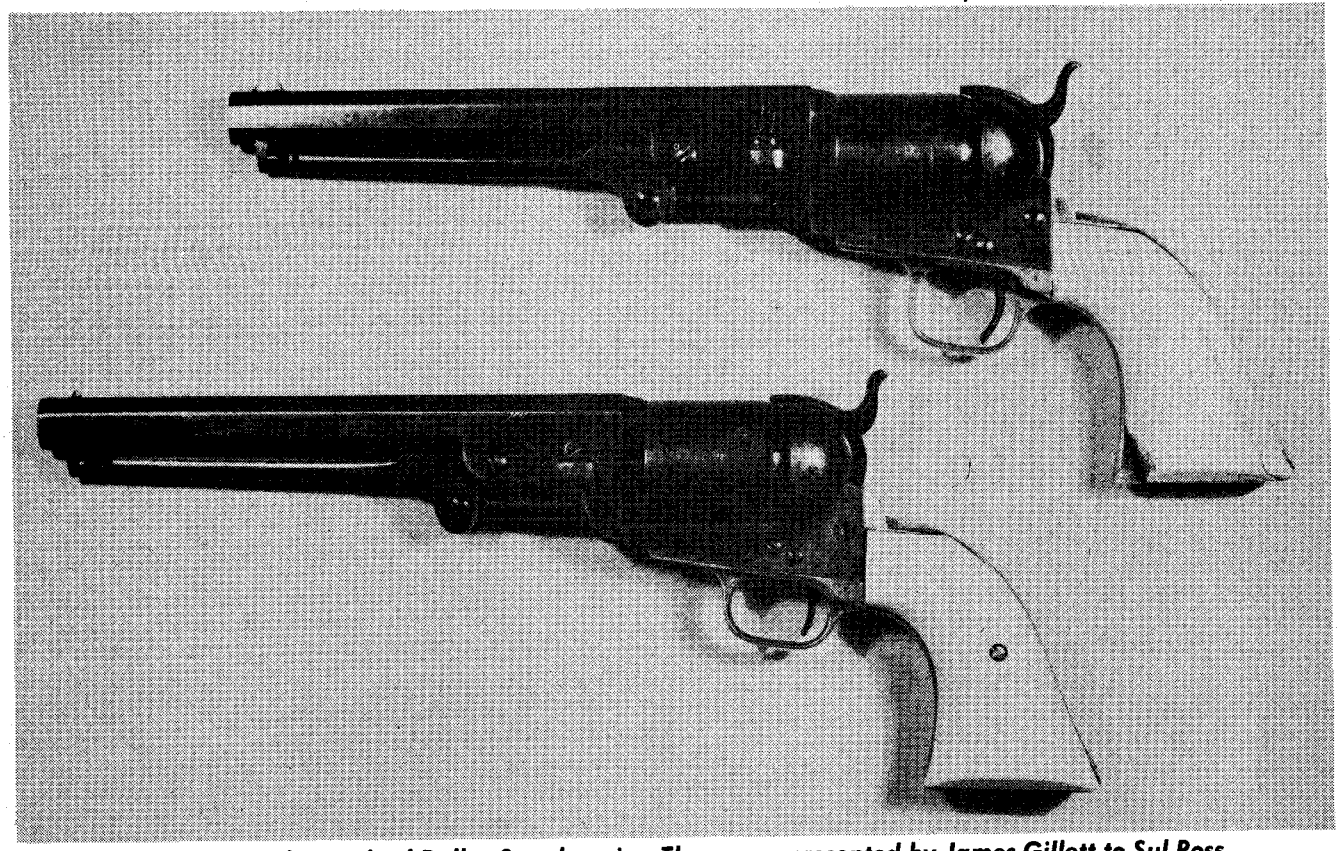
Courtesy Sul Ross State Univ. at Alpine, Texas



The .44 Colt pistols of Dallas Stoudenmire. They were presented by James Gillett to Sul Ross State University at Alpine, Texas where they are on display.

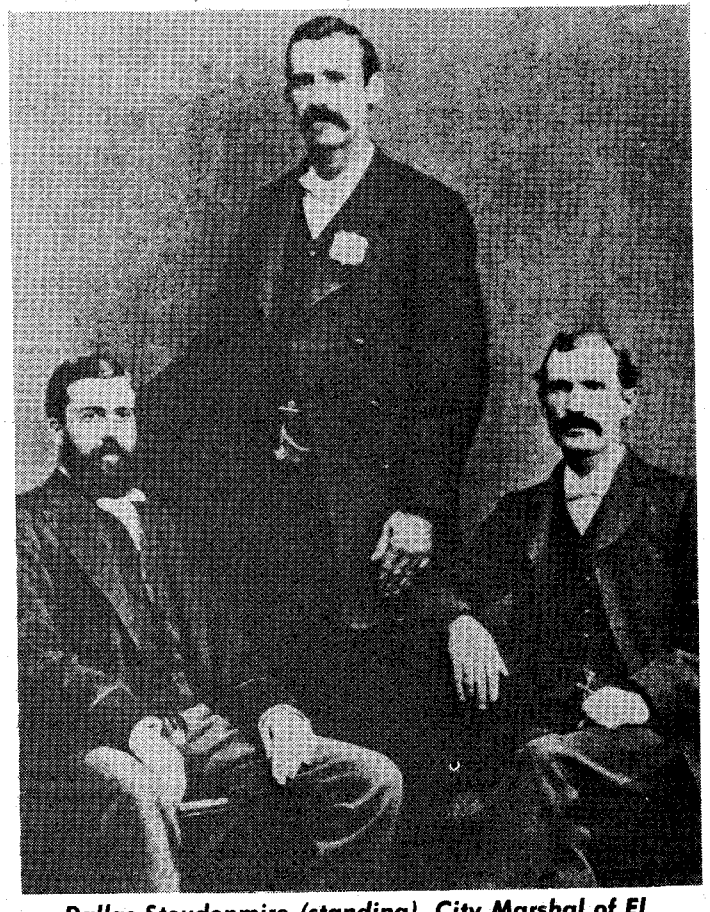
prison labor and given the position of tax assessor and collector. On November 26 the city fathers removed him for "neglect and dereliction of duty." They published no details.

On December 1 the city council chose George Campbell for the vacant job. As a young man who left Kentucky after the Civil War, Campbell had journeyed to Young County, Texas, where he served a short time as deputy sheriff. And though extant records do not say so, there is a strong indication that Campbell also spent a modest few months in the Texas Rangers. After taking his oath of office, he appointed Bill Johnson, the town drunk, as deputy.

Since the job paid no salary, the only way to make a profit was to arrest as many lawbreakers as possible. After the judge had assessed a fine, the marshal collected a percentage, usually half. However, as many of Campbells' friends were considered the boisterous element, he was in the awkward position of having to arrest and convict them in order to exist financially. Campbell thought this grossly unfair and demanded that he be paid a regular monthly sum. The council said no. They insisted upon a marshal who would earn his living by making arrests, thereby keeping the town under control.

To back up its very logical insistence, the city pleaded no funds, claiming truthfully that taxes could not be collected until a year after incorporation. Still, there was some money available. A system of fees was charged for almost every private endeavor. Fights between bear and dogs, bulls and bears, circuses, and the like paid $50 for each performance. Fortune tellers, mediums, side-show physicians paid $25 per week. Prostitutes were regulated and charged $10 per month. If the village of El Paso was not overly prosperous, it at least was not broke.

Courtesy Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma



Dallas Stoudenmire (standing), City Marshal of El Paso in 1881. The two gentlemen seated are not identified.

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Courtesy Univ. of Texas El Paso Archives

The family of John Hale from a photo taken in 1885. John's wife, Angelina is sitting at the left.

Marshal Campbell decided that a demonstration by some of his disorderly friends might convince the city to change its mind. At midnight, on about January 1, 1881, shooting began all over town as mobs of men wandered up and down the streets firing their weapons into the air. Mayor Joseph Magoffin's home was hit several times by stray bullets. Most of the aldermen suffered similar indignities. Meanwhile, Marshal Campbell sat quietly in his office cleaning his fingernails. He did not seem to notice the uproar.

Instead of Magoffin and the city council meeting the demands of Campbell, the politicians dispatched a rider to the Texas Ranger encampment at Ysleta, about ten miles southeast. By morning the rangers were in the city making arrests. A warrant was sworn out for Campbell, but the marshal had fled to the ranch of John Hale, a friend who resided in the upper Rio Grande valley northwest of El Paso.

With rangers now patrolling the streets and calm restored, Campbell's actions were overlooked. Though he was discharged as marshal, formal criminal charges were dropped. Bill Johnson remained as deputy and temporary marshal.

A hunt now began for a new city lawman, and this time the search began outside of El Paso. Magoffin and the council were finally learning that strict law enforcement could only come from a stranger to the area. On April 11, Dallas Stoudenmire, a former Alabama resident and Civil War veteran, took the job. He had the reputation as a dealer in death, a man whose guns had already spoken in a scattering of east Texas feuds.

Stoudenmire was instructed to pick up his office keys from Johnson and, incidentally, tell the "ex-marshal" that he was through. Dallas left promptly, his long legs rapidly eating up the hard caliche soil until he found Johnson standing on the street corner in his usual alcoholic daze. The fierce looking marshal literally shook the keys free, giving Johnson such a humiliating series of jostles that the former lawman brooded for two weeks and then tried to ambush Stoudenmire one dark evening with a shotgun. He fired two barrels and missed. Stoudenmire retaliated with five pistol shots, all of which struck the body. Johnson fell over backwards on the brick pile, dead before his half empty bottle had spilled out.

But in the meantime, "as Stoudenmire turned and walked away from the reeling Johnson, he happened to pass former marshal George Campbell. "I'll try him on before five days," Campbell growled to a friend.

The new marshal settled back to await developments. He had no way of knowing that trouble had been brewing for months, and because of these difficulties, he would within three days be drawn into one of the West's classic gun battles.

The events began in January when a Paso del Norte Mexican, thoroughly intoxicated, fell into the company of four Americans who were across the river paying their respects to the local saloons. The Gringos took the man's money and, because he was so drunk, left him wandering in the streets.

However, within an hour or so that evening, the Mexican appeared

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again, seemingly just as solvent as ever. So once again the Americans took charge, and once again stole his money. The thieves did not go home this time either but continued their rounds of sampling the tequila and sotol. And although it stretches the credulity, it is a fact that the same robbery took place once more. This time the embarrassed Americans took their prey to the desert wasteland, stripped him, turned his pockets inside out, threw his clothes away, and left him shivering in the high mountain air.

When the man returned to town he was sober for the first time that day, but he was also very upset. He told his almost unbelievable tale to the Mexican police and had the satisfaction of watching the entire force spread out in a massive dragnet. Before morning every American in Paso del Norte resided in jail, some nursing a bruised head when they tried to slow up the proceedings by asking what the ruckus was all about. Their names, as near as they can be ascertained, were Nibsey, O'Neal, Cain, Thompson, Lafayette Kid, Pat Ryan, and Joe King. In El Paso they were known as a very tough bunch, all were friends of George Campbell.

On February 18 at the Lone Star Saloon in El Paso, a jail break was being planned. John Doyle, the proprietor, had been collecting six-shooters for a week. When half-a-dozen guns were obtained, several *senoritas* were selected to make the deliveries. In those days it was not only permissible for girls and wives to visit prisoners, but it was a recommended practice. It made for more tranquil inmates.

Early that morning the guards waved the young ladies through, grinning and pointing out the small, dark, mud-brick rooms with the sparse furnishings of a single canvas covered cot. It was better than nothing, of course, but it wasn't much better.

In less than an hour after the visitors left, Thompson led the breakout. Shooting as he scurried across the courtyard, he stormed like a madman through the jail entrance. The captain and one of the guards were shot through the stomach, and both went down moaning in agony. Another policeman, sitting sleepily against the wall, stumbled to his sandal-covered feet in a half stupor, only to be savagely clubbed back to earth. Thompson charged for the Rio Grande, screaming for the others to follow. Under ordinary circumstances, he could have made it in ten minutes.

Most of the other prisoners were not quite as brave or as reckless as Thompson. Pat Ryan came rushing out like a man who was having second thoughts about the wisdom of the escape. He quickly lost his nerve and took cover inside a nearby saloon where he waited for the authorities to come after him. The Lafayette Kid acted a little uncertain also. He tripped over an obstruction, rolled into a gutter, wrapped his arms about his head, and waited to be captured. Only O'Neal and Cain decided that the efforts were worth the risks. They threw their lot in with Thompson.

The three men raced along, straining for the river and safety. Ahead, their only obstruction was an *acequia* (irrigation ditch). There wasn't time to follow it to the Rio Grande. The shortest distance lay straight ahead across the water barrier.

As the gunman waded into the ditch, fighting the water that was nearly shoulder high, they were overtaken by a *vaquero* who happened to be eating breakfast across from the *carcel* when the fight broke out. He jumped on his horse and caught up with the fugitives as they tried crossing the canal. Dismounting, he pulled his rifle.

It was a short gunfight. The escaping and desperate Americans tried to shoot it out, but their position proved too awkward as they struggled through the water. The short battle ended with all three gunmen sinking in death beneath the muddy surface. The bodies were recovered, tied to burros, and dragged through the streets of Paso del Norte.

After the parade was finished, an attempt was made to get the bodies returned to the United States. It

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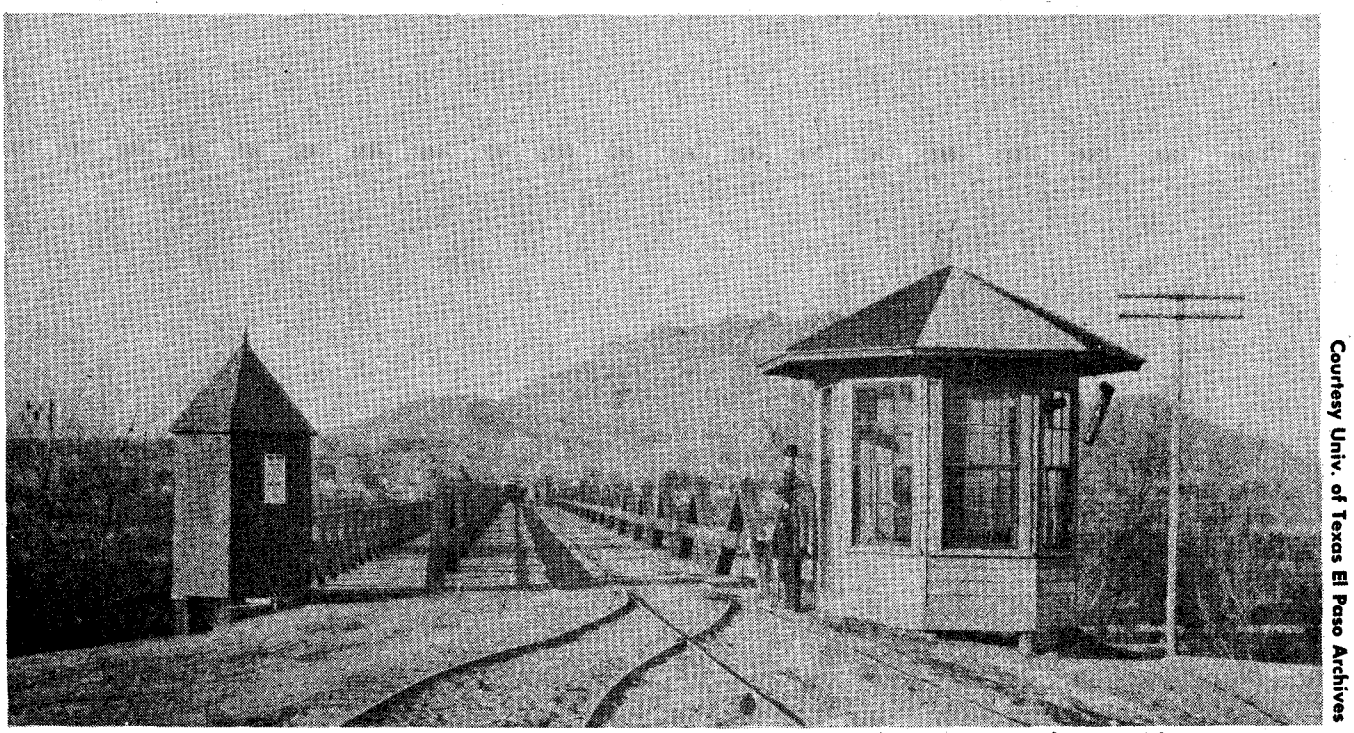

Courtesy Univ. of Texas El Paso Archives

Juarez, Mexico end of the International bridge looking toward El Paso, Texas about 1882.

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FREDERICK MARRIOTT

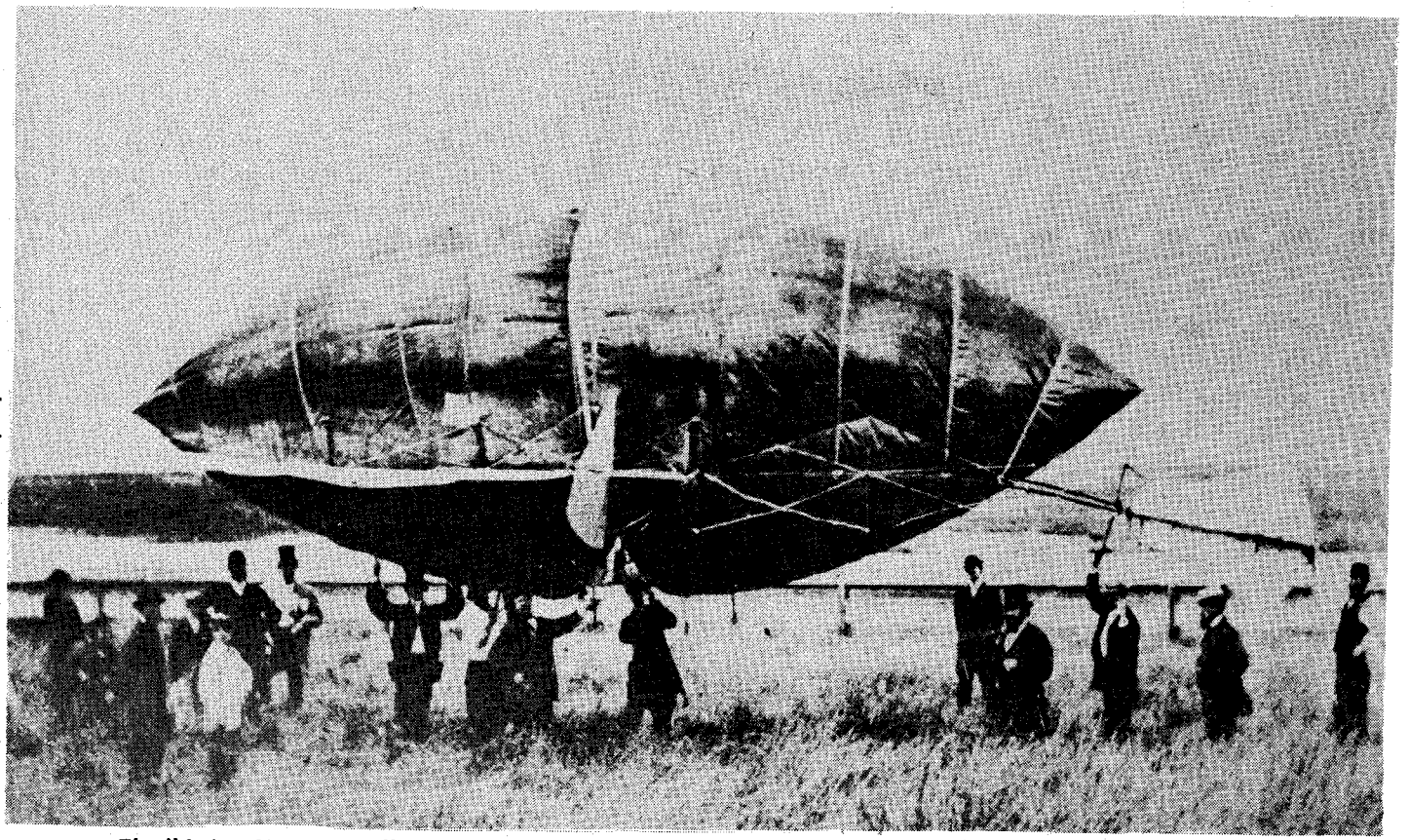
by George E. Wright Jr.

There are those who would say that Frederick Marriott had already made his place in the world with the founding of the highly respected "Illustrated London News" in the late 1830's. Certainly his first forty-three years after birth at Somerset, England, in 1805, had given few indications that he would eventually forsake his native land in 1848 and travel via Calcutta to the gold fields of California, thus anticipating the mass migration of fellow adventurers in 1849 by several months. Unlike the majority of California's new citizens, Marriott realized that gold is found in banks, not mine shafts and sluice boxes. Following his instinctive nose for successful enterprises, he quickly became a banker, embarking on an adventure in the "hard money" financial scene of San Francisco by attempting to introduce the practice of Bank Notes. Later, to satisfy his ever-present literary leanings, he founded and edited the San Francisco News Letter". Marriott also circulated in a more refined society than the miners, becoming a fast and enduring friend of the legendary John C. Fremont. Even so, there is little question that his decision to embark into a new aerial enterprise raised more than just a few guffaws in the foggy city.

Frederick Marriott was not entirely without experience in 19th Century aeronautical theories. While still editor of the "Illustrated London News", he had been in partnership with the famous inventors Henson and Stringfellow, although he had taken no direct part in their experiments to produce a steam-powered airplane. Later, apparently convinced that they were on the right track, the pair bought out Marriott's share of the partnership. (A fortunate event for the latter, as their "Aerial Steam Transit Company" ended in complete failure.)

By nature a man who excelled in meeting challenges, Marriott reasoned that Henson and Stringfellow had been correct in choosing steam as the prime mover for their aircraft, but had been blind to the fact that such a device was far too heavy to leave the ground under its own power. The obvious answer had been demonstrated by the French Inventor Henri Giffard in 1852 when he had flown a 3-horsepower steam balloon over the Paris Hippodrome. Proof of Marriott's early intentions along these lines can be found in his editorial in an 1856 edition of the *"San Francisco News Letter"* in which he noted, " ... The principal is the only one which can or will succeed, although we opine that a cylinder containing gas composed of silk or cotton, will materially tend to counteract gravitation. Should a small steam engine be found light and powerful enough, no further perfection of the machine is necessary ... "

During the years just following the Civil War, Frederick Marriott worked out a plan for a man-carrying steam balloon and formed a stock company



Courtesy "Title Insurance and Trust Company".

The "Avitor Hermes, Jr." on public display for the first time. This photograph may well be the only one in existence of Marriott's flying machine. His circle of well-financed friends, among them the prominent financier, W. C. Ralston, agreed with his plans enough to pose for their picture, but not enough to finance a full size craft when a depression shook the California economy in the 1870's.

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And The STEAM AVITOR

to raise funds for the construction of a small flying model. Though man-powered propulsion was not entirely out of the question, as demonstrated by an airship built by Charles F. Ritchel in 1878, Marriott astutely realized the severe limitations of man-powered flight and selected steam. In his efforts to perfect an efficient small steam engine, Marriott turned to G. K. Gluyas, President of the California Steam Navigation Company and "... some time President of the Mechanic's Institute ... " for advice and aid in construction. Often delayed during fabrication by financial and technical difficulties, the steam balloon was finally completed toward the end of June, 1869.

On July 2, 1869, Marriott demonstrated his creation to the startled citizens of San Francisco at Shellmound Park across the bay and the present site of Emeryville, California. The "Avitor Hermes Jr." as the wrinkled gasbag was dubbed, was a cigar-shaped device, 37 feet long and 15 feet in maximum diameter. In deference to his association with Henson and Stringfellow, Marriott had included in his design a pair of wings, attached to a light wood and cane-wired frame that stretched the length of the craft and was held tight by nine fabric bands that ran over the top of the bag. The tiny steam engine was designed to run two "screw-propellers" set out on struts along the gasbag. A broom-shaped rudder and elevator system provided marginal control of the entire affair. An interesting and surprisingly unbiased description of the trials appeared in the often hostile "Scientific American" on July 31, 1869:

"The engine and boiler are very diminutive specimens but they do their work handsomely. The boiler and furnace are together a little over a foot long, four inches wide and five or six inches in height. Steam is generated by spirit lamps. The cylinder is two inches in diameter and has an eight inch stroke. The crank connects by means of cog wheels with tumbling rods which lead out to the propellers on either side of the carriage. The propellers are each two bladed, four feet in diameter, and are placed in the frame work of the wings. The boiler is made to carry 80 pounds of steam ...

The morning was beautiful and still-scarcely a breath of air stirring. The conditions were favorable to success. The gasometer was fully inflated and the model was floated out of the building. In six minutes steam was got up - the rudder set to give a slight curve to the course of the vessel - and the valves opened. With the first turn of the propellers she rose slowly into the air, gradually increasing her speed until the rate of five miles per hour was attained. The position of the rudder caused her to describe a great circle, around which she passed twice, occupying about five minutes each time. Lines had been fastened to both bow and stern which, held by two men who followed her track, had sufficient ado to keep up with her at a dog trot

The total distance traversed was a little over a mile. The appearance of the vessel in the air was really beautiful. As seen in the building she looks cumbersome and awkward. The change of appearance as she is circling gracefully through the air is equal to that of a ship when first seen in the water. The moment of opening the steam valves was one of suspense; as the vessel rose and forged slowly ahead the suspense was scarcely dissipated but in a few seconds the speed was increased; in obedience to her rudder she commenced to swing around the curve-the men at the guys broke into a trot, and cheer upon cheer rose from the little group of anxious spectators."

The impressive spectacle of the little model chugging bravely in an exaggerated circle was not enough, however, to spark a mass demand for the stocks and long-term bonds of the Aerial Steam Navigation Company. In an attempt to fan enthusiasm for construction of a full-sized, man-carrying "Avitor", Marriott's "San Francisco News Letter" sponsored a poem contest based on the "Avitor" theme. The winner was the young Bret Harte, already displaying a considerable talent for parody by basing his "Avitor" on the model of Longfellow's "Excelsior". A representative sample of the poems' flowery tone can be demonstrated in the first and last stanzas:

AVITOR
(An Aerial Retrospect)

What was it filled my youthful dreams,
in place of Greek or Latin Themes,
Or beauty's wild, bewildering beams?
Avitor!

What visions and celestial scenes
I filled with aerial machines,
Montgolfier's and Mr. Green's!
Avitor!

My other failures let me pass:
The dire explosions, and alas!
The friends I choked with noxious gas.
Avitor!

For lo! I see perfected rise
The vision of my boyish eyes
The messenger of upper skies.
Avitor!

A full-sized "Avitor" apparently never flew, although Marriott attempted (unsuccessfully) to gain government support for nearly fifteen years. His original design had been patented in December, 1869, followed by an unsuccessful application for patent of a new type of heavier-than-air machine in 1881. Turned down at the time of its submission on the grounds that the device was simply "impossible", the application was used shortly after 1900 support a suit for damages based on a prior claim by his family against the Wright Brothers. This, too, was unsuccessful.

Frederick Marriott continued his attempts to gain government support for his experiments until his death in 1884. During the interval between the trials of the "Avitor Hermes Jr." and his death, Marriott had constructed a model of a triplane aircraft that he christened "Leland Stanford". In 1881 a new stock company was formed to finance development of Marriott's new heavier-than-air designs. It was in 1883 that the brand of impossibility was stamped on his final attempt for recognition by the Patent Office.

Marriott's passing marked the beginning of the end for the "Renaissance Man" - type scientist, philosopher and adventurer. His contributions to aerial progress were deemed minimal in his own time, although he apparently deserves credit for coining the term "aeroplane". But his perseverance and natural inventiveness — as demonstrated by a steady stream of articles in the "San Francisco News Letter" between 1850 and 1884—did much to prepare public attitudes in California for the coming aerial age.

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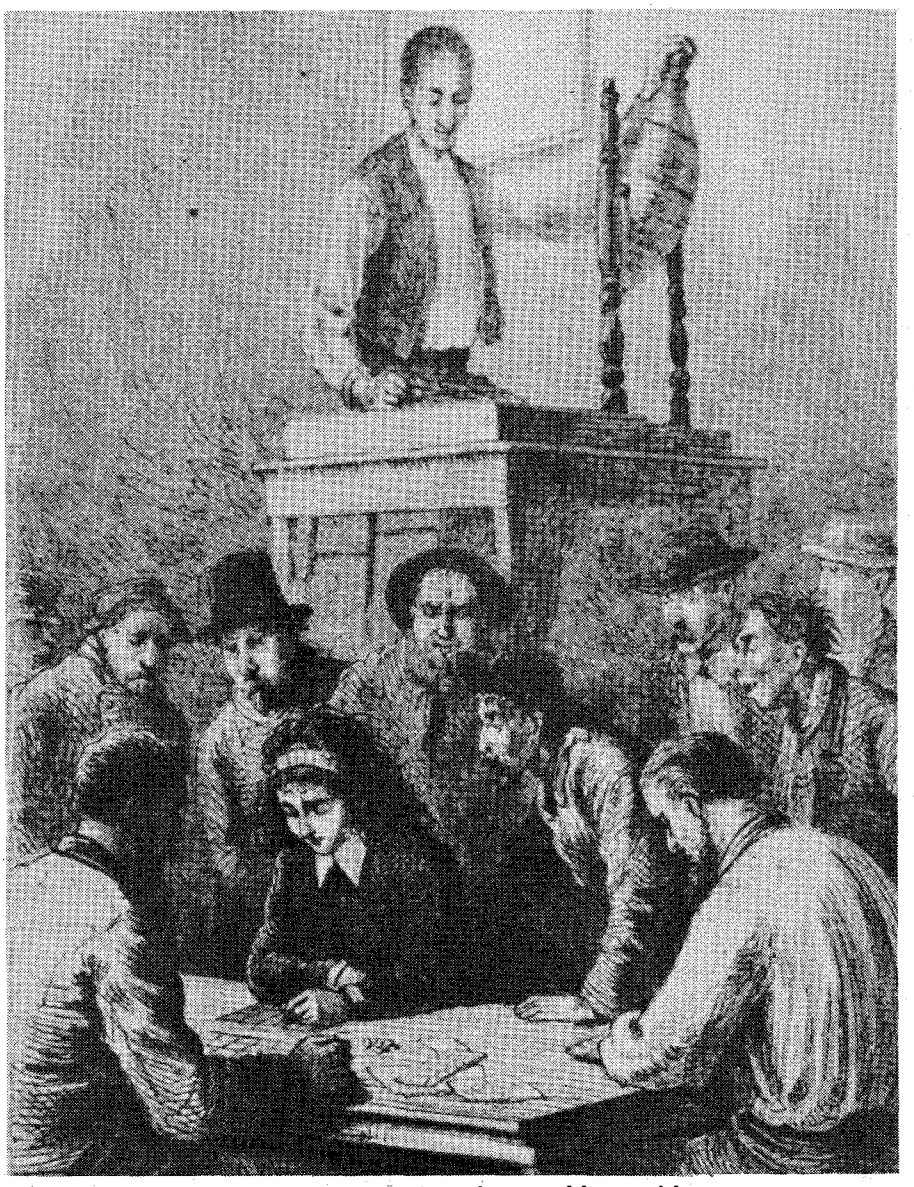
DEADWOOD'S GAMBLING LADY

Known variously as Madame Vestal and Lurline Monte Verde, Belle Siddons had one of the most incredible lives any woman ever had. She was a society belle until the Civil War began, when she became a spy, was jailed for it, escaped, and became one of the best gambling women in the West.



Denver Public Library, Western History Collection

Drawing of Madame Vestal at the gambling table in 1873.

By Louise Auer

During the winning of the west in the last century, a goodly number of lady gamblers trekked toward the setting sun in search of the elusive siren, gold, via the games of chance. The most widely acclaimed were, of course,

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cigar smoking Poker Alice who began her career, ‹ necessity, in Lake City, Colorado and Madame Moustache who swept upon the scene in Nevada City, California. But there was another who needs mention, — yes another gambling lady, more beautiful and glamorous than either cool, blonde Alice and dark flamboyant Madame Moustache. For some strange reason she has been all but omitted by historians in the chronicles of the old west. Certainly she had a far more illustrious past. In fact only one other woman of the frontier matched her in that respect, but more of that later in this story.

Her name while in Deadwood (1876-1878) was Lurline Monte Verde. Although she did not start her career in Deadwood and quite a few other frontier towns knew her talents before she made her appearance in South Dakota, she is more closely identified with that city than any other in the west for it was there that she found her greatest happiness and experienced her greatest tragedy, and it was there that her ultimate destiny was shaped.

In some ways the life of Monte Verde ran a close parallel with that of Madame Moustache and Poker Alice, for like those two while she was lucky at the games of chances she was unlucky in love. And like Madame Moustache when tragedy overtook her she sought solace in the bottle. And like Madame Moustache she died an alcoholic.

By far the most complete and comprehensive account of Monte Verde's life is contained in the fine book, THE WILDEST OF THE WEST, by Forbes Parhill. In it is a whole chapter devoted to her under the title, MADAME VESTAL (It was under that name that she operated a gambling house in Denver for a spell. Mr. Parkhill makes note of the fact that she harbored a predilection for changing her name as she changed locations). It is to the above mentioned book that this writer is in a large part indebted for the story of Deadwood's gambling lady as herein presented.

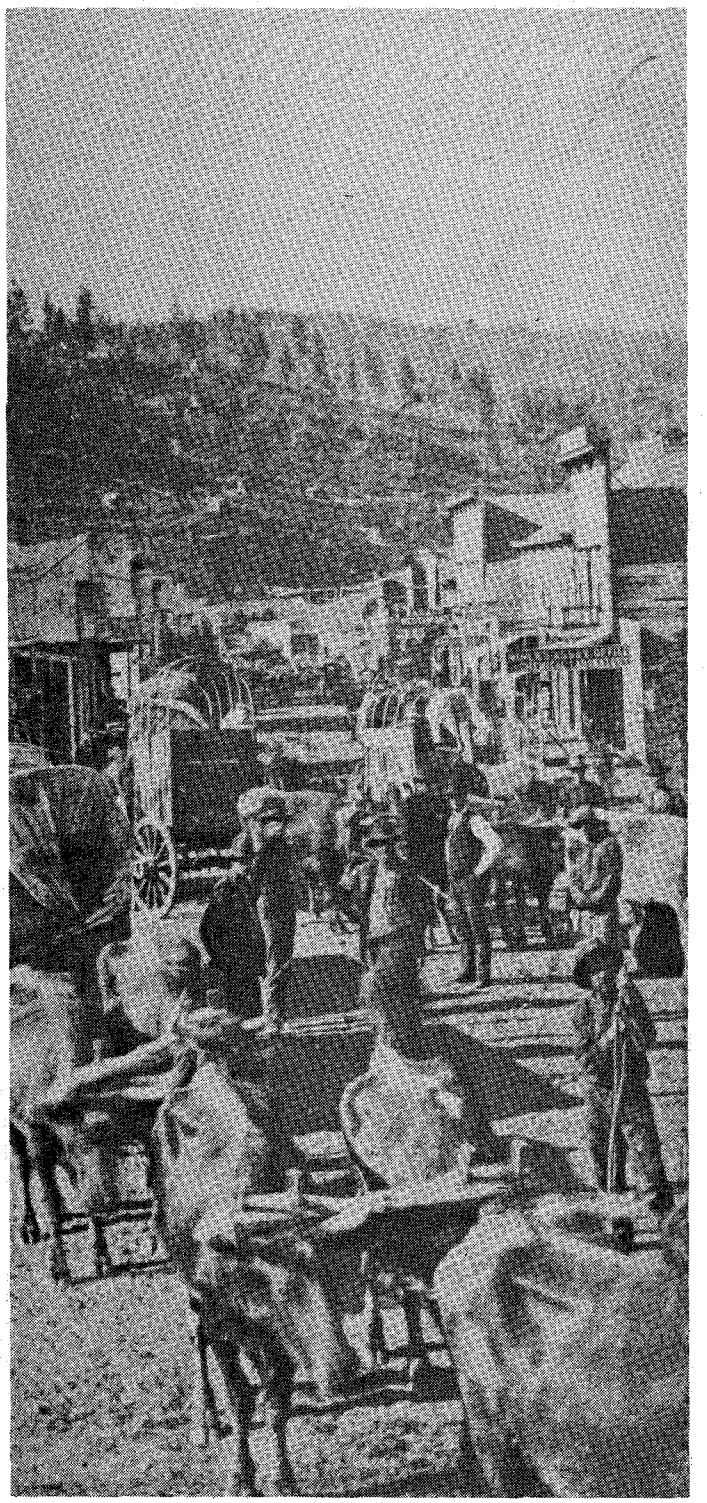
Monte Verde was in her early thirties when she began her gambling career on the western frontier. She was fastidious and possessed of an ethereal beauty, being dainty with great liquid brown eyes and hair as black as the wing of a crow. Her figure was contoured perfectly with curves where there should be curves. Mr. Parkhill wrote that her smile was of a Mona Lisa quality.

She was born in Jefferson City, Missouri and her true name was Belle Siddons. She was destined to play an important role in the Civil War as a spy for the Confederacy. Evidently her family was prosperous for she was educated in the Female University of Lexington where she learned all the social graces. One of her relatives was the last governor of Missouri before the Civil War.

Came 1861 and the war clouds gathered over the nation. Missouri elected to remain with the Union when the North and South came to an open split. The Union Department of the Mississippi was located in St. Louis and it was in 1861 that General Halleck came to take charge of the department. Mr. Parkhill noted in his book, THE WILDEST OF THE WEST, that even though the Union Headquarters were in St. Louis, the city harbored a great many Southern sympathizers. He also noted that many ladies high in society were included in that number. In fact they became so open and so flagrant in their belief that Halleck issued a manifesto against what he termed the "rebel rousers". But in spite of this, some persisted in defying Union authority and boldly helped the enemy, the Confederacy, whenever the opportunity afforded. Of course many were apprehended and when this happened they were forced to flee Missouri.

Belle Siddons was a society belle in St. Louis before the war. She was definitely on the side of the gray. So gracious, so charming and so alluring was she that the Union officers whom she met at social functions threw caution aside and spilled vital Union secrets into her pretty ears. They cared not what the cost might be so long as they might have the pleasure of her charming company. Belle, with her enigmatic smile listened as the officers exposed military plans, cached it all in her memory and straightway informed the Confederates.

Main Street in Deadwood. Here Belle Siddons, alias Madame Vestal and Lurline Monte Verde, ran a gambling house. She fell in love with Archie Cummings, a stage coach robber, and after he was caught and hanged she took to drink and ended her days in San Francisco as a derelict.



South Dakota Historical Society

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Belle concealed her activities well and operated in St. Louis as a successful spy for a year, but in 1862 her subversive role was uncovered and she was arrested upon orders of General Curtis. Belle learned that orders were out for her arrest and made a wild dash on horseback to escape, but near St. Genevieve Union officers caught up with her and took her into custody. Written proof of her disloyalty to the Union was discovered upon her person and she was escorted under federal guard to St. Louis. Once in court, with documented proof against her, she had no alternative but to admit that the charges against her were true.

As a matter of fact she actually boasted of her treachery, telling the court that she had kept the Confederate generals Nathan B. Forrest and Sterling Price informed of many of the Union movements. She also bragged that it was she who had given Forrest the information which enabled him to frustrate Grant's troops by his raid on the Mobile & Memphis Railway.

She was found guilty and speedily dispatched to the Grand Street Rebel Prison where she was incarcerated. But not for long, for she turned the full force of her charms on the provost marshal and he succumbed to them to the extent that after four months he set her free but on the condition that she absent herself from Missouri. This she did and remained away from her home state until after the war.

When the hostilities between the North and South ended with the Union victorious, Belle returned to Jefferson City and became a lobbyist. She was a huge success. She became acquainted with a Dr. Newt Halleck, an army surgeon, and in a short time married him. The couple decided to try their luck in Texas and moved there where the doctor set up a practice. Belle had a liking for his work so she became his assistant and he taught her about treatment of the ill and also about dissection. She learned fast and helped him greatly.

The couple was ideally happy until Dr. Halleck contracted yellow fever and speedily expired of the deadly disease. Belle, out on her own and alone, secured work as a teacher in the Red Cloud Agency. An old Deadwood newspaper advises that she met a gambler and married him and learned that "profession" also. He lived but a short time and after his death began a career as a 21 dealer. Soon she was one of the most expert 21 dealers in the West.

She began dealing in a gambling house in Wichita. She speedily acquired a stake and branched out on her own and owned gambling halls in Ellsworth, Fort Hays and Cheyenne. In the winter of 75-76 she moved to Denver where she set up business in a big tent under the name of Madame Vestal. Her place became instantly popular. She had no "soiled doves" to entice the male population. She served free drinks and operated a fair and square place. Huge crowds flocked to her establishment as she was respected and liked by her customers.

Madame Vestal prospered in her tent in Denver until gold was discovered in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Like all previous gold strikes in the west, the event triggered the rush of a gold crazed mass of humanity to the promised land, in that case, Dakota Territory. The boomer population went on a sharp decline and business began to fall off at Madam Vestal's establishment. Then her help caught the gold fever and left Madame Vestal high and dry.

Madame Vestal straightway made up her mind to trek to the Black Hills and speedily made preparations for the move. First she purchased a large freight wagon and loaded her gambling equipment on it. For her transportation she bought an omnibus. But when she had finished with it it was like no other omnibus of its time. She made it a home on wheels by furnishing it with all the comforts a lady needed such as frilly curtains, a luxurious couch, satin pillows and a cook stove. As a matter of fact it was a crude predecessor of the modern, streamlined mobile home of today. In its day and time it was the ultimate in luxury.

When all was in readiness for her departure, Madame Vestal boarded her home on the road and started gaily for Deadwood, S. D. Her route lay via the Cheyenne-Deadwood coach trail. It was dusty and rough but Madame Vestal, in whose veins the spirit of adventure flowed like quick-silver, enjoyed every mile of the laborious journey.

After eating dust for mile after mile and being jolted from her head to her heels, a triumphant Madame Vestal rode down the dusty, noisy main thoroughfare of Deadwood. Only she came not as Madame Vestal, for enroute she had decided upon the romantic name of Lurline Monte Verde.

The news of her arrival spread with the swiftness of a prairie fire. The rough miners went wild at the sight of the dainty and lovely lady gambler. Her arrival called for a celebration and what a celebration was staged in her honor! The old newspapers recount that the joyous men lifted her down from her palace on wheels and carried her up and down Deadwood's dusty main street shouting joyously. The newspapers gave her much space praising her beauty and welcoming her to the town. One reporter made note of the fact that she was a "flawlessly groomed beauty, artfully jeweled and gowned." The same writer also mentioned that she was at that time "a total abstainer."

Monte Verde lost no time in getting established on the Deadwood main street. From the first, men flocked to her place to try their luck with the goddess of chance. Her customers were a heterogenous crowd, professional gamblers, legitimate business men, soldiers from the Indian fighting forts, the lawless and the law abiding, and the guardians of the law. All those who had come to the Black Hills in search of the precious ore made it to Monte Verde's gay and busy establishment at one time or another. Her place was ever full and there was ever the sound of rolling dice, the slap, slap of the paste boards and the whirring of the wheels of the games of chance. And also there was the sound of laughter and the tinkling of glasses. Among Monte Verde's customers was the famous Wild Bill Hickok and it was while she resided in Deadwood that he was shot in the back by Jack McCall. Monte Verde was making money and she was respected and happy. But her happiness was destined to be short lived and she was soon to encounter the greatest tragedy of her eventful life, a tragedy that was to ruin her career.

Since the death of her doctor husband Monte Verde had shown no interest in men. She was friendly to all but she was strictly business in all her dealings with the opposite sex. The saying that opposites attract certainly holds true of what happened to Monte Verde one night when a big rough man with bold roving eyes strutted into her place. The man was cocky and burly. The petite and dainty Monte Verde gazed into his bold, roving eyes and was lost in the split second that she

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gazed upon him, for she fell madly in love with him.

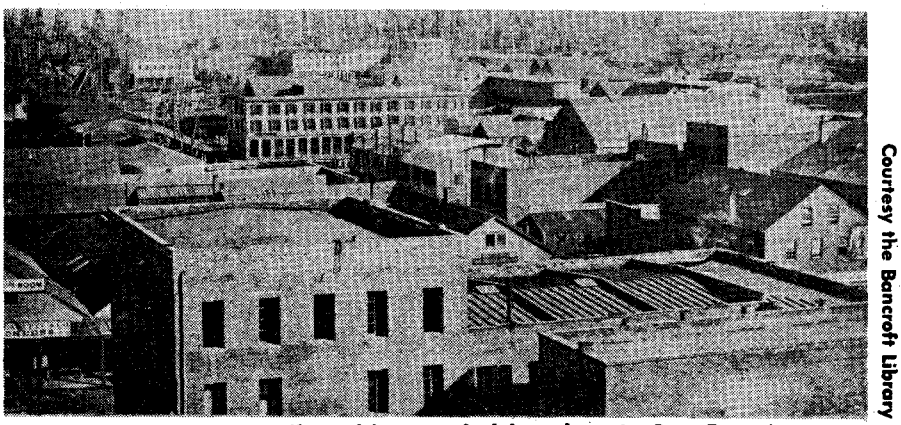
Arrogantly he started gambling but bad luck was his lot for in no time he was flat broke. As he shrugged his shoulders and started to make his way out Monte Verde stopped him and offered to stake him to the next morning's breakfast. She could not stop herself, for it was as if she was hypnotized by the arrogant stranger. His eyes roved over her in appreciation and he introduced himself as Archie Cummings and told her he'd accept the money as a loan but that no woman would pay for his food. Just as McArthur said in the Second World War, so did Archie Cummings vow to come back.

And return he did, just a week later. His pockets bulged with gold. Actually Archie was an outlaw and the money had come from a stage holdup he had maneuvered. Monte Verde's eyes betrayed wild happiness at the sight of him as she made no bones of the fact that she had fallen head over heels in love with him and that he was her man.

Archie did not try to conceal his identity or his "profession". His real name was Archie McLaughlin and he had been associated with the infamous Quantrill in the latter's bloody depredations in Kansas during the Civil War. After the war like many another of the Quantrill henchmen Archie had taken to the Owl Hoot trail rather than honest work. Stage holdups were his specialty and he waxed fat on them. Although this "specialty" was well known in Deadwood, no one took any measures to prevent his crimes so, consequently, Archie went his merry way.

As has been pointed out Monte Verde fell dead in love with Archie at first sight. Of course then she had no way of knowing his line of work, and it is doubtful that it would have made any difference if she had. Certainly it did not when she learned the truth about her lover for her ardor cooled not a bit. Gladly she kept her ears open about stage shipments and gave vital information in this line to her lover. She was in a position to aid him quite a bit for talk flowed loose and fast in her establishment and many stage drivers frequented it.

Archie was no chicken feed hood. He was chiefly concerned with the big gold shipments which went out with a fair regularity on the famed Deadwood Stage Line. And he learned plenty about them from



Courtesy the Bancroft Library

Old San Francisco. Belle Siddons ended her days in San Francisco, a hopeless alcoholic.

Monte Verde and as a result acted on the tips she gave him.

But finally the law began to take an interest in Archie so flagrant did he become. Boone May, the great lawman of Deadwood, once a stage driver, often visited Monte Verde's place in the hopes he would learn something of Archie's depredations and his hunch paid off, for one day Monte Verde let slip to him that Archie and his gang planned to hold up a gold freighted stage in Whoop-Up Canyon on the run between Rapid City and Deadwood. Boone immediately made plans to thwart the robbery and capture the gang. He placed special deputies heavily armed inside the stage. Boone was determined to end the coach robberies for all time.

When the stage was enroute to Rapid City, Archie, Billy Mansfield (one of his henchmen) and others of his gang chopped down a cottonwood tree and let it fall across the road. Of course the stage was forced to stop when it came to the blockade. When the snorting horses came to an abrupt halt, Archie and his cohorts ran forward expecting an easy and profitable haul.

Alexander Casswell, one of the gang, ordered the driver and messengers to hold up their hands. Archie and the other gang members were all around the stage. Instead of meekly handing over the treasure the driver did nothing. Suddenly the guns of the officers inside blazed forth and the air was filled with gun smoke and the whine and whistle of bullets. A bullet hit Casswell in the head killing him instantly. Another bullet smacked into the abdomen of John H. Brown, another of the robber gang. Archie was wounded slightly and Billy Mansfield and another outlaw, Jack Smith, escaped injury altogether. The outlaws raced to their horses and left in a flurry of hooves with Brown holding on to his saddle horn. They found a deserted cabin in the woods near Deadwood and holed up.

Brown was gravely wounded. He suffered agony for ten days and his wound became infected and festered. Archie was afraid to call a doctor. Then he remembered that Monte Verde had been married to a doctor and knew medicine and dissection. He sent Billy Mansfield to contact her. Billy sent word to her to meet him in an opium den. She kept the appointment and when Mansfield told her that Archie needed her she followed him to the cabin in the woods. Her lover needed her and she went willingly.

When she reached the cabin and saw Brown suffering she immediately set about helping him. She had no instruments but fashioned a probe from a wire and extracted the bullet. There is a story to the effect that when she had finished her act of mercy the outlaws wanted to kill her to insure her silence but that Archie drew his gun and held the robbers at bay until she escaped the cabin. She made her way back to Deadwood safely.

Thanks to Monte Verde's attention Brown recovered in a short time. He was arrested shortly after and turned state's evidence, confessing the full plot and naming Archie, Smith and Mansfield as his partners. So now the law had definite evidence against Archie Cummings. He was a wanted man.

News of Brown's treachery reached Archie and he, Smith and Mansfield eluded the officers and quit the vicinity of Deadwood post haste. They made their way to Cheyenne and Archie sent word to Belle to meet him in San Francisco. But — before the three could get out of Cheyenne they were arrested. It was on the night of November 3,

(continued on page 67)

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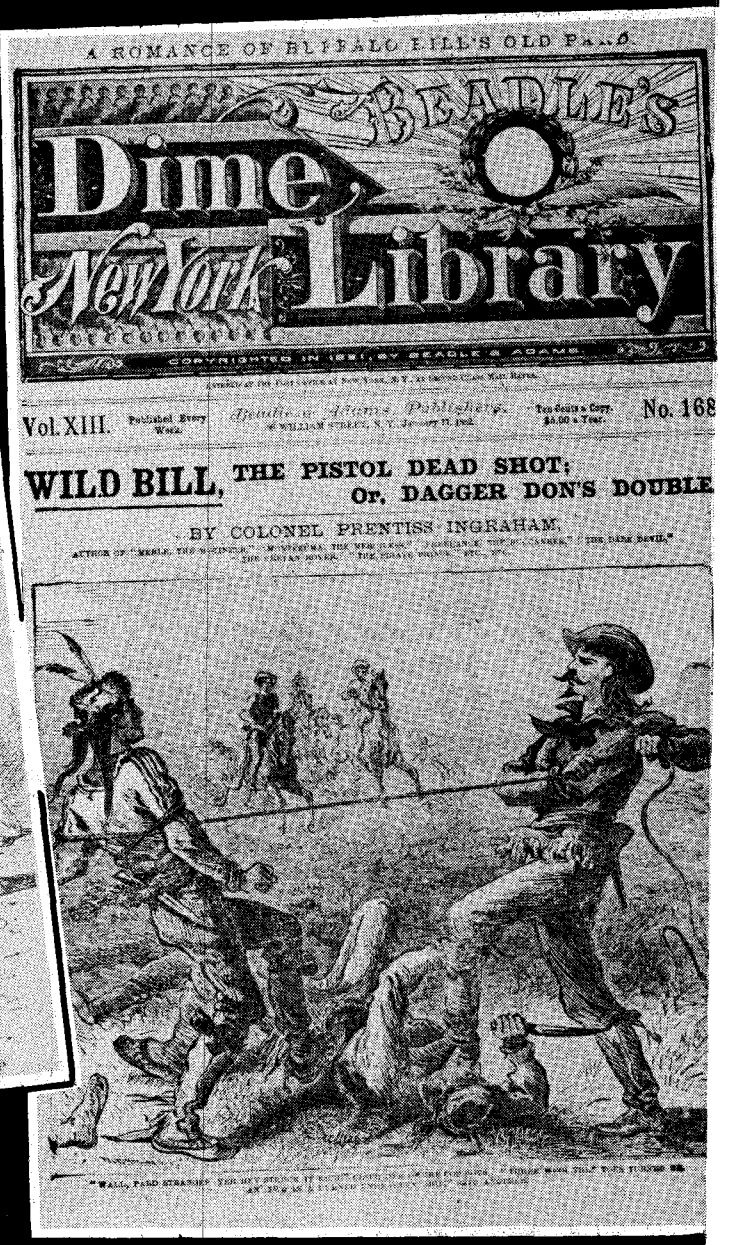
From the Edward T. LeBlanc
dime novel collection

WESTERN HEROES

During the latter half of the 19th century, dime novels lionized many of the contemporary western heroes, and there were many. The stories usually gave highly fictionalized versions of their lives, adding to their already legendary prowess. The reading public ate them up, and they sold by the million. Today, only a few tattered copies remain, mostly in the hands of collectors. Here is pictured a group of these publications featuring the well known and not so well known western personages of the day.



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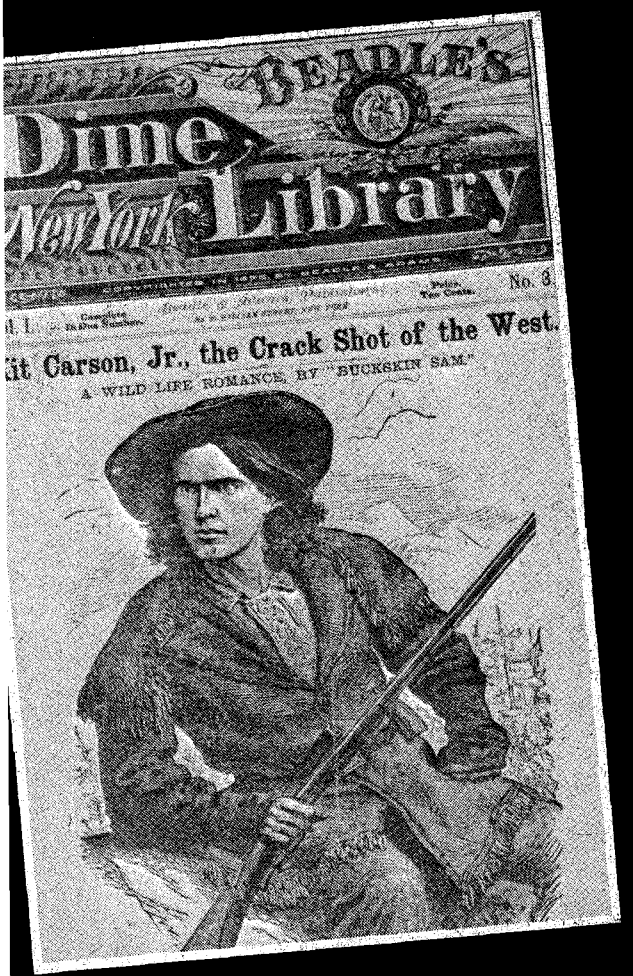
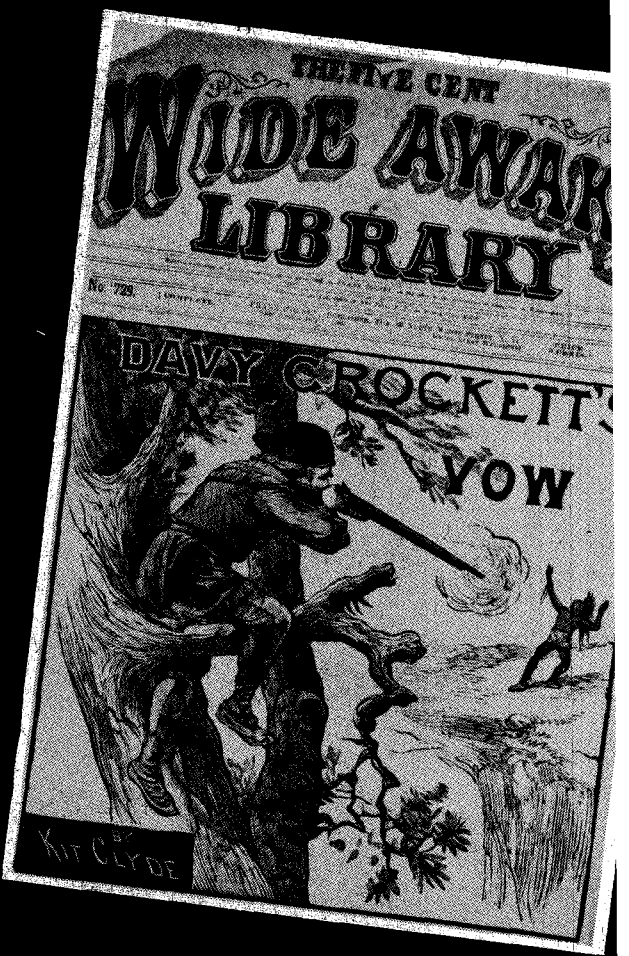
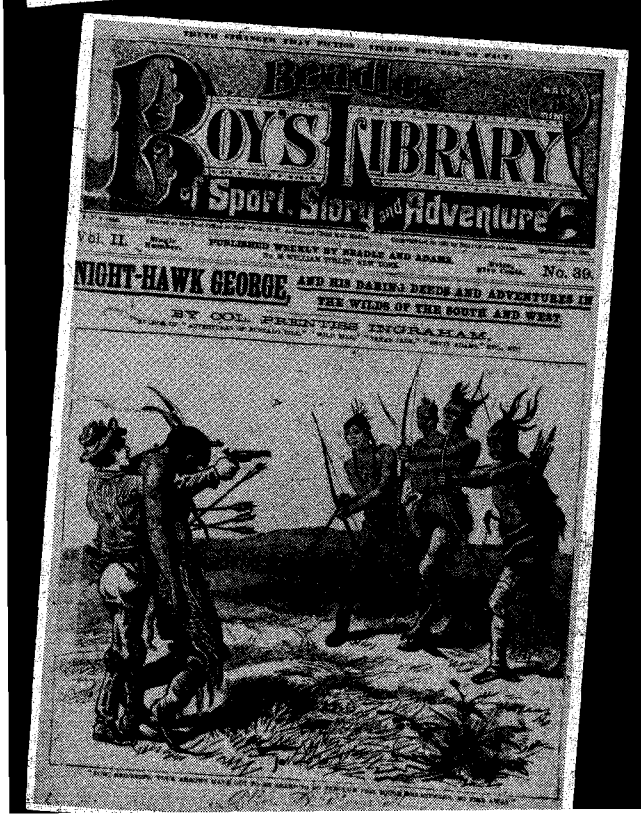
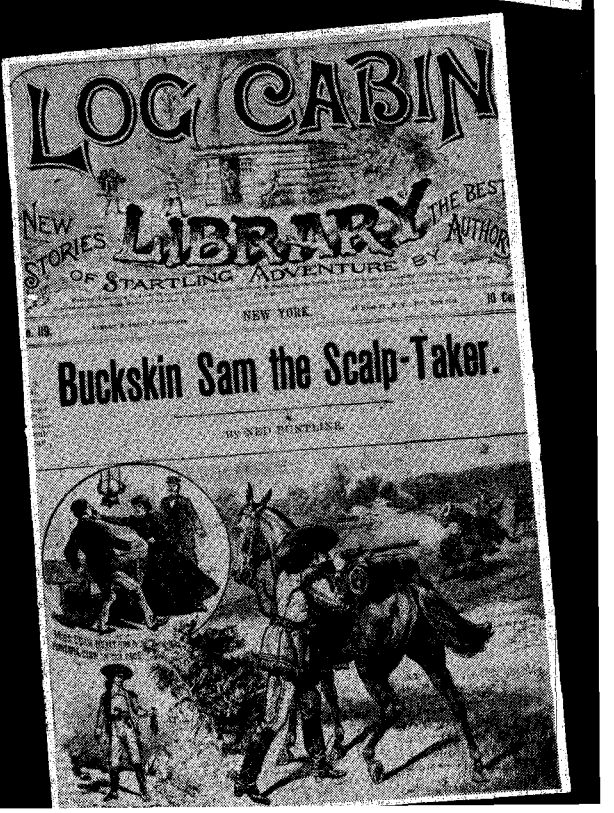
IN DIME NOVEL PRESS






Beadle's
BOY'S LIBRARY
of Sport, Story and Adventure
Vol. II.
NO. 30.
NIGHT-HAWK GEORGE,
AND HIS DARING DEEDS AND ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF THE SOUTH AND WEST
BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.



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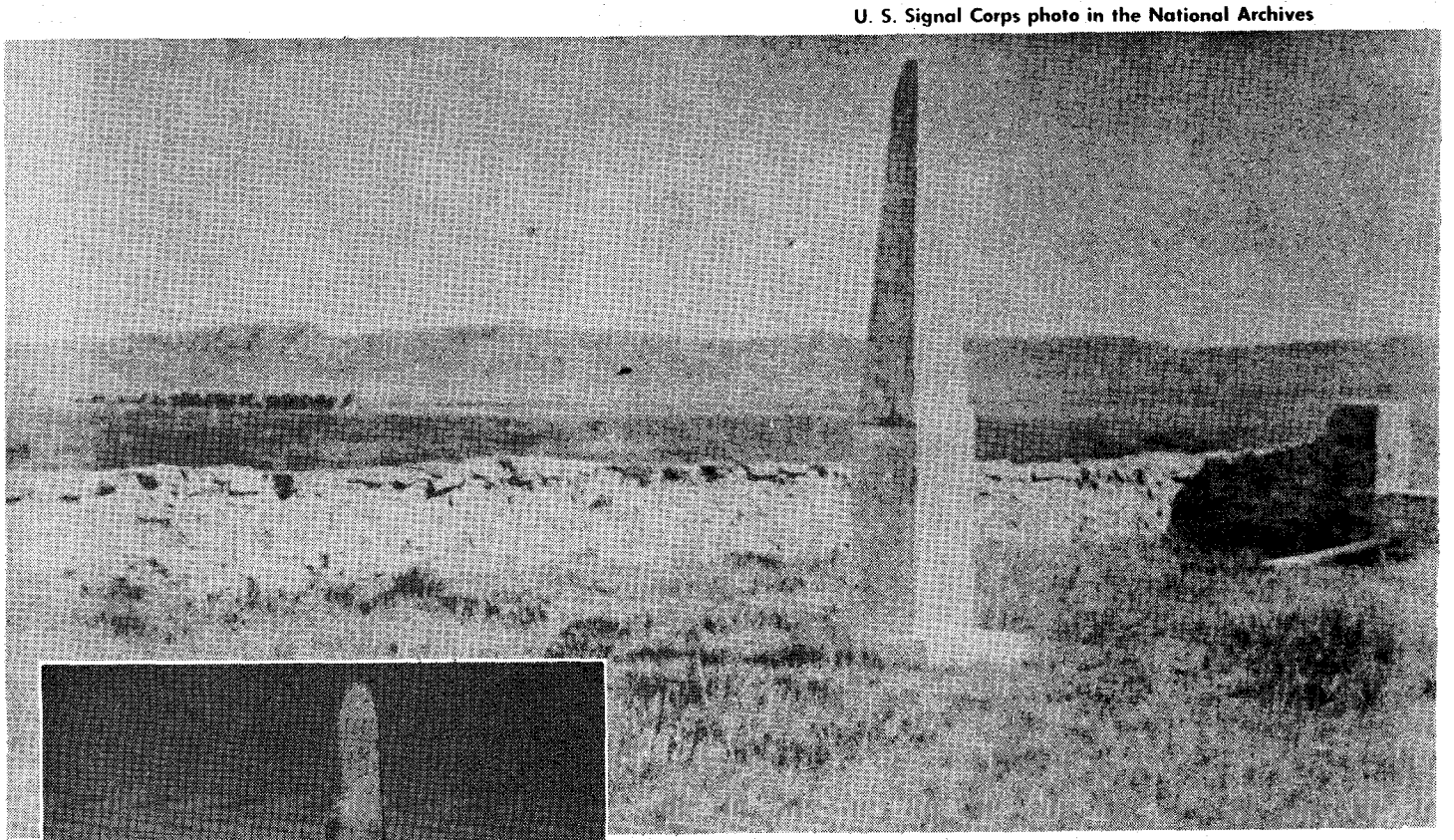
SIGISMUND STERNBERG,

Sigismund von Sternberg was born in Prussia in 1838 and he was an officer in the Prussian Army for five years, then he migrated to the United States and served as an officer during the Civil War, attaining the rank of Captain. He knew his trade, they said ... but he didn't know how to fight Indians.

U. S. Signal Corps photo in the National Archives



The old military graveyard at Fort C.F. Smith showing the monument erected by members of the 27th U.S. Infantry in honor of those who died at Fort Smith. This stone is now in the Custer National Battlefield Monument.

Western Historical Research Associates

Monument from the old military cemetery at Fort C.F. Smith as it looks today in the Custer National Battlefield Cemetery.

Second Lieutenant Sigismund Sternberg's seemingly stupid action at the Hayfield Fight, which occurred August 1, 1867, near old Fort C.F. Smith, Montana Territory, cost him his life and also created the impression he was a "greenhorn lieutenant" fresh from West Point. This was far from the truth. Sternberg had been an officer for four years during the Civil War and prior to that time had held a commission in the Prussian Army.

Sigismund von Sternberg was born in the powerful military nation of Prussia in 1838. His father, a minor count of East Prussia, was distantly related to Gebhard von Blucher who had helped defeat Napoleon at Leipzig in 1814 and again at Waterloo in 1815. He was also related, by marriage, to August von Gneisenau who, with Gerhard von Scharnhost, was instrumental in setting up the military training program that produced the Prussian Army, one of the foremost armies of that time. With this background in his family young von Sternberg was naturally dedicated to a military life. His studies were all

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Professional Soldier

By Rex Bundy

directed in that vein and he graduated from the finest military school of that day — the Engineer and Artillery School of Berlin — at the age of 18.

At the outbreak of the American Civil War, von Sternberg had been an officer for five years, and was then a 2nd Lieutenant in the most rigidly drilled and disciplined army in the world, the Prussian Army.

His rise in rank, however, had been delayed due to his amorous activities, which had included his commanding officer's wife, and he had been passed over with each year's promotion list. He had decided that if he were once more passed by, he would resign his commission, and when the promotion list of 1862 was published, on the first day of the year, it once again failed to list his name. He resigned his commission and migrated to the United States.

Accompanied by his brother, Wilhelm, von Sternberg arrived in New Yrok City in May of 1862. Their father had supplied them with sufficient funds to maintain themsleves for a short period of time, and this time was used in making inquiries as to the possibility of obtaining commissions in some of the organizations that were being established.

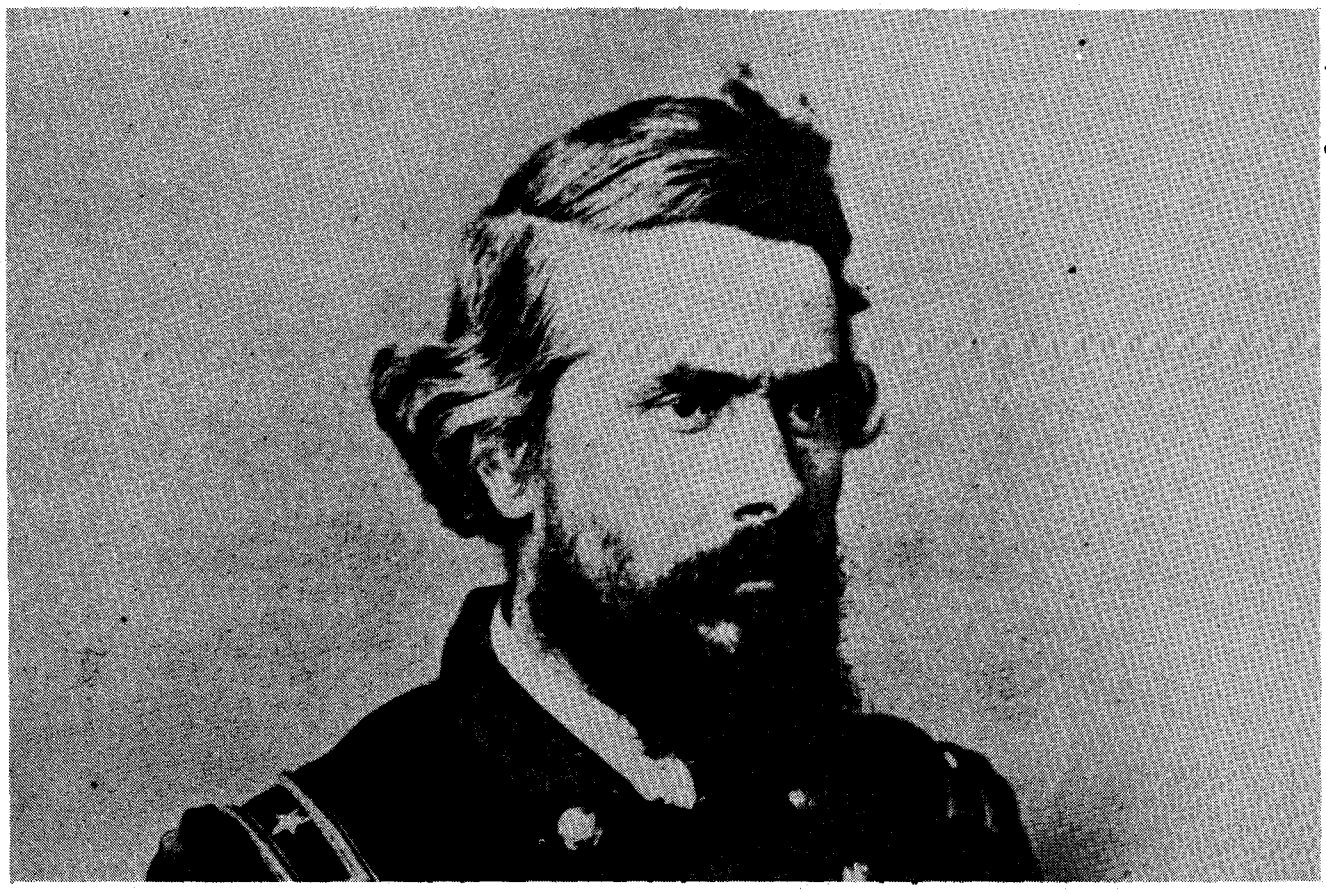
Wilhelm, becoming impatient with the red tape involved, and the dilly-dallying of many of the officers contracted, enlisted in Company I, Second Maryland Volunteers and was later killed in action.

Sigismund remained in New York City where he was busily engaged in developing friendships with various military men. In July of 1862, he was informed a new regiment was being organized, the 175th New Yrok Volunteers. His informant also told him this new organization would be in need of officers and the best means of securing a commission would be to enlist as a private.

Although the new organization had no federal connections, as yet, von Sternberg enlisted according to his informant's instructions. When his enlistment papers were made out, the recruiting sergeant omitted the "von" from his name as he thought it superfluous. Sternberg was unhappy about this but was resigned to the change when informed that titles, or even intimations of titles, were not used by Americans.

The new organization could not be brought to full strength by recruiting only in the city of New York, so the commanding officer, Colonel John A. Foster, extended the recruiting to encompass the entire state.

Sternberg's military conduct and bearing caught the eye of Colonel Foster, and less than two weeks after Sternberg's enlistment, he was attached to the Colonel's military escort.



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Brigadier General (Brevet Major General) Truman Seymour, commanding officer, Fort Pickens, Florida. General Seymour was a personal friend of Lieut. Sigismund Sternberg.

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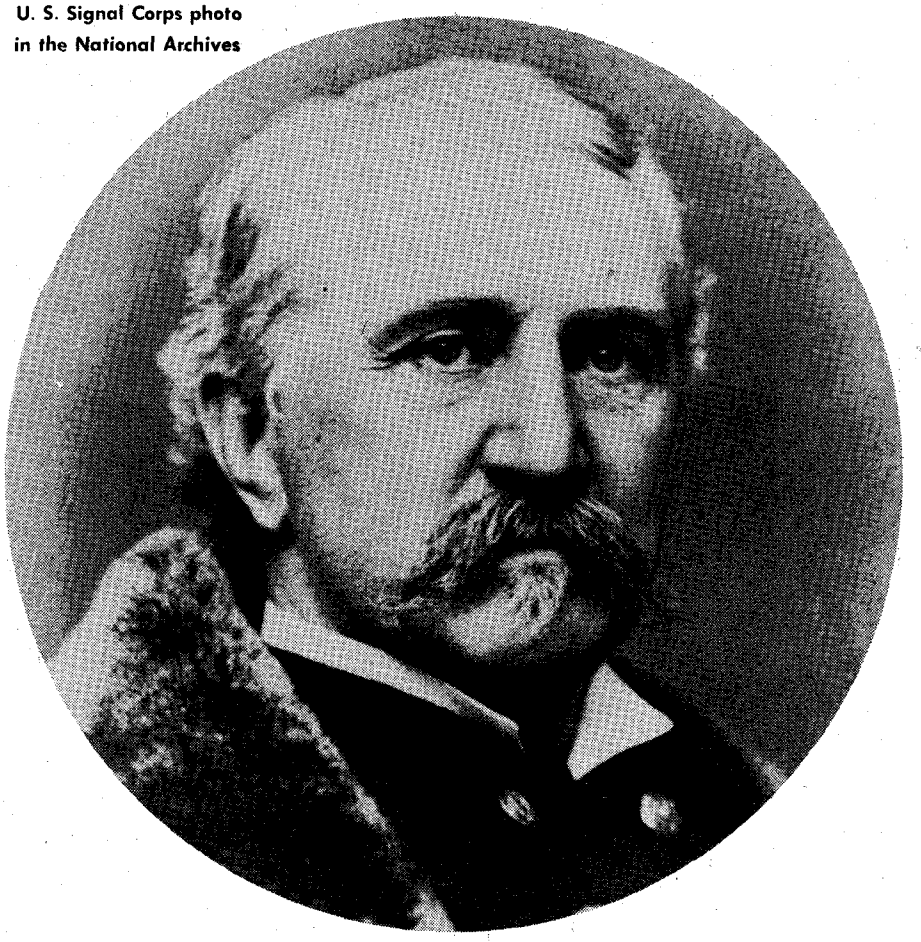

Lieutenant Colonel (Brevet Brigadier General) Luther P. Badley. He commanded Fort C.F. Smith at the time of Lieut. Sternberg's death.

When the recruiting program was extended to cover the state, Sternberg volunteered to visit the German settlements in Oswego and Albany and obtain recruits for the organization. This, of course, with the understanding he be given a commission if he recruited twenty men. Sternberg arrived in New York City with thirty new recruits and had used his own money to pay their transportation and eating costs. When the 175th New York Volunteer Regiment was sworn into the federal service on the 10th of September, 1862, Sigismund Sternberg was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant to rank from September 1st. Twenty five days later, due to his knowledge of military drill, organization, and other military accomplishments possessed by few of the other officers, Sternberg was promoted to 1st Lieutenant to rank from September 26, 1862.

Regiment left New York City November 21, 1862, for duty at Suffolk, Virginia, with the 1 st Division, 7th Army Corps, Department of Virginia. They served with this organization only one month and then were shipped to New Orleans where they were transferred into the 1st Brigade, Augur's Division, Department of the Gulf, for duty in the defense of the city of New Orleans. While on this duty, the Regiment was stationed at Carrolton untilMarch 6, 1863.

The Regiment was then transferred into the 3rd Brigade, 3rd Division, 19th Army Corps, Department of the Gulf, for duty in the operations against Port Hudson March 7-27, 1863. From there they were moved to Algiers, Louisiana, eight days later, and from April 9th to May 14th, were engaged in operations in western Louisiana.

The operations in western Louisiana included the Teche Campaign April 11-20. During this campaign, the Regiment was engaged in a skirmish at Fort Bisland near Centreville April 12th and 13th, and another at Vermillion Bayou four days later. Then the Regiment was transferred once more to the 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, 19th Army Corps, and with this organization participated in the Expedition from Opelousas to Alexandria and Simsport May 5-18, and were also with the Expedition from Berne's Landing to Berwick May 21-26. They were invovled in a slight skirmish at Franklin May 25th, and the following day started for Port Hudson, a march of four days.

On June 14th, the Regiment participated in a futile attack on Port Hudson and were badly mauled. They were then held in reserve until the final surrender of Port Hudson on July 9th. They were then sent to a rest camp but were given duty guarding the captured Confederate troops.

On July 22, 1863, the Regiment was moved to Baton Rouge and many of the men were detached and sent to New York for garrison duty at Hart's Island in New York Harbor. These were the walking wounded and the recuperating wounded from the various battles and engagements the regiment had been involved in. These wounded were not all from the 175th but from the regiments and organizations connected with the operations in western Louisiana.

Lieutenant Sternberg had been seriously wounded during the futile storming of Port Hudson on June 14th and was one of the men detached from duty with the 175th and sent home. Shortly after arriving at Hart's Island, Sternberg was informed of his promotion to captain to rank from August 11, 1863.

Captain Sternberg had duty at Hart's Island until the formation of the 7th Regiment New York Veterans Infantry was completed. The men of the various regiments that had been on detached duty at Hart's Island became an integral part of the cadre of this new Regiment. Captain Sternberg was given command of Company C of the new Regiment when it was officially mustered into the federal service June 4, 1864.

Each Company of the new Regiment left New York as soon as it was organized. They were assigned to the Army of the Potomac and were attached to the 52nd New York Infantry of the 1 st Division, 2nd Army Corps. Army of the Potomac, until July 22, 1864.

Sternberg's Company C was hit hard its first day at Petersburg and, as a result, was transferred intact into the newly-formed Consolidated Brigade, 1 st Division, 2nd Army Corps, Army of the Potomac and served in this organization until November of 1864.

The Consolidated Brigade was

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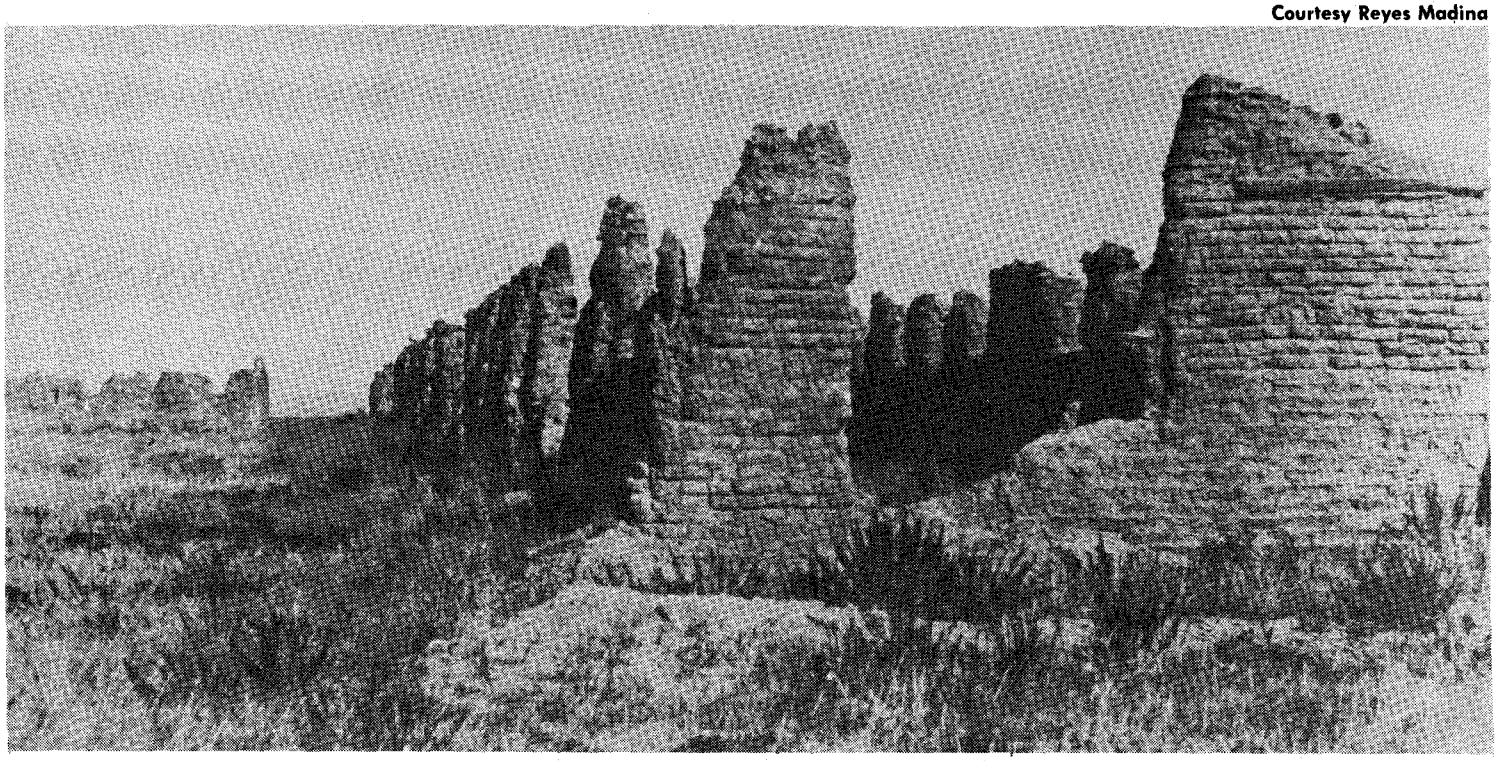
Courtesy Reyes Madina



Ruins of Fort C.F. Smith as they appeared in 1892. The above view shows the east wall of the fort.

composed of wounded men from various organizations involved in the Siege of Petersburg, and were used mainly for relief duty as guards of various points, and to make demonstrations in various directions in hopes of getting Lee to evacuate his position at Petersburg.

Although this Brigade was supposedly composed of wounded men, they did heroic duty at the Siege of Petersburg and were on the Expedition that was involved in the demonstration north of the James River July 27-29, 1864. It was hoped by the Union commanders that this demonstration would cause Lee to abandon his position. All it resulted in, however, was that Sternberg's company was forced to fight viciously with some Confederate cavalry that cut them to pieces at Deep Bottoms July 27-28. They were then sent to Petersburg with no chance to recuperate, but were held in reserve during the Mine Explosion of July 30th.

It was during the Mine Explosion and its aftermath that Captain Sternberg showed his military training and personal bravery which resulted in a Brevet Major's commission for gallantry. He and the men under his command shored up bulkheads to prevent further collapse of defenses and at the same time kept up small fire to relieve hard-pressed Union units.

August 13-20 the Comapny was on another demonstration north of the James River and were involved in minor skirmishes at Strawberry Plains and Deep Bottom August 14th and 18th. They skirmished again at Ream's Station on August 25th, and then went into rest camp where they remained until December.

On December 9th and 10th, they were on a reconnaissance to Hatcher's Run. They were again involved in minor skirmishes at Dabney's Mills and Hatcher's Run February 5-7, 1865. They fought a minor battle at Watkin's House on March 25th and were at Appomattox Court House four days later and were involved in actions in this vicinity until April 9, 1865.

On March 29-30, they were again sent to Hatcher's Run, or sometimes called Boydton Road, and were again involved in skirmishes with Lee's forces. They skirmished again at White Oak Road on the last day of March and were present at the fall of Petersburg on April 3rd. They skirmished again at Sailor's Creek on April 6th and at High Bridge and Farmsville on April 7th. And were again present at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865 to witness the surrender of Lee and his Army.

With many other troops, the Company of Sternberg's marched to Washington, D.C. in early May and participated in the Grand Review held on May 23, 1865. After this, they were once more sent to Hart's Island and had duty there until mustered out of the service August 14, 1865.

Upon being honorably discharged from the Volunteers, Sternberg immediately made application for an appointment in the United States Colored Troops. After passing an examination for the rank, he was commissioned a captain in the 82nd Regiment which was then assigned to the 1 st Brigade, 1 st Division, United States Colored Troops, District of West Florida, Department of Florida.

His Regiment was stationed at Fort Pickens, Florida, from September 10, 1865, until October 10, 1866, and during the last six months of duty, Captain Sternberg was Post Adjutant of the Port of Pensacola Harbor under the command of Brevet Major General T. Seymour.

On August 11, 1866, the 82nd Regiment was mustered out of the service due to expiration of enlistments. Sternberg received an honorable discharge from the Colored Troops and again made application for an appointment in one of the remaining Colored Regiments. But even though highly recommended by Major General Seymour, in a letter dated September 10, 1866, his request was not granted.

Undaunted by this turn of events,

(continued on page 70)

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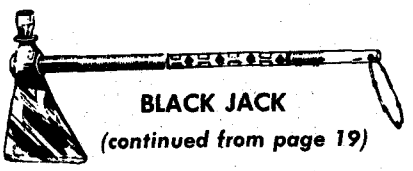


BLACK JACK

(continued from page 19)

full of alfalfa seed and a lathered team inside the barn and a short man with a huge mustache asleep in the hay. A.M. winced and sent the boy to bed. The next morning his team was back in the barn and Black Jack was gone.

But if his father was afraid of Jack, A.C. Simmonds was not.

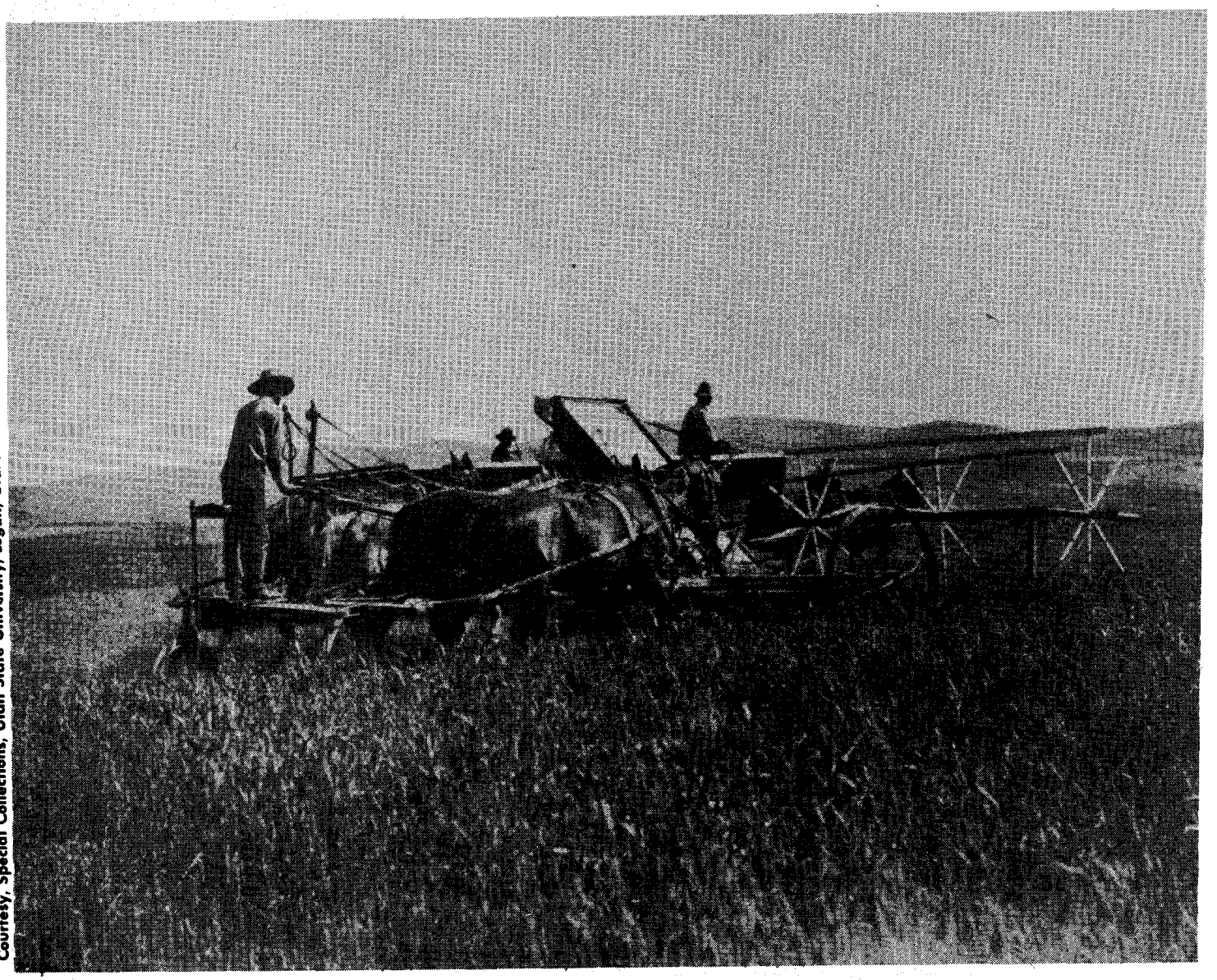
Married a year in 1897, A.C. wanted a farm. Nelson's land adjoined his father's lower ranch and he knew Nelson. Andrew rode to Newton, had a drink with Jack, and closed the deal. On December 9, 1897, for ten $50 gold pieces, Black Jack sold his land to A.C. Simmonds.

He didn't seem to need the money. Everyone said that he was still using loot from the stage holdup on Snake River. But again, they weren't saying it to his face.

Jack always carried his Navy Colt. He carried it in his coat pocket, but didn't take it out unless he was provoked. He was provoked one night in Cache Junction, the railroad town across the Bear River from Newton. Jack had offered to buy a man a drink and the saloon was closed. Through the window they could see the bartender stretched out asleep on the bar. Rather than go back to his own place in Newton, Jack pulled his gun, shot off the lock, and went in for a nightcap.

A man like that generated stories, and whatever Black Jack may have done, the stories credited him with more. Every missing horse, every stray gunshot, every stolen bag of grain was blamed on the Newton saloonkeeper. Again and again Rob Crookston, county sheriff from 1881 to 1909, rode out from Logan with warrants for Jack's arrest. In desperation Jack finally retained attorney George Q. Rich as his lawyer. Fine legal mind that he was, George Q. was not equal to the challenge of a dozen warrants a year and a client who never said anything beyond denying his guilt and leaving his attorney to do his own detective work.

By 1904 Rich had had enough. As a client Jack was always good for a case, but George Q. was simply wearing himself out. When Rich decided to call it quits, he'd had so much of Black Jack's troubles that quitting didn't seem strong enough. So he wrote Jack a note which read



Courtesy, Special Collections, Utah State University, Logan, Utah.

A "Header" cutting wheat on the Big Range about 1904. After this toilsome operation, Jack helped himself to the final product.

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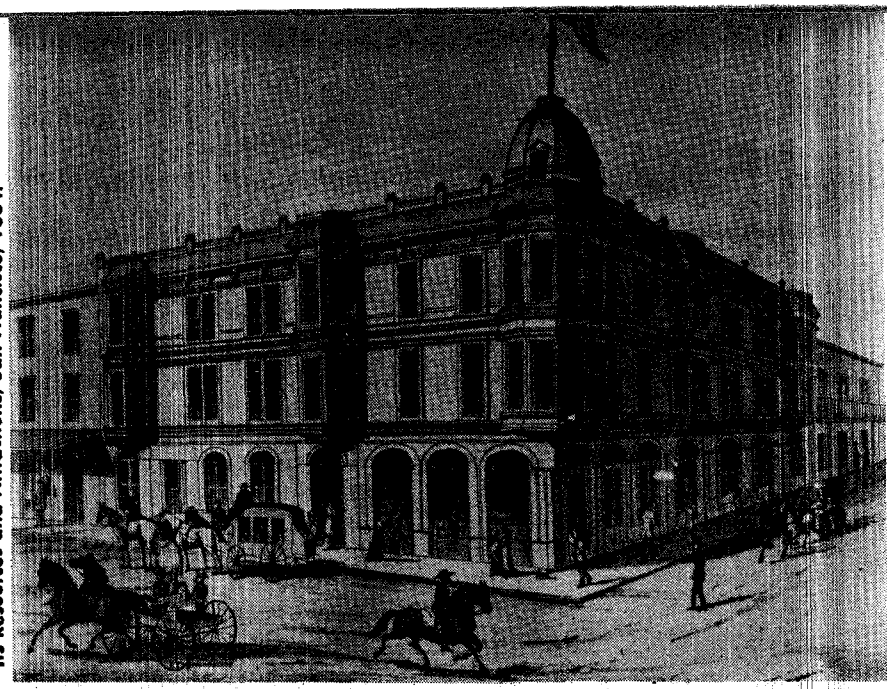

From J. L. Onderdonk, History of Idaho; Its Resources and Attractions, San Francisco, 1884.

The Overland Hotel in Boise, the stage coach depot where the Wells Fargo treasure box was loaded on the stagecoach in 1873.

simply, "You're fired!"

But time tamed Jack as sheriffs and posses from four states never did. He visited his brother Ed in Logan, though he was never as close to him as to Will who died in 1900. And as if to relive the old days, the days of rustling and roundup, he visited A.C. Simmonds. On one of those visits to the ranch that had once been his, in the blacksmith shop which had once been the cabin he'd used before the Montana drives, they passed a bottle. After a couple of drinks, Simmonds asked, "Jack, you've lived a pretty rough life. Did you ever kill a man?" Jack's eyes narrowed. After a pause, he spoke. "I kilt an Injun, onest." Then, like a released flood, came the story of Black Jack Nelson.

It was a story which seemed out of place in 1906. Passing time would only make it more so.

After years of temperance agitation, in 1911 the town of Newton outlawed the sale of liquor within its boundaries. In effect they merely outlawed Jack. For years he had been the only saloonkeeper in town. But the saloon had operated only fitfully. Jack found grain and hay seed more profitable than whiskey. But prohibition was only one sign of a civilization he never liked.

In 1913 Jack left the Big Range for the wilder country of Oregon that he'd first seen forty years before. No one in Cache Valley ever saw him again. One rumor drifted back to Newton that Jack had been killed one night by falling sacks of grain while he was stealing bags of freshly threshed wheat from the bottom of a pile.

If that is true, there is, no doubt, a certain satisfaction in knowing that Black Jack died in the true tradition of the highwayman — in the act of robbery. But there is something more ignominious in knowing that times had so passed him that he died not from the bullet of a shotgun rider on the Boise-Kelton stage, or at the end of a rope of a vigilante mob of ranchers enraged at the theft of their horses, but that such a free spirit as Jack's died under the weight of sacks of newly threshed wheat on a farm in Oregon.

Today there are a few in Cache Valley who remember Black Jack Nelson. A close-mouthed loner, he told few facts of his life. Perhaps that is as it should be. Black Jack himself has passed beyond fact and into folklore. But that is fitting. Those who built the west became its history; those who terrorized it became its legends.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Memories of Andrew Charles Simmonds, 1872-1947, unpublished manuscript in author's possession. CACHE VALLEY'S WEST SIDE, by Mrs. Marybelle Pike, manuscript in the Special Collections Department Utah State University, Logan, Utah. The Idaho Tri-Weekly Statesman, Boise, Idaho; The Utah Journal, Logan, Utah.

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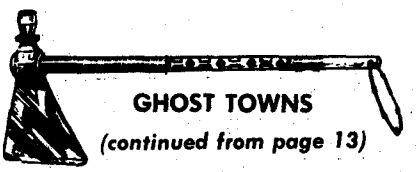

GHOST TOWNS

(continued from page 13)

Rosita was a social town and a shooting town. One day George O'Bannon uncovered a silver vein which he called the Pocahontas. In staking this claim he and Goerke claimed three hundred ft. of the same ground! O'Bannon needed money to develop his property, so he sold one-third of his interest to L. W. Patterson.

Then the trouble began, for both were working on the overlapped claims. Armed men sat night after night guarding the disputed holes from which the rich ore was being taken. Rosita divided into two factions, one siding with Goerke and one with O'Bannon. Everyone carried guns. Finally the dispute was settled in a miner's court without bloodshed.

Of course, there were the usual run of drunks about town and two of them raised hell at an Odd Fellows' dance one night. Bouncers threw them out. A few minutes later the drunks returned with their armor and shot the bouncers dead.

Next morning, printed invitations were issued in Rosita and Silver Cliff for a necktie party to be held at midnight, 200 men suddenly appeared out of the brush. They rammed in the door of the jail with a steel bar, took the two men, tied their hands and feet and strung them up, one at each end of the jail.

Also, an old-fashioned gun fight took place on the main street of Rosita. Some city slickers moved in on the Pocahontas claim. To protect their property the slickers hired a bunch of thugs and toughs, led by the toughest thug of all, "Major" Graham. He was an escaped convict from the Territorial Penitentiary in Canon City who came to Rosita to run a brothel and gambling hall.

Graham's voice was heard shouting' "Down with every one of the cursed Vigilantes. Shoot them down, boys!" A pitched battle started between the hooligans and the aroused citizens which lasted till dawn. As day broke, the streets were filled with armed men. It was found that the hoodlums had retreated to the mine and that the thugs held all the approaches to the town. Graham and his gang had now gone too far.

The people were now determined this should be the last day of the reign of outlawry. Suddenly, another distant volley of shots was heard, and the armed citizens rushed up toward the mine, meeting Graham and his gang. In the fight which followed Graham was shot dead, and with the loss of their leader the gang broke and fled.

They were pursued on foot and on horseback until most were captured. Graham's body was simply tossed into a prospect hole. From that day on Rosita was one of the most orderly and peaceable towns in Colorado.

"Commodore" Stephen Decatur (Bross) drifted into Rosita while it was still booming and attempted to gain back his lost fortune here. He was one of the Commissioners for the State at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. The state appropriation was exhausted about six weeks before the end of the Fair, but Decatur stayed till the end. The State never reimbursed him and he went broke. He went first to Silver Cliff hoping to recoup his fortunes, but met with an accident and moved to Rosita.

The stories about Decatur are many and colorful, for he was a prince of an impostor. After he came to Rosita, he became the justice of the peace and lived on a small Mexican War pension. His real name was Stephen Decatur Bross, but he dropped the "Bross" in the 1850's. He died on May 31, 1888 and was buried in the Rosita cemetery. His marker was inscribed "Commodore Stephen Decatur" without the Bross, for he was a town favorite, four-flusher or not.

The claim disputes, the pinching out of good locations and booms in other areas, all contributed to the death of Rosita. Four business blocks were destroyed by fire in October 1881, but the city was then already well on the road to nothingness. The city was a ghost in 1885. Only the few people who loved it stayed on. One by one they died or drifted off. One of the last remaining citizens was Carl Wulsten, leader in the founding of Colfax, who died in 1915.

Rosita and the Wet Mountain Valley were the scene of many old silent westerns during the early days of the movies. But even this fame was short-lived. Today the Wet Mountain Valley is quite peaceful and prosperous. Cattle ranching has replaced the silver and the "ore" is shipped to market "on the hoof."

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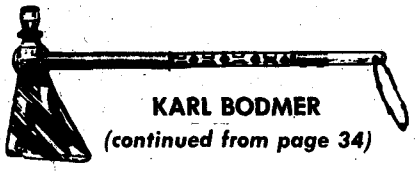

KARL BODMER

(continued from page 34)

The explorers wintered at Fort Clark near the villages of the Mandan and the Hidatsa. There, amid the hardships of a bitter Dakota winter, the Prince and the painter continued their scientific and artistic research. One night it became so cold that Bodmer's colors and pencils froze.

Prince Maximilian was not content to end his penetration of the wilderness at that point. Purchasing a keelboat, and hiring a crew to man it, he pushed on slowly upstream to Fort McKenzie, some 500 miles west of Fort Union at the mouth of the Marias. There, in the very heart of the country of the warlike Blackfoot tribes, they spent a full month.

While the Prince collected specimens and took copious notes on the geology, plant and animal life, and Indian customs of the region, Bodmer made numerous portraits of Blackfoot men and women and sketched the earliest known view of a great Piegan Indian summer encampment, panoramas of the mountains from the heights above Fort McKenzie, and the only known picture of the historic trading post itself.

Early one morning, from the elevated platform within the palisaded fort, the travelers witnessed the desperate battle which ensued when a large war party of Assiniboine and Cree attacked a small camp of Piegan just outside the gates of the trading post. Bodmer later made this action the subject of a lively print which is the most detailed and informative portrayal of combat in Plains Indian intertribal warfare created by any artist.

Bodmer and the Prince saw the Indians hunt buffalo in those early days and left a vivid record: Prince Maximilian wrote, "The Indians are so skillful in this kind of hunting on horseback, that they seldom have to fire several times at a buffalo. They do not put the gun to their shoulder, but extend both arms, and fire in this unusual manner as soon as they are within ten or fifteen paces of the animal.

They are incredibly quick in loading; for they put no wadding in the charge, but let the ball (of which they generally have several in their mouth) run down to the powder, where it sticks, and is immediately discharged. With this rapid mode of firing, these hunters of the prairie soon make a terrible slaughter in a herd of buffalo."

Bodmer translated many of his paintings into engravings, at which he also was skilled, for the Prince's atlas. The 427 watercolor drawings that he did on the expedition—only 228 have ever been published—were discovered in Neuwied Castle and now form the core of the Maximilian-Bodmer collection at Joslyn.

As John C. Ewers of the Smithsonian Institution said, "The key to this versatile artist's remarkable success in depicting Indian, wildlife, and landscapes may be found in his consummated skill as a draftsman. Before he applied colors to his work he rendered an exquisite pencil drawing of his subject. With infinite pains he developed every detail of the picture. He was as much concerned with recording the exact form, color, and texture of a garment as he was with portraying the likeness of the man or woman who wore it.

"Students of the arts and crafts of the Upper Missouri tribes can rely upon Bodmer's rendering of the forms and colors of porcupine-quilled decorations on shirts, dresses, leggings and moccasins, of the painted designs on buffalo robes, shields or rawhide containers, or of the minute details of hair, ear, or neck ornaments."

The same qualities of close observation and precise execution may be seen in Bodmer's scenes of Indian burial or sacrificial places. His landscapes faithfully recorded the varied character of the Indian country, its tree bordered rivers, its broad plains, its eroded bluffs, and its imposing mountains.

After the journey to North America, Bodmer moved to France where he lived, for the most part in Paris, Compiegne and Barbizon, until he death. Although his later years brought him recognition and success, the opinion is widely held that the work he did in America is the most important portion of his career.

Anyone traveling to Omaha would do well to see the Bodmer collection for a glimpse of the Indian as he really was in those primitive days before the settlers moved West.

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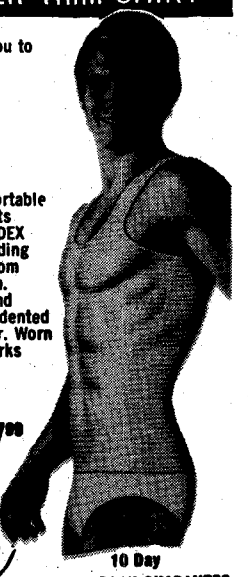

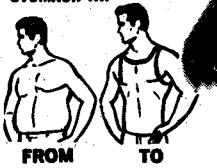

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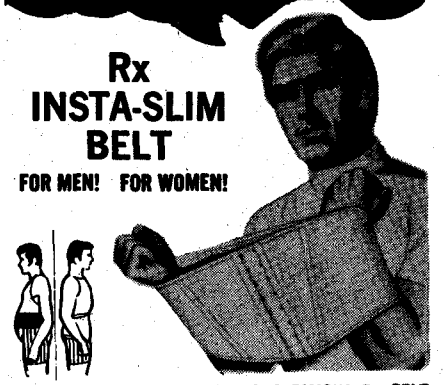

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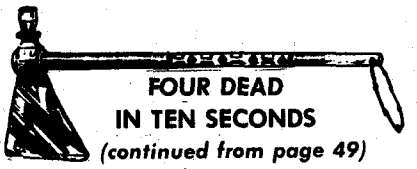

FOUR DEAD IN TEN SECONDS

(continued from page 49)

didn't work. The Mexicans demanded $75 for each corpse, an amount impossible to raise. When the money was not paid, the bodies were rolled in a ditch and covered up.

The rifleman was a young Mexican cowboy known only as Juarique, and although he did not know it at the time, when he slew the three Americans he also marked himself for death. In El Paso some of the dead men's friends were furious and swearing vengeance. Jim and Frank Manning, saloon owners and politically powerful men in El Paso, wanted Juarique dead. They instructed John Hale and George Manning to be on the lookout for him.

U. S. Signal Corps photo in the National Archives

William Hale, the only son of John Hale who was killed on the streets of El Paso in a fight with Marshal Stoudenmire.

On April 12, the day after Dallas Stoudenmire took his oath of office, Don Ynecente Ochoa, the political boss of Paso del Norte, complained to ranger captain George Baylor that thirty head of his stock had been rustled from his ranch several kilometers south of the border. According to him, the trials led directly to Johnny Hale's corrals. Ochoa demanded that Baylor do something while the trail was still hot. Since only one ranger was in camp, Baylor sent Corporal Fitch to investigate. With Fitch rode ten Mexican *vaqueros* who could identify the cattle. One of these was Juarique, and another was a friend named Sanchez.

Only three head of Ochoa's cattle could be identified at the Hale Ranch, and he swore that these had been purchased from the owner. For awhile the posse wandered about, looking for more stock but not finding any. Finally they decided to leave and forget about pressing charges. That is, everyone left except Juarique and Sanchez. They were convinced that somewhere in all that *bosque* the missing cattle had to be hidden, and they were further convinced that if they searched long enough the stolen stock could be found.

After riding around a few hours, and not turning up anything, the two boys dismounted to eat and smoke. It never occurred to them that they should have checked their back trail.

Stealthily trailing them were some of the most vicious gunmen who ever infested the Southwest. Chris Peveler and T. L. Weldon, ex-rangers who had been fired for an assortment of petty crimes, teamed up with John Hale and Frank Stevenson, an ex-convict and hog thief from New Mexico. Peveler and Stevenson agreed to do the killings; Hale and Weldon would be "witnesses," claiming that their comrades had acted "in self defense". Once this story was agreed upon, the two ambushers slipped up close and commenced firing their rifles. Juarique and Sanchez, relaxing under a tree, never had a chance to defend themselves.

On the morning of the 14th, rumors were all over El Paso that the two Mexican vaqueros had been killed north of El Paso. Peveler and Stevenson were already named as the slayers. Coporal Fitch already had a warrant for their arrest. In the meantime a posse of fifty to seventy-five heavily armed Mexicans crossed the river into El Paso and asked Constable Gus Krempkau to assist in finding the bodies.

Krempkau had ridden west with Captain George Baylor and Sergeant James Gillett to put down the Salt War in 1877. After being mustered out, he ranched and

(continued on page 74)

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DEADWOOD'S GAMBLING LADY

(continued from page 55)

1878 that they boarded a stage in irons and in the custody of officers to stand trial in Deadwood. But enroute the stage was held up by five masked vigilantes who got the drop on the officers guarding the outlaws and took the prisoners off the coach. The coach was then ordered to proceed which it did in haste as the driver wanted no part of the vigilantes. The outlaws were taken to a cottonwood grove and hanged.

There is a story that Billy Mansfield cried and begged for his life but that Archie was defiant to the end, telling the vigilantes that he would never reveal where he had buried his loot from the various holdups he had staged on the Deadwood Coach Line. According to the story the vigilantes hanged him then and there. But there is another story that he was promised a fair trial in a court of law if he would show the vigilantes where his cache lay hidden. He agreed and led them to where his treasure was buried. The vigilantes went back on their word and hanged him anyway. Whatever transpired there the truth of the matter is that Archie Cummings died ignominiously at the end of a rope swung from a cottonwood tree.

When the news of her lover's death reached Belle she was so torn by grief that she swallowed poison hoping to end her life and thus join him in death. Her efforts failed and she recovered. But she no longer cared what happened to her and took to the bottle in an effort to drown her sorrow. She also took opium. She could no longer endure the memories of her happier days in Deadwood and sold out her lucrative business. She pushed on to Cheyenne but she was unhappy and soon left.

Belle became a wanderer on the face of the earth ever seeking forgetfulness but to no avail. She showed up in Leadville in 1879 and for a brief spell ran a successful dance hall. But she was destined to stay in no one place for long so unhappy was she. She drifted on to Las Vegas, New Mexico and after a short stay there pushed on to Tombstone and eventually landed in San Francisco. She was never short of money for she was phenomenally lucky in that she won far more than she lost as no matter how much she drank she never lost her skill as one of the most expert twenty-one dealers in the west. Most of her money slipped through her fingers for liquor in which to steep her grief.

And then she made the newspapers in San Francisco for she was arrested and jailed in 1881. The papers pointed out that although she was well supplied with funds that she was at death's door from alcoholism. She grew so ill that she was taken to a hospital and there she met a chaplain and told him the story of her life.

Whether she survived her illness is not known for there was no more news of her in the papers. It seemed that she had simply vanished from the face of the earth, for she was seen no more in her old haunts. And so ended the story of Belle Siddons, alias Madame Vestal, alias Monte Verde. No other woman in the West had as illustrious a past save Pauline Cushman, known as the Scout of the Cumberland during the Civil War when she served the Union as a spy. Although in the last years of her life Pauline had fallen upon evil days and died from an overdose of morphine, the Grand Army of the Republic had not forgotten her and saw that she had a military funeral. She was laid to rest in a blaze of glory as federal rifles clattered out a salute in honor of her services to her country. Where and how poor Belle was buried is not known and probably never will be known.

Belle Siddons, the gambling lady who brought honest pleasure to the miners of the gold and silver camps, was of the stuff of which pioneers were made in the old West. Unafraid she met the rough frontier on its own terms and helped push it back. She was also of the stuff of which heroines are made, for she risked her life time after time to serve a cause she believed in during the Civil War. All in all the dainty petite Belle was a lot of woman. Certainly she belongs in the galaxy of true pioneer women of the west.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

THE WILDEST OF THE WEST
by Forbes Parkhill
THE BLACK HILLS PIONEER, DEADWOOD, S.C. June 8, 1876

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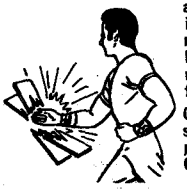

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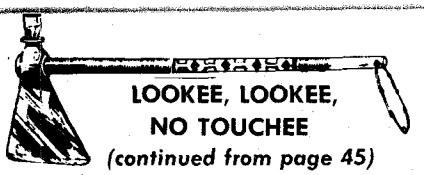

LOOKEE, LOOKEE, NO TOUCHEE

(continued from page 45)

rice-powdered leg. And they loved it. They howled like slavering wolves. They whistled and they stomped. They came in droves to see it. Waiting lines stretched along Clay Street from Stockton to Montgomery. Not all Chinese by half! There were white Americans down from the "diggin's". There were Chileans, Mexicans, Californios, Sydney "ducks", an occasional black, bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, cheek by jowl with thieves and cut-throats. And, of course, there were Chinamen.

Ah Toy had found her Seventh Heaven right here on earth, right in the heart of San Francisco. She was making money faster than she had ever dreamed of making it, and like the shrewd operator she was, she was hoarding most of it against a rainy day when her god of good fortune might not smile so benevolently down upon her. He might even have forewarned her because eventually that black day came. Not that her audiences diminished, they didn't. If anything, they swelled. But not the "take". In volume, yes; in value, no. Decidedly NO! An increasing amount of worthless brass shavings and phony brass nuggets began showing up in the day's receipts. Soon there was more brass than gold.

Desperately Ah Toy hired a "spotter" to "finger" the culprits, sure, though, in her own mind who they were. And she was right. Her "spotter" confirmed her suspicions: It was the white miners who were doing her wrong. She hailed one of them into court only to be confronted by as rare a bit of jurisprudence as ever disgraced our judiciary.

It came about because she committed the colossal blunder of telling the judge that the defendant was not the only guilty party in the courtroom. It was well sprinkled with them and she thereupon proceeded to point out a few. She even produced a full washbowl of the brass "junk" they had pawned off on her to back her contention that it was no isolated incident.

As she continued to pick out more and more shame-faced culprits, the judge, himself began to squirm. To him it seemed she was eyeing his bench with increasing interest. Anyway, in the midst of her finger-pointing, he suddenly dismissed the case, declaring that there could be no justice in condemning the accused when so many others were obviously guilty of the same offense.

Naturally the judge was cheered mightily for his sagacity but not by Ah Toy. She left that courtroom a very angry woman. In the presence of her peers she had "lost face", which to an Oriental, is on a par with going blind, or losing a leg. She vowed vengeance and, being Ah Toy, wasted no time in going about it. She swore to put upon this accursed land a blight as shameful and damaging as the curse of opium had been to her own beloved China. And she knew exactly how to do it!

Back she went to Hong Kong after first making another mutually satisfactory arrangement with the skipper of an orient-bound vessel which, fortunately, was just ready to sail. This saved her considerable passage money at a time when money was the determining factor in the success or failure of her scheme.

From Hong Kong she took a lumbering junk up the Peikiang River, past Canton and Fatshang to Yintak and Shuichow. There, among the river-boat people she began her recruitment of young, unwanted girls whose parents had failed to drown them at birth. Girls without husbands or masters. Girls with no prospects of being sold to the cities' brothels. Times were hard that year. Rains had come late and the rice crop was poor. So girls were plentiful and the price was cheap. For the equivalent of five dollars in gold she could take her pick of the hundreds offered to her. Of these she selected thirty; the most comely of the lot and the ones she deemed most suitable for the way of life she had in store for them; tractable young things barely beyond the age of puberty; innocent of man and ignorant of his lust.

Back with them to Hong Kong and another arrangement with a departing clipper. This one included both captain and crew, the latter to assist her during the voyage in initiating her novitiates into the basic act of the oldest profession in the world, for a price, of course.

By the time the vessel docked seventy-eight days later at San Francisco, not only were her charges well versed in their forthcoming duties, but Ah Toy had recouped more than her initial investment. To the girls' elementary training at the hands of the sailors she herself had added a wealth of schooling in the more delicate and practical intricacies of the trade. Each knew on sight the relative value of coins then circulating in California, U.S., Chilean, Spanish, and Chinese. They could distinguish gold from baser metals; specifically, they could distinguish it from brass; one distinction Ah Toy personally made sure of. They could mispronounce certain necessary English words such as "pay first", and "ten dolla pleez", or whatever the going price might be at a given time and place. They knew how to rouge and rice-powder their faces with an added touch of color to their cheeks the way white men liked best for women to look.

Some even learned to smile.

Because of their intensive in-transit training, Ah Toy was able to open shop within five days of her return to Portsmouth Square. She might as well have opened a thirty ring circus; the crowds were that heavy. The square was crowded. So were the alleys and streets, Clay to California, as far west as Powell, as far east as Montgomery. Except for the need for a few hours in which to sleep, eat, and satisfy a minimum of body care, her girls, her "pey-par-days" "worked" the clock around.

Ah Toy's daily "take" was tremendous. Within three months she was a modestly wealthy woman. And she might have gone on into the millionaire class had not covetous eyes been upon her, the slanted, conniving eyes of one Hip Yee. When she first attracted Hip's attention he was just a run-of-the-mill "boo - how - doy", a hatchet man without distinction even in that shady business. For a price, he would liquidate anybody's enemy, usually by a bullet in the back of the head or by pulling tight a silk cord around the victim's neck.

Ah Toy changed all that. She reshaped his way of life. Because of her he acquired wealth. He gained "face" and prestige. He became a power to be reckoned with in all affairs Oriental from one end of the state to the other.

How? How did he do it?

Simply by squeezing Ah Toy out of the picture and usurping her embryonic "gold mine" for himself. Nor was there any wily Chinese finesse employed in doing it. He simply gave her the choice of being found dead in the back-wash of Fish Alley or abdicating in his favor.

The only concession he granted her was the privilege of conducting one small-scale "house" of her own

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three eight-by-ten "bagnios" fronting Dupont Street, and it was there that she eventually ended her days, a woman without honor in her adopted country, perennially jailed for her multiple offenses against society, but, in the long run, victor in her vow for vengeance against the whites who had cheated her. Victor because, though she did not reap the harvest, she did plant the seed of the most malignant business ever to plague the State of California: the slave trade in oriental harlots; a scabrous trade wherein young Chinese girls were brought to this country for the sole purpose of prostitution and sold and traded like so many hogs or sheep.

What Ah Toy began, Hip Yee expanded. He set up "bagnios" from one end of the state to the other, Yreka to San Diego and all points between. To fill them, he saturated China with "agents" who combed the rivers and provinces for likely candidates and he shipped them back to America by the boat load, 600 in 1854, 6,000 within two decades.

By 1870 there was not a town, not a city, not a mining camp, hardly a wide place in the road where there was not a door with a latticed window in it and behind that window a Chinese girl, maybe but twelve years old, or fourteen, or seventeen, what difference; each was there for the same purpose, prostitution.

Directly and indirectly, Ah Toy had saddled California with a curse more insidious than drugs. For each ounce of phony brass "nuggets" and "dust" that had been pawned off on her she exacted a pound of disease and degradation. She spawned a monster that was to grow into a dragon which plagued the State for fifty-nine years, cost scores of lives and millions of dollars before its ugly head was finally crushed.

Yes, indeed, Ah Toy exacted her vengeance in full measure.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Everyman's Eden, by Ralph J. Roske.

Pigtails & Gold Dust, by Alexander McLeod.

San Francisco's Chinatown, by Charles Caldwell Dobie.

The Hatchet Men, by Richard H. Dillon.

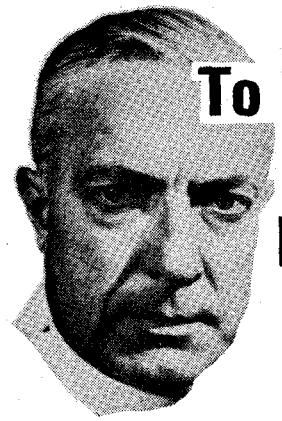
The Madams of San Francisco, by Curt Gentry.

An Important Message

To Every Man and Woman

In America

Losing His or Her Hair



If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain *professional samples and literature* on written request.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped." —L. N. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair." —C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it." —Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick." —F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much." —Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin." —D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula." —Mrs. R. Leß, Piqua, Ohio

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker." —G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling." —R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it." —L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!" —Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

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HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scale treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short. Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

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To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

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SIGISMUND STERNBERG

(continued from page 61)

Sternberg then made application for an appointment in the Regular United States Army. General W. S. Grisolm wrote directly to the Secretary of War, Stanton, in regard to this appointment. In his letter, he listed Sternberg's qualifications, his length of honorable service plus the fact that his brother had been killed in action during the late War. As a result, Sternberg was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the Regular Army April 30, 1867.

On July 23, 1867, Lieutenant Colonel (Brevet Brigadier General) Luther P. Bradley arrived at Fort C. F. Smith with "H" and "I" Companys of the 27th Infrantry comprising a force of approximately 300 officers and men - including the newly commissioned 2nd Lieutenant Sigismund Sternberg.

Colonel Bradley and his command had escorted a Wells-Fargo supply train, and in this train was also something else that was new to the troops for the first time on the western frontier: the Allen modified Springfield breech-loading 50-70 rifle. Bradley's men were armed with this new weapon and had escorted sufficient rifles to arm the troops at Fort Phil Kearney plus enough weapons to supply the men who had previously been under the command of Captain Thomas E. Burrows at Fort C. F. Smith.

The wagon train also brought mowing machines consigned to A. C. Leighton, the sutler at Fort C. F. Smith. Leighton had the contract to supply the winter's hay for the fort stock. He had not been able to put up much hay due to the actions of the Sioux war parties and the timidity of Captain Burrows. Burrows would not allow him troops to serve as guards for his haying crew, so the only hay put up was that in the vicinity of the fort that the horse herds had not grazed off.

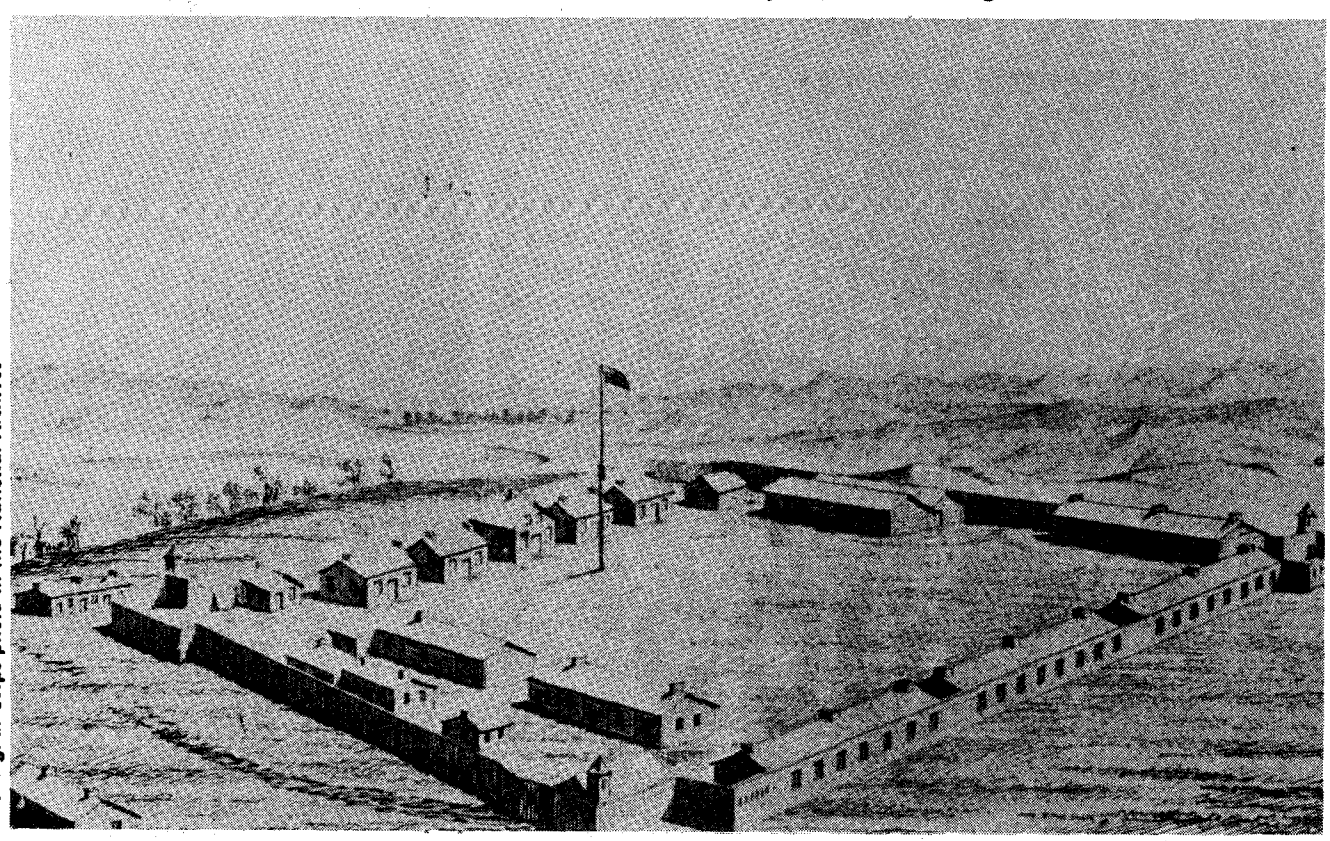
With the arrival of Colonel Bradley and more troops, Leighton asked for guards so he could harvest the hay that grew profusely in the creek bottom along Warrior Creek some 2½ miles distant from the fort. His request was granted, and on July 24th, Leighton's haying crew left the fort with the new mowing machines. Accompanying them were 19 troopers of the newly arrived 27th Infantry under the command of 2nd Lieutenant Sigismund Sternberg.

Upon arriving at the hayfield, all the men not actually engaged in operating the mowing machines fell to, along with the troopers, to build a protective shelter for the men and the stock.

This was built forty feet from the bank of Warrior Creek and the only opening faced the creek. This opening, wide enough for a wagon to pass through, had two stout logs set firmly in the ground on either side. At night a wagon was chained to these posts which effectively closed the entrance.

The walls were constructed by setting stout poles at intervals of ten feet along each wall. These poles were connected by other poles at the centers and the tops. Green willows were interlaced among the poles and formed a nearly impenetrable wall and one that could scarcely be seen through except at close range. Along the bottoms of the walls, large logs were laid high enough to offer considerable shelter for a man firing from a prone of kneeling position.

Lieutenant Sternberg, while this work was progressing, was given a short course in the art of Indian fighting by Al Colvin. It was these two men, Sternberg and Colvin, who were responsible for building the fort-corral that proved so effective against Red Cloud's warriors.



U. S. Signal Corps photo in the National Archives

Fort C.F. Smith, Montana Territory, 1867 from a sketch by Captain I. D'Isay, after a drawing by Anton Schonborn.

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Inside the small fort-corral was placed four of the wagon boxes, with canvas covers intact, for the haying crew to use as sleeping quarters. Three squads tents were erected for the troopers and another for Lieutenant Sternberg. In the remaining space in this small 120 x 100 foot shelter, a picket line was established for the horses and mules. The cook tent, which supplied both the haying crew and the troopers, was set on the bank of the creek for the convenience of the cook.

Throughout the construction of the fort-corral, the Crow Indians visited it each day with warnings of the gathering of many Sioux on the Rosebud River within easy striking distance of Fort C. F. Smith. No one seemed to pay much heed to the Crows and their words of warning except the haying crew. They established a picket on the low bluffs to the southwest of the fort-corral, and on the morning of August 1, 1867, this picket fired his rifle in warning, then raced his horse to the safety of the fort-corral.

The hay wagons had been loaded the previous night and had left for the fort at daylight. Lieutenant Sternberg had detached ten of his troopers as an escort, so this left only nine army personnel and Sternberg, plus the nine civilians of the haying crew.

All the men of the haying crew made it to the fort-corral before the Indians made their attack. But when the Indians did attack, they came with a rush and were dumbfounded when greeted with a withering fire that never slackened. The breech-loading rifles were a surprise to them as their previous sorties against the troopers of Fort C. F. Smith and Fort Kearney had found those troops armed with muzzle-loaders.

The destructive fire of the Spencer and Henry repeating rifles of the civilians, and this augmented by the fire of the double-barreled 10-gauge shotguns most of the civilians were also armed with and which created havoc at close range, dampened the Indians ardor considerably.

Lieutenant Sternberg, although given a short course in the methods of Indian fighting, evidently forgot his instructions in the heat of battle. During the first charge made by the Indians, he was seen standing near the gateway and exhorting the men to "stand up and fight like men" - an

(continued on next page)

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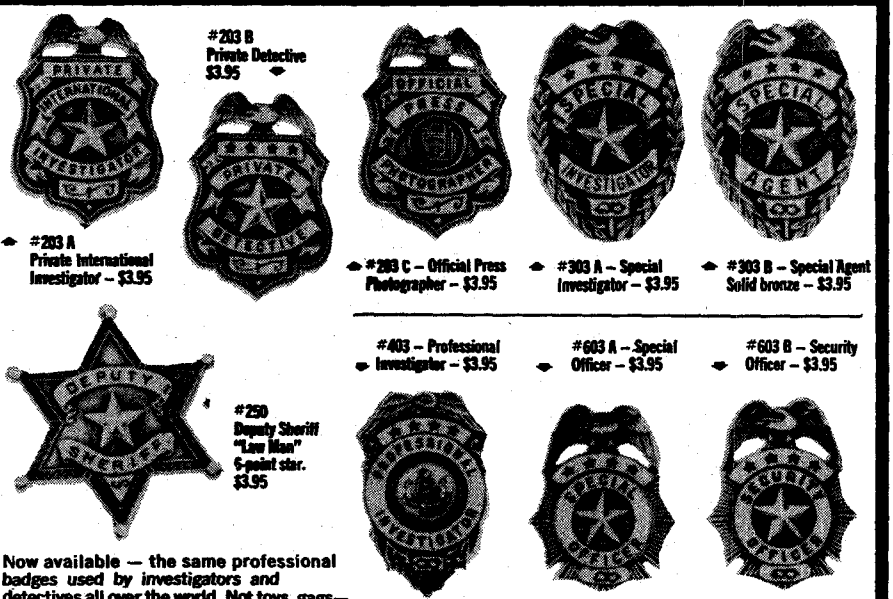

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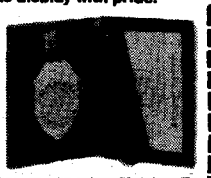

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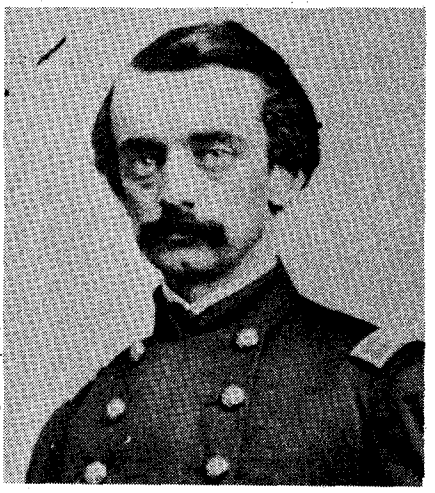
Indian shot him through the head.

Without a commander, the remaining troopers followed the practice of the civilians, most of whom had fought Indians previously, and all sought holes and protection from flying lead and arrows, not through cowardice but through experience.



U. S. Signal Corps photo in the National Archives

Colonel John A. Foster, commanding officer of the 175th New York Volunteers Regiment. Sternberg served with distinction with this regiment during the Civil War.

Official information on the Hayfield Fight is meager. There is a brief mention of it in the fort's Post Return of August 1, 1867, but no other official report has been unearthed. The only commissioned officer, Lieutenant Sternberg, was killed hence not too much attention was paid the enlisted men and the civilians that survived, especially when claims were made of 150 to 200 Indians killed by one man and the number of kills by the remaining survivors in direct ratio.

Colonel Bradley, when informed of the heavy firing at the hayfield, ordered the gates of the fort closed, all personnel to stand to arms, and refused to send a relief column although urged to do so by some of his officers. This was ethical from a military viewpoint considering the Fetterman debacle, but Bradley refused to even send a scouting party.

Late in the afternoon, after the firing had ceased, he ordered Captain Burrows to make a reconnaissance and effect a relief of the beleaguered men. Something went wrong on this short trip because a lieutenant is reported as telling Burrows that if he wasn't going any further, to get out of the way because the men of his command were proceeding.

According to the records, and regardless of Burrow's Brevet Major's commission, something was decidedly wrong with his service record. A General Order Number 177, dated June 17, 1863, dismissed him from the service. In war time this can have only one connotation. Even though another General Order Number 94, dated February 27, 1864, revoked Order #177, and restored him to his former rank, there was always a cloud over him from then on.

Burrow's argument with Leighton over leaving the dead and Leighton's mowing machines, wagons, hay press, and other equipment, did nothing to dispell this cloud because Leighton insisted the dead were going to the fort as well as all his equipment, and if Burrows didn't want to wait, then he and his hay crew would fight their way back if necessary.

So it was through the efforts of a civilian that the bodies of the men killed at the Hayfield Fight were taken to the fort, and as is customary after a military death, the closest kin, or friend, was notified. In Sternberg's case this happened to be his personal friend, General Seymour.

Immediately upon receiving notification of Sternberg's death, Seymour wrote the Adjutant-General and requested that Sternberg's personal belongings be collected and sent to the German Legation for forwarding to Sternberg's father at Number 8, Wall Street, Berlin. Seymour also asked that a statement be prepared for the family informing them of their son's death and the circumstances under which it occurred.

Whether this statement was ever written has not been ascertained, but Sternberg's possessions were sent to the German Legation in Washington, D.C. and cost the Legation $4.65 in express charges. This is verified by a letter from the Legation of the North-German Union, dated April 28, 1869.

Shortly after receiving this property, the Legation received a letter from the United States Army's Quartermaster General's office requesting the return of the belongings. The Legation wrote and informed them they would not be returned until the express bill was paid.

When informed by the Quartermaster General's office that the belongings were not wanted under those terms, the Legation opened the box, listed the principal articles, and sent the list to Sternberg's father. They also wrote asking him if he would like to have them sent, at his expense, or should the box be turned over to a Washington, D.C. hotelkeeper that held a $90.00 debt against the deceased. No record remains of what eventually happened to Sternberg's possessions.

2nd Lieutenant Sigismund Sternberg was buried in the military cemetery at Fort C.F. Smith. Here a monument was raised by members of the 27th Infantry in memory of their comrades who had given their lives in the service of the United States. Lieutenant Sternberg's name appears on that stone, along with fifteen others, and following his name are the words.

"Killed in action."

In 1892 2nd Lieutenant W. T. Johnson and a detail of men were given the task of gathering the remains of the persons buried in the old military cemetery at Fort C. F. Smith. They were to transport the remains to the newly created Custer Battlefield National Cemetery. This detail also removed the monument stone and transported it along with the remains.

Today this monument stands conspicuously over the graves of those it guarded for twenty-five lonely years. A fitting tribute to fighting men.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

The Compedium of the War of the Rebellion, Volumes, I, II, & III - Frederick Dyer

Our Land Montana-Ralph C. Henry

Great Western Indian Fights - Members of the Potomac Corral of the Westerners

National Archives Branch Document File Number B 607 C. B. 1867

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Microfilm of Fort C.F. Smith Post Return

The Billings Gazette - issue of May 11, 1963

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(continued from page 66)

served as a part time constable. Over the years he learned fluent Spanish and gradually gained everyone's respect on both sides of the Rio Grande. The constable consented to go along, and a few hours later the two bodies were located and lain gently in a wagon. At about noon, with four boots poking stiffly from beneath a wind tossed slicker, the buckboard bounced to a standstill in front of Judge Buckler's office on El Paso Street.

Both Stevenson and Peveler had already been arrested by Fitch, placed under bond and released. Although they had been instructed to appear at the inquest, neither of them were in sight when the proceedings started.

Judge Buckler called his court to order, and immediately the arguments began. John Hale and George Campbell were in attendance, both vigorously defending the accused. Krempkau was the official interpreter. As the discussions grew more heated, with shouts and curses in English and Spanish occasionally echoing out onto El Paso Street it was feared that a full scale war might break out any minute. Mexicans were nervously fingering their carbines. The town braced itself.

Finally Prosecuting Attorney Neill talked the judge into terminating the inquest. The Mexicans relaxed, though no indictments were handed down. Sanchez and Juarique were returned across the river.

Dallas Stoudenmire left the courtroom first, and walked across the street toward the Globe Restaurant owned by his brother-in-law Doc Cummings. Behind him Hale and Campbell were fussing with Krempkau who tried not to notice as he walked toward his riding mule.

"Any man who is a friend of Mexicans ought to be hanged," George Campbell snarled.

"George, I hope that you don't mean me?" Krempkau replied. He stepped away from his mount.

"If the shoe fits, wear it!" Campbell cracked. His fingers snapped in the air.

Apparently George did not intend to carry the discussion any further. He had made his statement, and he reached to untie the reins of his own mule from a tree limb.

Courtesy Univ. of Texas El Paso Archives

Joseph Magoffin, mayor of El Paso in 1881. He was instrumental in having Dallas Stoudenmire come to El Paso as marshal.

John Hale, sitting in one of the long and deep windows, chose this moment to jump up, jerk his six-shooter and shove it beneath Campbell's upraised arm. "Step away, George. I've got him covered." Then Hale pulled the trigger, and Krempkau reeled backwards as a slug ripped through his lungs.

Stoudenmire, about half a block away, whirled at the sound of shooting. Pulling one of his six shooters from a leather-lined pocket-holster, he fired at Hale who ducked behind an adobe pillar supporting a saloon roof. The marshal's bullet went wide, and killed an innocent Mexican bystander.

Dallas then waited until Hale peeped his head from around the pillar. When he did a bullet struck him between the eyes, and the rancher slid to the ground, instantly dead.

Ordinarily the shooting would have stopped here, but the bizarre situation became even more odd. Campbell, who had not invovled himself in the bloodletting, for no accountable reason pulled his gun and moved into the middle of El Paso Street. Swinging his weapon back and forth, he screamed "Gentlemen, this is not my fight."

That was a stupid thing to do. As he moved into view the wounded and dying Krempkau unholsted his own pistol and opened fire on Campbell. One bullet struck George in the foot, and another slug smashed his right hand. To top off his bad luck, there stood Stoudenmire who had heard the remark about "being tried on within five days." The marshal fired and Campbell. hit in the stomach, went down on his face. Rolling over, he looked up at Stoudenmire and moaned, "You big son of a bitch. You murdered me."

Campbell died that night, as did Krempkau. Whether or not George was actually murdered might be subject to serious dispute. Several rangers who were bystanders thought that the marshal might have acted hastily. And of course, the Manning brothers were bitter. Campbell had often worked for them as a ranch foreman, and they had just lost a good man.

So for the next year the two factions continued to vent their hatred upon each other. It all ended in September of 1881 when the Mannings killed Stoudenmire in a wild gunfight in almost precisely the same location as this battle just concluded.

But as of April 14, 1880, most El Paso resident's wished the marshal well. A coroner's inquest was hastily called and the verdict, as reported by the newspapers, stated, "We the jury agree that Gus Krempkau came to his death by a pistol shot fired by John Hale, and Campbell and John Hale came by their deaths by pistol shots fired by City Marshal Dallas Stoudenmire in executing his duties as Marshal for the City of El Paso." No one mentioned the slain Mexican bystander.

The City Council gave Marshal Dallas Stoudenmire a gold-headed cane in appreciation of his fine work.

END

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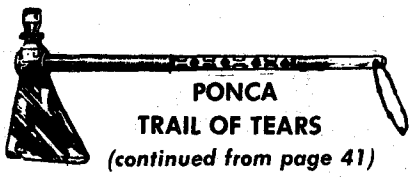

PONCA TRAIL OF TEARS

(continued from page 41)

George Crook, in his dark blue uniform with shiny brass buttons. His level gaze was fixed straight ahead.

Mr. Webster, a tall, imposing figure, spoke first. The United States, he argued, has never purchased the Dakota lands. Therefore the title remained in the Ponca tribe. Furthermore, no law existed under which they could be removed to Indian Territory or anywhere else, or held by force. Hence this band had been free to leave. Hence they could not legally be detained at Ft. Omaha. The plea of habeas corpus was thus in order. Standing Bear and the others sat listening in silence, understanding not a word. But clearly this man was speaking for their good.

The defendant's case began with the premise that Indains were legally not people. Thus they could not sue for anything, least of all a writ of habeas corpus. The trial continued another day, after which the Indians were taken back to prison while Judge Dundy pondered his verdict. Gen. Crook, whose testimony had been weighted in their favor, returned to his post.

On May 19 Judge Dundy announced arguments, he found, were valid — a writ of habeas corpuswas granted and the 30 prisoners were to be released as free men. Furthermore, the right of Indians to be considered people and therefore privileged to sue was recognized. This was an epoch-making decision. Previously, Indians were no better than animals in the eyes of the law. As a final note, the judge commended Gen. Crook for his services in aid of justice.

The Poncas were filled with awe as if they'd witnessed a miracle. Standing Bear, in a moving scene, poured out his thanks. He gave Tibbles his legging, Poppleton his war-bonnet and Webster his tomahawk, saying as he presented the weapon, "I have no more use for it—I have found a better way. I can now seek the ways of peace."

Happy as these Indains were now, there were questions still to be considered. First of all, where would they live? As free men they were no longer eligible for settlement on a reservation. The answer came when the government discovered that in ceding Ponca land to the Sioux an island in the Niobrara River had been overlooked. Somewhat embarrassed, officials could see no objection to the group's adopting it as a home. Next came the question of how they were to live: it was now too late for planting crops and food was scarce. The Omaha Committee had raised enough money to see them through and also to purchase farming equipment for the coming season.

So for these Poncas recovery had excelled their fondest dream. They settled on the island, and lived comfortably and were later joined by other fugitive Poncas. But what of the rest of the tribe, repining on the inhospitable soil of Indian Territory?

After his release Standing Bear, accompanied by Tibbles and an educated young Omaha squaw known as Bright Eyes, went on a speaking tour of the East to plead for the tribe's return to their old reservation. Funds wer provided by the Omaha Committee.

In December of 1880, President Hayes appointed a commission, made up of Generals Crook and Miles with two civilians, William Stickney and Walter Allen, to vist the tribe on Indian Territory and report the facts of its situation. Helen Hunt Jackson, a well-known writer of the day, bombarded Secretary of the Interior Schurz with fiery protests. Popular concern for the Poncas was running strong.

In its report the President's commission stressed the view that the tribe's title to their old land existed "in full force and effect, notwithstanding all acts done by the Government of the United States." The commission therefore recommended full indemnity in whatever ways would be most favorable to the tribe. But a return to Dakota was not suggested: the commissioners felt the Poncas were satisfied to remain where they were. One member only, Walter Allen, thought their apparent acquiescence was due to fear.

Action following the report, however, hardly measured up to its findings. An indemnity of $165,000 was finally voted by Congress in return for which the tribe renounced all claim to its old homeland.

True, the Poncas did far better after that. Houses were built, farm tools were provided, and each family was given a milk cow. In Dakota, though, the living had been richer.

National Anthropological Archives, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection, Smithsonian Institution.

Standing Bear in 1882. The cause of Standing Bear and the Ponca tribe was taken up by Thomas Tibbles editor of the Omaha Herald, and in the ensuing court case, the Poncas were awarded their rights as free men.

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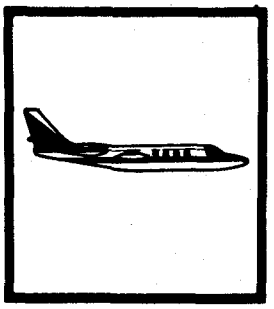
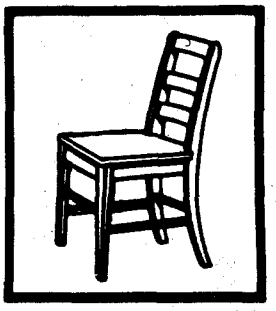
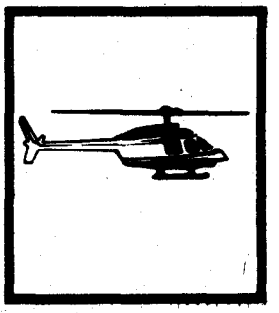
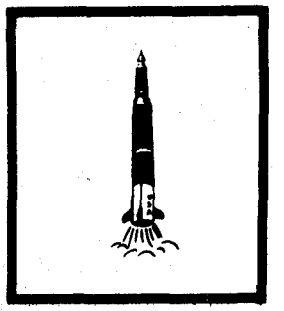

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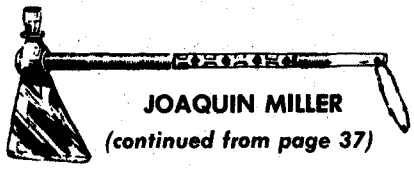

JOAQUIN MILLER

(continued from page 37)

sitive, girl-looking boy ... trying to make my way to the mines of California ... on a little spotted Cayuse pony."

The next four years are probably the most controversial for Miller's biographers. Miller described the period from 1854 to 1858 as a time of high adventure in which he learned the ways of the West and the laws of violence. He saw himself as a "Knight of the West," a friend of the Indian, a brave man in battle, a skillful man with a gun. He claimed to have been a friend of James Thompson, who was supposed to be the "Prince of Tigre," incognito, and he claimed that he and Thompson had attempted to set up an ideal Indian republic on the slopes of Mount Shasta.

According to Miller's autobiographical accounts, he — like John Smith — won the daughter of an Indain chief, rustled horses with Indian Joe, a one - time guide for the Fremont explorations, and even joined William Walker on his filibustering expedition in Nicaragua.

Even in his own accounts, however, he pictured himself as sometimes the fool and the incompetent, as well as the hero. In one Indian raid, for example, he claimed that he was the only one the Indians spared, because he "was *Los Bobo*, the fool."

In the 1930's when Franklin Walker interviewed old - timers who had known Miller in Shasta, Yerka, and Deadwood, the picture of Miller as fool and rogue, rather than as hero, was the only one they remembered. They belittled him "as delicate, effeminate, useless — an affected youth, who wore his yellow hair down to his shoulders, read newspapers with his gloves on, and let a squaw rustle his food for him." One old-timer said that it was a mistake that Miller had "escaped lynching."

During this time, both Miller and his critics agreed, he was arrested in Shasta County for horse-stealing in 1859 but escaped from jail and left the area. During this time, too, he fathered an Indian girl by "his squaw." The child, Cali-Shasta, later proved a constant source of embarrassment to Miller after he had achieved an international literary reputation.

THE MAN OF LAW

In 1858, Miller returned to Oregon to enter Columbia College — a new institution in which he stayed just long enough to claim to be a college man. Except for his horse - stealing adventure in California in 1859, for the next five years he devoted his time to being a public figure in Oregon.

After several months at Columbia College, he quit to start teaching in a village near Vancouver in Washington Territory. He gave up teaching to study law, then gave up law to be a pony-express rider in Idaho.

While riding pony express, Miller read a poem by a young Oregon girl, Theresa Dyer of Cape Blanco, who wrote under the name of Minnie Myrtle. He was much impressed and wrote her. By the time that Miller had moved to Eugene, Oregon, where he was an anti-war editor of the *Democratic Register,* he and Minnie were in the midst of a "hot romance", by correspondence. Although Oregon was pro-Union and pro-Lincoln country, Miller and the newspaper publisher opposed both the Union and the war. "The drafting of troops in this state we shall oppose to the bitter end," Miller wrote again and again in editorials, until finally the military commander in the West, General George Wright, suppressed the paper.

In the meantime, however, Minnie invited Miller to come visit her. Finally, he did, arriving at her home on a Tuesday. The following Sunday they were married, much to the chagrin of the bride's father. He was of the opinion that his daughter might as well have married "a corpse" as Miller. In 1863, the young couple, confident that the world was waiting for their poetry, left Oregon for San Francisco, then the literary capitol of the West. They both wrote much, had little published, and went hungry for several months. Miller then vowed to return to Oregon and grow potatoes.

According to Minnie, Miller took her back to her folks and deserted her with these words: "A man never becomes famous until he leaves his wife or does something atrocious to bring himself into notice; and besides literary men never get along well with their wives. Lord Byron separated from his wife, and some of my friends think I am a second Lord Byron. Farewell."

Miller's treatment of his wife and children also served to give his enemies ammunition against him in later years. From the time of the separation in the early 1870"s until Minnie's death in 1883, in both her writing and lectures, she claimed that Joaquin had deserted her and disowned their children without cause. During this time, Miller is quoted as saying, "I have disputed nothing that she has said ... The relations between man and wife are so sacred, so holy, that I would be committing a crime if I were to say anything against her." In the divorce proceedings, however, Miller testified that his wife was "not a fit person mentally or morally to rear and have in custody the children named." He called her "a common prostitute" and claimed that "he could prove it."

After his separation from his wife, Miller again returned to the mountains, but not for long. He wrote his book, *Joaquin et al,* a political re-writing of the Joaquin Miller's treatment of this legend added to the general Western suspicion of his honesty. His hero, Murietta, was in fact a "miner, monte dealer, and finally bandit chief in California from 1849 to 1853," with a string of infamous thefts and murders to his credit. In Miller's poem, Murietta, who becomes a descendant of Montezuma, is the avenging hero, right out of the English Gothic novel. Even as warm a Miller defender as O. W. Frost complained, "The actual Joaquin Murietta is scarcely in the poem, even in the slightest detail."
became a self-proclaimed hero by leading a punitive expedition against the Indians, by passing his bar examinations, and by being appointed a judge in Canyon City. As a judge, Miller had much less sympathy for romantic bandits like Murietta than he did as a poet. "Without learning," he admitted, "I was trying to administer the law." According to his fellow-townsmen, he brought to the judge's bench "one law book and two six-shooters." But if Miller lacked a formal knowledge of the law, he did not lack confidence. By political manipulation, he made himself a candidate for the Oregon Supreme Court, and when his fellow citizens denied him that office, he concluded that they were "Good fellows ... but ignorant as asses, while our ladies ... have about as much sentiment as a

(continued on next page)

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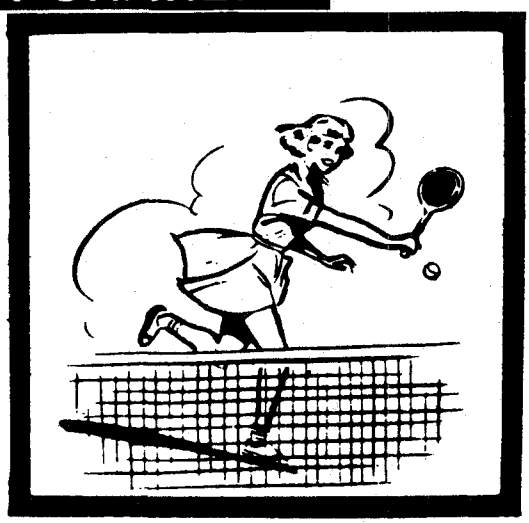

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THE POET JOAQUIN

If Miller could not be a judge, he decided he might as well be a famous poet. It was at this point in his life that he adopted the name *Joaquin* and began to dress the role of the frontier poet — with sombrero, a long linen duster, and moccasins. Again he returned to San Francisco, but mainly to prepare for his assault on the capital of English literature, London. On August 19, 1870 he took a second-class passage for England, armed with his frontier costumes, his poetry, and a California - laurel wreath which he intended to place upon the grave of his favorite English poet, Byron.

London was not easily conquered. His brother, John, in the United States, gave him some help financially, but no publisher was interested in his work. The great British publisher, John Murray, looked at one of his manuscripts, shook his head, and told him, "Poetry won't do." Miller, even his enemies had to admit, had courage. Ignored, down to his last penny, Miller pawned his watch and had his poems published at his own expense.

By the kind of fluke that makes a performer like Tiny Tim an overnight success, Miller was now discovered by the London literary leaders. The poets helped him with his work; the reviewers praised him as the equal of Walt Whitman, and invitations poured in. Miller introduced British audiences to the kind of Western hero that Buffalo Bill Cody would later become, the wild, romantic, unconventional, genius of the frontier — the man with nerves of steel, with a ready wit, and a quick gun.
collection of poetry that took London by storm, was, according to his Western critics, filled with lies that showed no understanding of the West. But both the poems and the poet were the West for the London literary crowd. Three months after his success, however, Miller got word that his brother, John, was dying. He rushed back to Washington, D.C., and arrived there just before John's death. Following the funeral, Joaquin returned to San Francisco, a city he had left a failure and to which he returned as the best - known American poet in England.

His return, however, was not without its problems. His wife Minnie was complaining that while her husband was famous, their children were starving. His illegitimate Indian daughter, Cali - Shasta, was half-starving on an Indian reservation. And his critics were complaining not only that Miller was lying in his poetry, but that his values were all wrong. They especially objected to his making "vices" — like horse-stealing, fighting as a renegade, and living with a squaw appear to be "virtues."

But he was a celebrity, and when he spoke in San Francisco, he packed the lecture hall. When critics asked him about the truth of his poetry, he always had an answer. One critic, for example, asked him if he had been to Nicaragua with Walker, as he had claimed in his poetry. Miller answered the challenge with a question, "Was the great English poet Milton ever in Hell, as he described it in his *Paradise Lost?*"

In truth, Miller did what he could. He arranged for a home for Cali - Shasta, helped some with Minnie's financial problems, acknowledged that he was a fiction writer not an historian, and offered to help his fellow Western writers in London. But the praise of London was better than the insults at home, so back he went to London.

During his absence, unfortunately, Londoners had found the time to re-examine their early enthusiasm. When he returned, he was still a literary celebrity, but the bloom had worn off. When his next book appeared in London, critics complained that it was just more of the same. Again Miller showed England the nature of "true grit." And again he scored some victories. After several years, a few successes, and a hundred adventures—including getting himself engaged to an English baron's daughter—Miller went home. He set up residence in a log cabin in a public park in Washington, D. C., and became something of a national monument. As he neared fifty, he went back to California— seemingly to return to nature. For the next ten years, Miller wrote and spoke for causes like the preservation of nature and respect for the world's poets. He created monuments in the wilderness for his favorite poets, like Byron, and to himself. Modesty was never one of his vices.

When the Alaskan Gold Rush became a national fever, Miller made one more attempt to play the role of the Real Man of the West again. America's last frontier, however, proved almost too much for the first American to make England conscious of frontier poets.

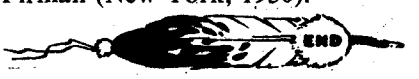
In Alaska, he found no gold, was mostly too tired even to look, nearly lost his life as a result of snowblindness and frostbite. When he returned to California, he left behind in Alaska the great toe of his left foot and his left ear, victims of a case of frostbite in Dawson. When he later wrote about Alaska in his poetry, the one thing he seemed to remember was ice: "Ice built, ice bound, and ice bounded."

After Alaska, Miller spent the remaining years of his life as a wise man of the West. On his estate in California, he built his own funeral pyre. Years earlier in his autobiographical *Life Among the Modocs,* he had expressed his wish for Indian burial. "These Indians," he wrote, "burn their dead. I have looked into this, and for my part, I should at the last like to be disposed of as a savage."

The young today know little of Miller's work. His critics complain that even though he knew his subject, he falsified not only the materials themselves but also the proper view toward them by trying to sound like an "American Byron." But, as O. W. Frost concludes, " ... Miller will be rewardingly viewed as a man who promoted a legend about himself, a legend reflecting an American dream of epic adventure in days of frontier life." Like Buffalo Bill, Billy the Kid, and his own California hero, Mureitta, Miller had become a part of the "romance of the West." And seemingly he had a lot more fun doing it than the others did.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

O. W. Frost, *Joaquin Miller* (New York, 1967); Franklin Walker, *San Francisco's Literary Frontier* (Seattle, 1970); Marberry M. Marion, *Splendid Poseur: Joaquin Miller — American Poet* (New York, 1953); and Miller's own works, *Joaquin et al* (Portland, Ore., 1869); *Life Among the Modocs* (London, 1873); and *Overland in a Covered Wagon: An Autobiography,* ed. by Sidney G. Firman (New York, 1930).



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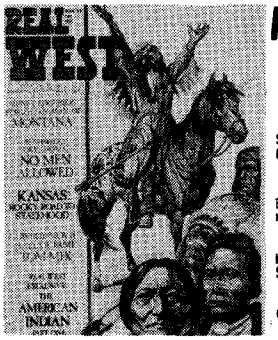

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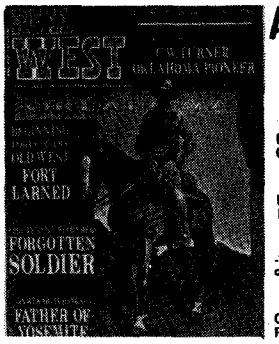

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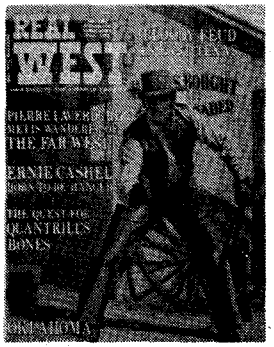
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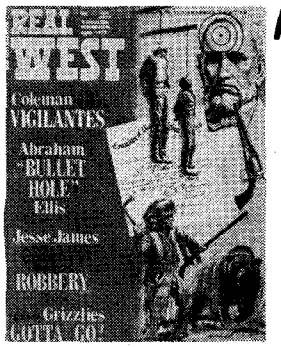

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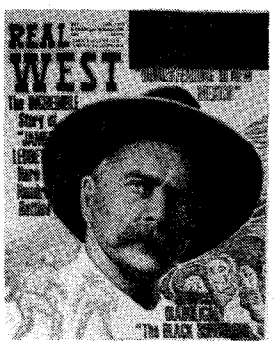

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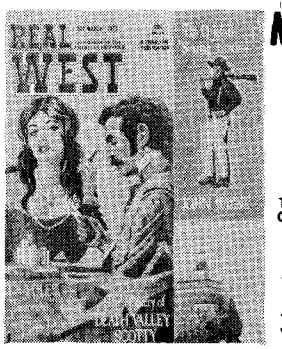

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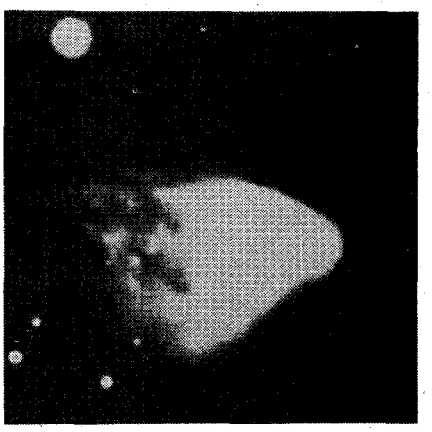

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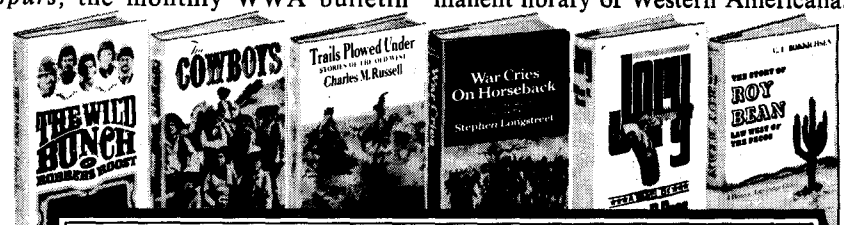

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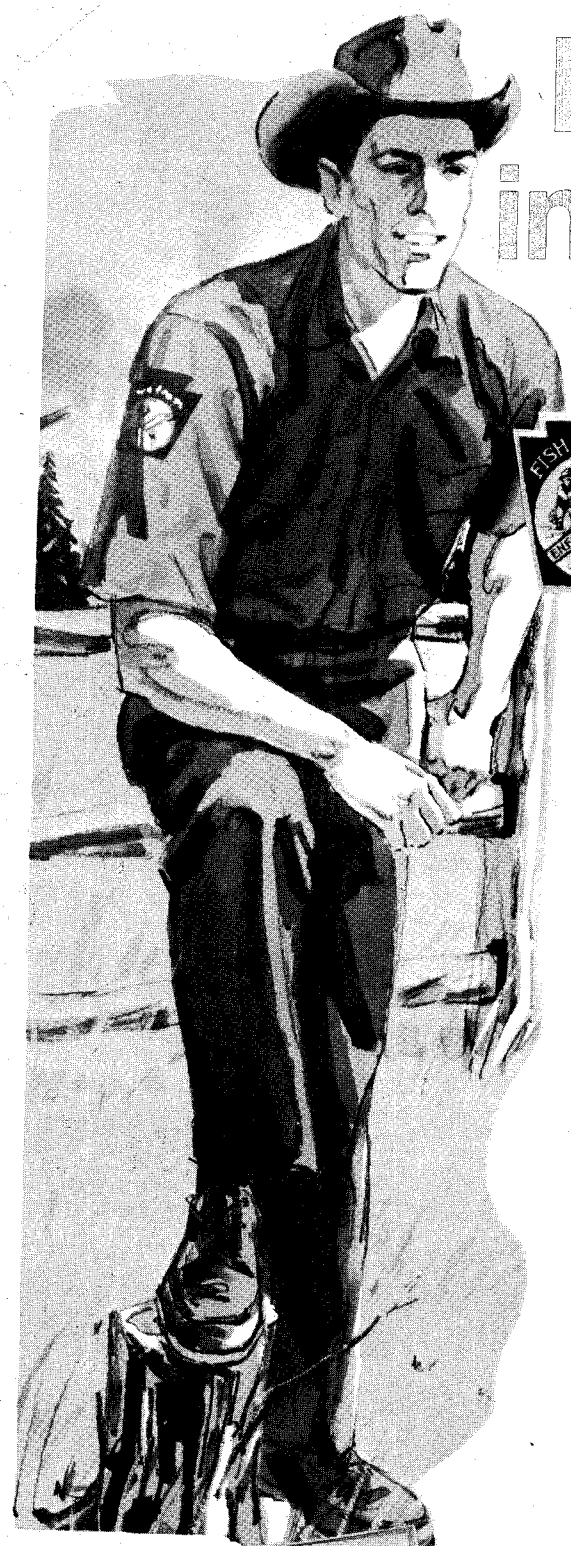

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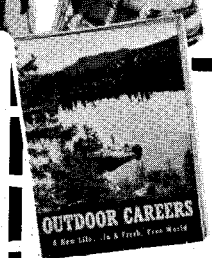

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